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# new MUSICAL EXPRESS

## "The eNeMeE of society." —The Establishment makes it official.

See page 11.

## FRENCH PUNK FEST: Hot On The Spot Report

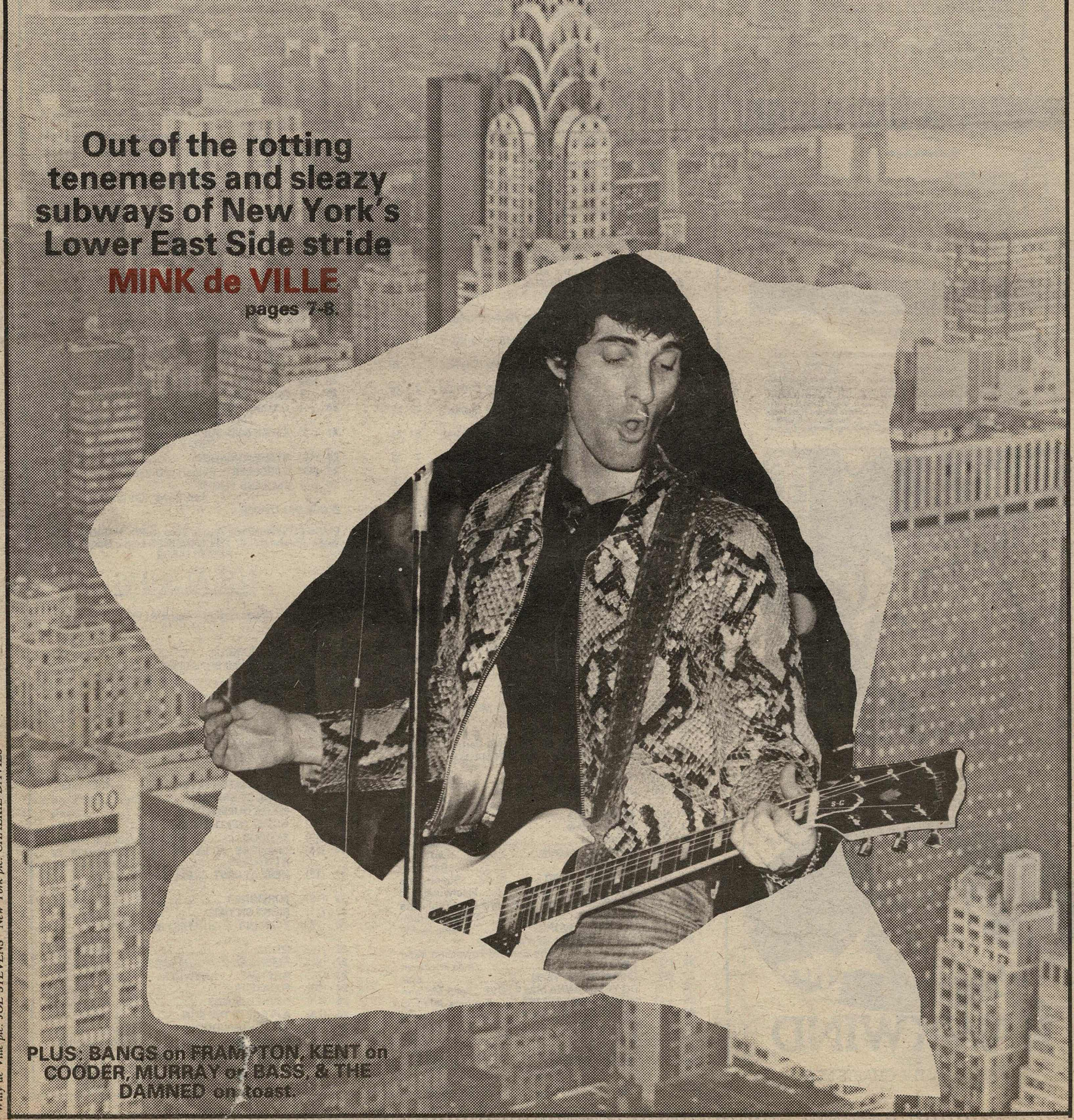
pages 18-19.

## STEELY DAN: Pretzel Logic Made Easy

pages 22-24.

## Out of the rotting tenements and sleazy subways of New York's Lower East Side stride MINK de VILLE

pages 7-8.



Willy de Ville pic: JOE STEVENS New York pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

PLUS: BANGS on FRAMPTON, KENT on COODER, MURRAY or, BASS, & THE DAMNED on toast.

**LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**
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**APRIL**
**"Summer In The City"**
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## FIVE YEARS AGO

**Week ending August 1 1972**

| Last Week | This Week | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | 1 | SCHOOL'S OUT | Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers) |
| 1 | 2 | PUPPY LOVE | Donny Osmond (MGM) |
| 3 | 3 | SEASIDE SHUFFLE | Terry Dactyl & The Dinosaurs (UK) |
| 12 | 4 | POPCORN | Hot Butter (Pye) |
| 5 | 5 | BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO | Partridge Family (Bell) |
| 7 | 6 | SILVER MACHINE | Hawkwind (United Artists) |
| 4 | 7 | SYLVIA'S MOTHER | Dr Hook & The Medicine Show (CBS) |
| 6 | 8 | ROCK AND ROLL PT. 1 & 2 | Gary Glitter (Bell) |
| 8 | 9 | I CAN SEE CLEARLY | Johnny Nash (CBS) |
| 10 | 10 | MAD ABOUT YOU | Bruce Ruffin (Rhino) |

## TEN YEARS AGO

**Weekending August 3, 1967**

| last Week | This Week | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | 1 | SAN FRANCISCO | Scott McKenzie (CBS) |
| 1 | 2 | ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE | Beatles (Parlophone) |
| 5 | 3 | I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN | Tom Jones (Decca) |
| 4 | 4 | DEATH OF A CLOWN | Dave Davies (Pye) |
| 10 | 5 | I WAS MADE TO LOVE HER | Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown) |
| 8 | 6 | UP UP AND AWAY | Johnny Mann Singers (Liberty) |
| 3 | 7 | IT MUST BE HIM | Vicky Carr (Liberty) |
| 13 | 8 | JUST LOVING YOU | Anita Harris (CBS) |
| 7 | 9 | SHE'D RATHER BE WITH ME | Turtles (London) |
| 6 | 10 | ALTERNATE TITLE | Monkees (RCA) |

## 15 YEARS AGO

**Week ending August 3, 1962**

| Last Week | This Week | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | I REMEMBER YOU | Frank Ifield (Columbia) |
| 2 | 2 | SPEEDY GONZALES | Pat Boone (London) |
| 3 | 3 | I CAN'T STOP LOVING YOU | Ray Charles (HMV) |
| 8 | 4 | GUITAR TANGO | Shadows (Columbia) |
| 4 | 5 | PICTURE OF YOU | Joe Brown (Piccadilly) |
| 8 | 6 | DON'T EVER CHANGE | Crickets (Liberty) |
| 11 | 7 | THINGS | Bobby Darin (London) |
| 9 | 8 | LITTLE MISS LONELY | Helen Shapiro (Columbia) |
| — | 9 | ROSES ARE RED | Ronnie Carroll (Philips) |
| 14 | 10 | LET THERE BE LOVE | Nat King Cole/George Shearing (Capitol) |

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# NME CHARTS

## SINGLES

**Week ending August 13th, 1977**

| This Week | Last Week | | | Weeks in chart | Highest position |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (1) | I FEEL LOVE | Donna Summer (GTO) | 5 | 1 |
| 2 | (3) | ANGELO | Brotherhood of Man (Pye) | 5 | 2 |
| 3 | (2) | MA BAKER | Boney M (Atlantic) | 7 | 1 |
| 4 | (8) | YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES | Showaddywaddy (Arista) | 3 | 4 |
| 5 | (17) | SOMETHING BETTER CHANGE | The Stranglers (United Artists) | 2 | 5 |
| 6 | (6) | WE'RE ALL ALONE | Rita Coolidge (A&M) | 7 | 6 |
| 7 | (11) | FLOAT ON | Floaters (ABC) | 3 | 7 |
| 8 | (13) | IT'S YOUR LIFE | Smokie (Rak) | 4 | 8 |
| 9 | (15) | THE CRUNCH | Rah Band (Good Earth) | 5 | 9 |
| 10 | (7) | SO YOU WIN AGAIN | Hot Chocolate (Rak) | 9 | 1 |
| 11 | (4) | FANFARE FOR THE COMMON MAN | Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic) | 10 | 2 |
| 12 | (12) | EASY | Commodores (Motown) | 6 | 12 |
| 13 | (9) | OH LORI | Alessi (A&M) | 9 | 7 |
| 14 | (5) | PRETTY VACANT | Sex Pistols (Virgin) | 6 | 5 |
| 15 | (22) | ALL AROUND THE WORLD | The Jam (Polydor) | 3 | 15 |
| 16 | (21) | ROADRUNNER | Jonathan Richman (Beserkley) | 5 | 13 |
| 17 | (20) | THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR | Deniece Williams (CBS) | 2 | 17 |
| 18 | (—) | NOBODY DOES IT BETTER | Carly Simon (Elektra) | 1 | 18 |
| 19 | (24) | PROVE IT | Television (Elektra) | 2 | 19 |
| 20 | (14) | SLOW DOWN | John Miles (Decca) | 7 | 9 |
| 21 | (19) | NIGHTS ON BROADWAY | Candi Staton (Warner Bros) | 2 | 19 |
| 22 | (27) | THREE RING CIRCUS | Barry Briggs (Dynamic) | 3 | 22 |
| 23 | (16) | EXODUS | Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island) | 7 | 16 |
| 24 | (—) | SWALLOW MY PRIDE | The Ramones (Sire) | 1 | 24 |
| 25 | (—) | SPANISH STROLL | Mink De Ville (Capitol) | 1 | 25 |
| 26 | (29) | DANCIN' EASY | Danny Williams (Ensign) | 2 | 26 |
| 27 | (—) | IF I HAVE TO GO AWAY | Jigsaw (Splash) | 1 | 27 |
| 28 | (26) | I KNEW THE BRIDE | Dave Edmunds (Swan Song) | 5 | 24 |
| 29 | (18) | FEEL THE NEED | Detroit Emeralds (Atlantic) | 7 | 12 |
| 30 | (—) | TULANE | Steve Gibbons Band (Polydor) | 1 | 30 |

**BUBBLING UNDER . . .**

**BOOTSY'S RUBBER BAND The Pinocchio Theory (Warner Bros); THE REAL THING Love's Such A Beautiful Things (Pye); BAY CITY ROLLERS You Made Me Believe In Magic (Arista).**

## U.S. SINGLES

**Week ending August 6, 1977**

| This Week | Last Week | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (1) | I JUST WANT TO BE YOUR EVERYTHING | Andy Gibb |
| 2 | (3) | BEST OF MY LOVE | Emotions |
| 3 | (4) | WHATCHA GONNA DO? | Pablo Cruise |
| 4 | (2) | UNDERCOVER ANGEL | Alan O'Day |
| 5 | (6) | YOUR LOVE HAS LIFTED ME (HIGHER AND HIGHER) | Rita Coolidge |
| 6 | (8) | EASY | Commodores |
| 7 | (5) | MY HEART BELONGS TO ME | Barbra Streisand |
| 8 | (9) | YOU MADE ME BELIEVE IN MAGIC | Bay City Rollers |
| 9 | (11) | YOU AND ME | Alice Cooper |
| 10 | (14) | JUST A SONG BEFORE I GO | Crosby Stills & Nash |
| 11 | (13) | BARRACUDA | Heart |
| 12 | (15) | HANDY MAN | James Taylor |
| 13 | (21) | FLOAT ON | The Floaters |
| 14 | (19) | HOW MUCH LOVE | Leo Sayer |
| 15 | (18) | BLACK BETTY | Ram Jam |
| 16 | (20) | GIVE A LITTLE BIT | Supertramp |
| 17 | (23) | DON'T STOP | Fleetwood Mac |
| 18 | (22) | TELEPHONE LINE | Electric Light Orchestra |
| 19 | (7) | I'M IN YOU | Peter Frampton |
| 20 | (16) | YOU'RE MY WORLD | Helen Reddy |
| 21 | (27) | SMOKE FROM A DISTANT FIRE | The Sanford-Townsend Band |
| 22 | (17) | ARIEL | Dean Friedman |
| 23 | (26) | CHRISTINE SIXTEEN | Kiss |
| 24 | (12) | DO YOU WANNA MAKE LOVE | Peter McCann |
| 25 | (—) | STRAWBERRY LETTER 23 | Brothers Johnson |
| 26 | (—) | SWAYIN' TO THE MUSIC | Johnny Rivers |
| 27 | (—) | ON AND ON | Stephen Bishop |
| 28 | (30) | SLIDE | Slave |
| 29 | (—) | COLD AS ICE | Foreigner |
| 30 | (—) | TELEPHONE MAN | Meri Wilson |

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

## ALBUMS

**Week ending August 13, 1977**

| This Week | Last Week | | | Weeks in chart | Highest position |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (1) | THE JOHNNY MATHIS COLLECTION | Johnny Mathis (CBS) | 8 | 1 |
| 2 | (3) | GOING FOR THE ONE | Yes (Atlantic) | 4 | 2 |
| 3 | (5) | I REMEMBER YESTERDAY | Donna Summer (GTO) | 7 | 3 |
| 4 | (2) | A STAR IS BORN | Soundtrack (CBS) | 18 | 1 |
| 5 | (8) | 20 ALL TIME GREATS | Connie Francis (Polydor) | 5 | 5 |
| 6 | (4) | LOVE AT THE GREEK | Neil Diamond (CBS) | 7 | 4 |
| 7 | (10) | HOTEL CALIFORNIA | Eagles (Asylum) | 33 | 1 |
| 8 | (6) | RUMOURS | Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros) | 25 | 6 |
| 9 | (10) | ARRIVAL | Abba (Epic) | 38 | 1 |
| 10 | (12) | THE MUPPET SHOW | (Pye) | 11 | 1 |
| 11 | (9) | IV RATTUS NORVEGICUS | The Stranglers (United Artists) | 15 | 4 |
| 12 | (18) | EXODUS | Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island) | 9 | 9 |
| 13 | (17) | DECEPTIVE BENDS | 10 c.c. (Philips) | 15 | 2 |
| 14 | (7) | WORKS VOLUME 1 | Emerson, Lake & Palmer (Atlantic) | 16 | 7 |
| 15 | (13) | A NEW WORLD RECORD | Electric Light Orchestra (Jet) | 36 | 5 |
| 16 | (14) | ON STAGE | Ritchie Blackmores Rainbow (Oyster) | 3 | 14 |
| 17 | (26) | LIVE! IN THE AIR AGE | Be Bop Deluxe (Harvest) | 3 | 17 |
| 18 | (21) | BEST OF ROD STEWART | Rod Stewart (Mercury) | 4 | 18 |
| 19 | (16) | THE BEST OF THE MAMAS AND PAPAS | (Arcade) | 5 | 14 |
| 20 | (29) | IN FLIGHT | George Benson (Warner Bros) | 9 | 12 |
| 21 | (30) | GREATEST HITS | Smokie (Rak) | 13 | 6 |
| 22 | (24) | LOVE FOR SALE | Boney M (Atlantic) | 2 | 22 |
| 23 | (27) | I'M IN YOU | Peter Frampton (A & M) | 9 | 15 |
| 24 | (20) | ANIMALS | Pink Floyd (Harvest) | 23 | 2 |
| 25 | (—) | ABBA GREATEST HITS | (Epic) | 68 | 1 |
| 26 | (—) | COMING OUT | Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic) | 10 | 6 |
| 27 | (23) | STREISAND SUPERMAN | Barbra Streisand (CBS) | 2 | 23 |
| 28 | (15) | STEVE WINWOOD | (Island) | 6 | 11 |
| 29 | (19) | SORCERER | Tangerine Dream (MCA) | 3 | 19 |
| 30 | (—) | ENDLESS FLIGHT | Leo Sayer (Chrysalis) | 29 | 2 |

**BUBBLING UNDER . . .**

**ELVIS COSTELLO My Aim Is True (Stiff); VARIOUS New Wave (Phonegram); THE RAMONES Leave Home (Sire); ALESSI (A&M).**

## U.S. ALBUMS

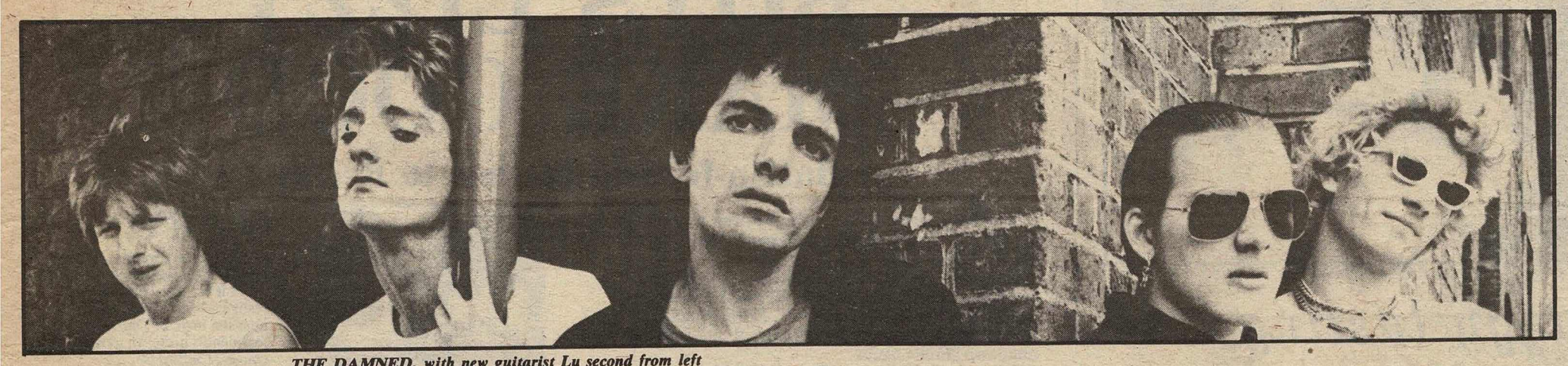
**Week ending August 6, 1977**

| This Week | Last Week | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (1) | RUMOURS | Fleetwood Mac |
| 2 | (2) | STREISAND SUPERMAN | Barbra Streisand |
| 3 | (3) | CSN | Crosby, Stills & Nash |
| 4 | (4) | I'M IN YOU | Peter Frampton |
| 5 | (5) | LOVE GUN | Kiss |
| 6 | (8) | JT | James Taylor |
| 7 | (6) | LIVE | Barry Manilow |
| 8 | (10) | STAR WARS | Original Soundtrack |
| 9 | (9) | COMMODORES | Commodores |
| 10 | (14) | REJOICE | Emotions |
| 11 | (13) | CAT SCRATCH FEVER | Ted Nugent |
| 12 | (7) | BOOK OF DREAMS | Steve Miller Band |
| 13 | (11) | LITTLE QUEEN | Heart |
| 14 | (26) | GOING FOR THE ONE | Yes |
| 15 | (17) | EXODUS | Bob Marley & The Wailers |
| 16 | (16) | CHANGES IN LATITUDES — CHANGES IN ATTITUDES | Jimmy Buffett |
| 17 | (12) | HERE AT LAST . . . BEE GEES . . . LIVE | Bee Gees |
| 18 | (19) | FOREIGNER | Foreigner |
| 19 | (21) | RIGHT ON TIME | The Brothers Johnson |
| 20 | (20) | EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS | Supertramp |
| 21 | (15) | IZITSO | Cat Stevens |
| 22 | (22) | AMERICAN STARS 'N BARS | Neil Young |
| 23 | (27) | ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE | Rita Coolidge |
| 24 | (30) | FLOATERS | The Floaters |
| 25 | (18) | NETHER LANDS | Dan Fogelberg |
| 26 | (29) | A PLACE IN THE SUN | Pablo Cruise |
| 27 | (—) | STEVE WINWOOD | Steve Winwood |
| 28 | (28) | OL' WAYLON | Waylon Jennings |
| 29 | (23) | HOTEL CALIFORNIA | Eagles |
| 30 | (—) | I, ROBOT | The Alan Parsons Project |

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

# NEWS DESK

Edited by Tony Stewart



*THE DAMNED, with new guitarist Lu second from left*

## *Another Damned guitarist*

THE DAMNED have added a second guitarist. He made his stage debut in France last weekend and is now recording their new album with them.

"We wondered what it would be like with two guitars," explained the original axeman and founder member, Brian James. "It's just so we can keep progressing really."

Called simply Lu, the rookie has not previously played professionally. He was discovered only last week when he attended auditions staged by the group, who recently placed an ad in the musical press. James said his performance at the Mont de Marson Punk Festival was encouraging.

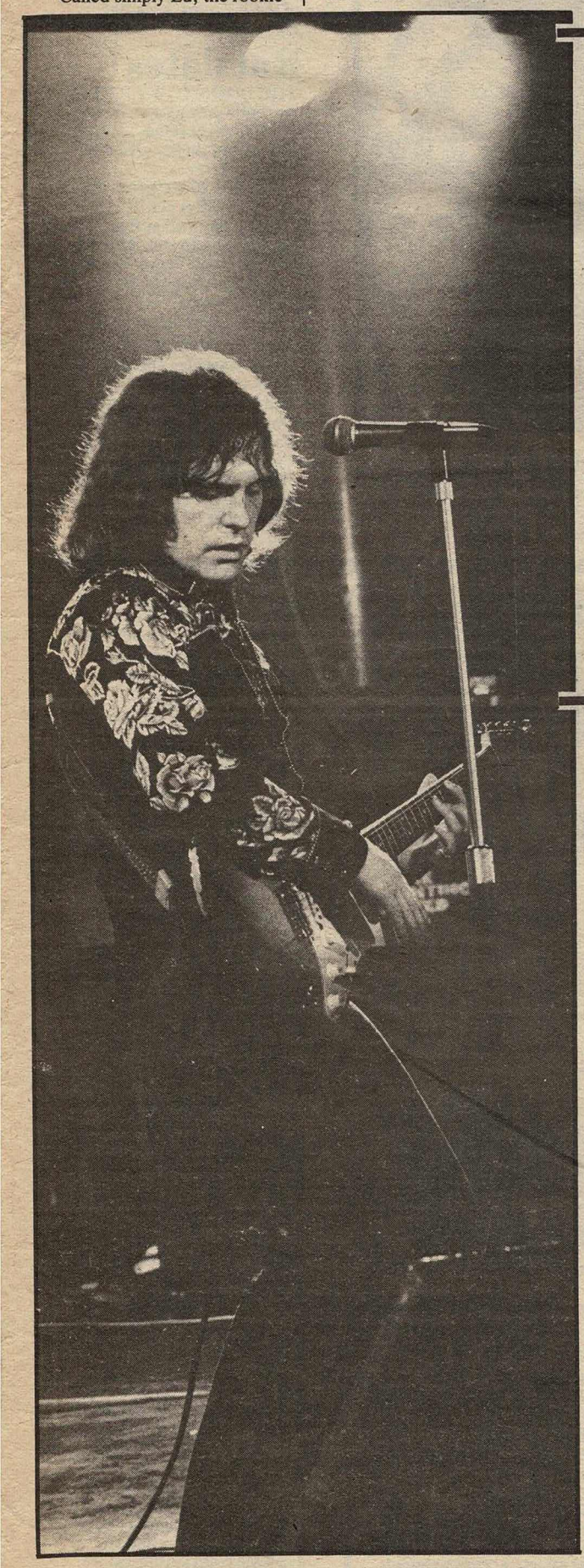
There is also a possibility, admitted Brian, that The Damned will be augmented by a sax player. Not long ago Lol Coxhill jammed with them at a Dunstable gig, and he might be invited to record on their second album.

The band are currently working in Pink Floyd's Islington studios and being produced by that group's drummer, Nick Mason. They had previously laid down tapes with renowned 60s producer Shel Talmy, but because Talmy is now almost blind and can only work in two London studios — neither of which The Damned favour — they decided to experiment with Mason.

According to James this is all part of their effort to develop musically, which is the same basic reason for adding Lu's services.

"It's going to make things easier for me," added James. "It means we can do more interesting things. We've played for a year as a four-piece and we thought these would be good changes to make.

"If Lu doesn't work out, maybe we'll go back to the old format."



*FRANKIE MILLER: trouble had been building*

## MILLER THROWS IN A WINNING HAND

### Ol' Frankie fires Full House men

**FRANKIE MILLER has fired two members of his band, Full House. But he will still appear at the Reading Festival later this month.**

**This dramatic move was made only last week, shortly after the group's return from their successful American tour.**

**With only one original member remaining, bassist Chrissie Stewart, the changes come at a critical time in Miller's career.**

**Frankie has been as renowned for his lack of consistency as his excellent R&B vocal talent. Acknowledged as a brilliant musician, his reputation was blemished by his notorious boozing.**

**Since he formed Full House a little over a year ago his progress has been less haphazard.**

**He recently announced that he had stopped drinking during gigs, and with the release of his "Full House" album in March he gained commercial as well as the usual critical success. The band proved to be a stabilising influence on him.**

**Unrepentent regarding his decision, Miller told *NME:* "I think there was a need for a change. It's now gotta get better."**

**Reports elsewhere implied that the Scottish singer had 'callously' dismissed guitarist Ray Minhinnet and drummer Graham Deakin. But Miller claimed that this accusation was 'harsh'.**

**Miller also explained that his decision was not as sudden as it first appeared. He said he had gradually been disillusioned by the group's performance during the US dates, and believed that all members were aware changes would have to be made on their return to Britain.**

**As far as he was concerned the band was not working as it should. When they recorded their last album it was necessary to bring in session players, including Chris Spedding and Procol's Gary Booker, and Miller would prefer to front an outfit which could record without this embellishment.**

**Discontented, pianist Jim Hall quit the group just before their American dates. Minhinnet and Deakin were forced to leave for similar reasons.**

**Recording with additional help "caused a bit of resentment," Miller said, "They didn't feel too good about it, which is understandable. I don't want that to happen again."**

**For his Reading appearance on Sunday, August 28, Neil Hubbard, B.J. Wilson, Chris Mercer and Martin Drover will join Stewart. Procol's Chris Copping, who temporarily replaced Hall, will make way for Ace-member Paul Carrack.**

## *Stewart to put the boot in*

### *Soccer stadium dates planned*

ROD STEWART is seriously considering playing a series of soccer stadium shows in Britain next summer.

"There has been a lot of talk about it recently," his London publicist, Bill Stonebridge, confirmed. "He is definitely going to do some work here next year."

Over the past fortnight Stewart's tour manager, Pete Buckland, has visited a number of major football grounds throughout the country. He is reluctant to name the clubs because at the moment negotiations are only exploratory. Buckland's brief is reportedly to find at least eight suitable stadiums to present a string of major concerts.

If a tour of this nature proves economically feasible, then it is likely that preparations will begin in earnest.

The idea, explained Stonebridge, first originated several years ago when Stewart was invited to stage gigs by various small clubs. Stewart's fanaticism for football is renowned, and it seemed a logical suggestion.

Also, rock events in British football grounds have never been fully exploited. Although bands have occasionally played on the sacred Wembley turf — and last year The Who staged their short "Put The Boot In" football club tour — the cost of such ventures is considered prohibitive.

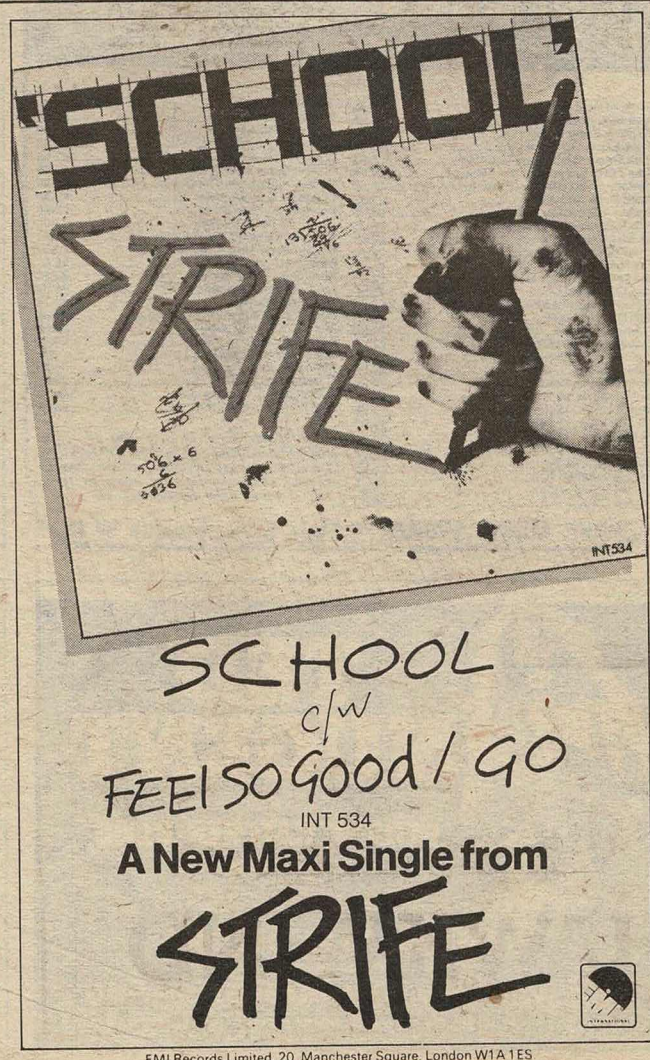
Stonebridge said: "Rod's mentioned many times that he'd like to play at Chelsea's ground, Stamford Bridge, but there've always been problems.

"We looked into doing it about two years ago. The club wanted to do it, but in the end it was the local residents and council that wouldn't allow it to go on."

Even so, Stewart supports the project, especially as it's unlikely he will play his traditional Christmas shows here this year.

He and the band he formed last year have almost completed making their first album together. Produced by Tom Dowd, the recordings have been particularly successful and what might possibly be a double set will be released in late September.

At the same time they begin an American tour which lasts until the end of the year.

EMI Records Limited, 20, Manchester Square, London W1A 1ES

*THE IGG: pic BARRY PLUMMER*

# *Iggy lusting for life again — UK dates*

IGGY POP returns to Britain in September for a series of five major concerts — the notorious singer's second UK visit this year, following his earlier tour with David Bowie. Iggy's second album in '77, "Lust For Life", is released on August 23.

In the past his live appearances and recordings have been disappointingly infrequent, but now it appears he has encountered an artistic rejuvenation.

"He's in great form," his Los Angeles publicist Barbara de Whitte told *NME* last Friday. "He feels like a person who's been given a whole new life. He's just full of energy. All his past is behind him; he doesn't seem to be plagued by it anymore."

The British dates are part of a 15 concert Euro-tour which opens in Copenhagen early September. Iggy appears at Manchester Apollo (September 25), Newcastle City Hall (26), Birmingham Odeon (27), Bristol Colston Hall (28) and he concludes this visit with a show at London's Rainbow (30).

Ms de Whitte said there is a possibility that Bowie will once again accompany Pop, but it is not yet certain exactly who will be in his band.

## ADVERTS SINGLE

ONE-CHORD wonders The Adverts release their debut single, "Gary Gilmore's Eyes", this Friday. Flip-side of the record, on Anchor, is a studio recording of "Bored Teenagers" which was included on the "Live At The Roxy" album.

Next week the new wavers play a short series of London shows. They appear at Soho's Crackers (16), Charing Cross Sundown (17 & 18), and Kensington Nashville (19 & 20). They are also appearing at the Droitwich Roxy Revue earlier in the day on August 20.

# LOCAL BAD BOYS LIZZY MAKE GOOD

## Dublin festival prelude to Reading

**DUBLIN is to have its first major open air concert this month, and local bad boys-made-good Thin Lizzy will headline the show.**

**Described as "the most spectacular contemporary music event ever staged in Ireland", the bill includes Graham Parker and The Rumour, Fairport and the Boomstown Rats, supported by several comparatively unknown Dublin bands.**

**By presenting Lizzy and Parker the Irish gig preludes the Reading Festival Saturday night by a week. The organisers anticipate an attendance of at least 10,000 at this pioneering seven-hour event to be held at Dalymount Park football stadium on Sunday, August 21, and beginning at 3.30pm.**

**"It's never been done before," said their publicist, Marie Murphy, "so it is virgin territory. It's up to the Irish rock fans to support an outdoor festival. If this one is a success, and I'm sure it will be, plans are already going ahead for another next year."**

**Lizzy's Dublin born Phil Lynott told *NME:* "The gig means a lot to me. In a way I want it to be the biggest thing that's ever happened in Dublin. Rock has been stagnating there, and hopefully after the concert agencies will start booking in bands again.**

**"That will be a healthy thing for Ireland."**

**Phil was speaking from Finland shortly after the band's appearance at the Turku Festival on Saturday. It was Brian Robertson's first gig with them since rejoining.**

**Lynott added: "In the old days when the scene was very healthy, English acts always went over to the south of Ireland. But in the south I really feel it's been stagnating a bit, and there's no reason why it should."**

**The promoters claim the event will be excitingly entertaining, with the appearance of the other local streetkids, the Boomtown Rats. Their Irish success has been compared to the furore now surrounding Lizzy in Britain and the States.**

**Lizzy, who play festivals and concerts in Scandinavia for the next ten days, will also record their Dublin show for a forthcoming live album. "I don't mind if we blow it here," explained Phil from his hotel, "but I'm really worried about Dublin because it's the home town."**

**Following their two festival appearances in Dublin and at Reading, Lizzy then headline an American tour. Lynott said they will return to the UK in November for an extensive 25-date tour.**

**Their new album, "Bad Reputation," is released shortly, and they will include a lot of the new material in their Dalymount set.**

**Tickets for the event at £4 (or 75p extra on the day) are available on postal application to Thin Lizzy Concert, P.O. Box 920, 46 South William Street, Dublin 2.**

*LIZZY'S Phil Lynott (left) and Boomtown Rats' Rob Geldoff celebrate their Dublin Fest booking in a photo booth . . . (where else)*

## Scot-Fest

ON THE same weekend as Dublin's first major outdoor event is Scotland's first major festival — to be held on land near the town of Thurso, in the mainland's northern most county, Caithness.

Concentrating mostly on native acts — with Hawkwind the exception — the event begins on Friday evening and finishes on Sunday. The bill is as follows:

Friday: Bodie, Squibs, Rezillos, Alan Hull's Radiator, Manray and Phase; Saturday: Blister, Charm, Thrush, Ignatz, Slik, Cado Belle, Sitting On The Fence; on Sunday it is hoped there'll be repeat performances by some of these groups, including Hawkwind.

## Rat dates

THE BOOMTOWN RATS, currently playing a series of UK one-night stands, release their debut single on Ensign next week.

The first 20,000 pressings of "Lookin' After No. 1", which recently received airtime attention when included on the Vertigo "New Wave" set, will be 12-inchers marketed in picture sleeves.

Their debut album will be issued by Ensign on Sept. 3.

The Rats play Sheffield Top Rank tonight (Thursday), London Marquee (18), Dublin Dalymount Park Festival (21), Barnstable Chequers (25), Cardiff Top Rank (26), Axminster Guildhall (27), and two nights at Birmingham Barbarellas on September 2 and 3.

gong...

PASH MUSIC STORES — BY POST
This week's best-selling songbooks

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Song of Paul Simon | £4.95 | Best of Neil Diamond | £2.95 |
| Neil Diamond/Love at the Greek | £5.50 | Best of Steve Stills | £3.95 |
| Genesis Song Book | £2.95 | Songs of Paul Simon | £4.95 |
| Wings Over America | £3.95 | Queen/Day at the Races | £2.35 |
| Pink Floyd/Wish You Were Here | £2.95 | Queen/19 Songs | £2.00 |
| Illus. NME Encyclopedia of Rock | £4.95 | Queen/Sheer Heart Attack | £1.25 |
| History of the Gibson Guitar from 1953 | £2.95 | Queen/A Night At The Opera | £2.35 |
| NME Book of Rock | 95p | Songs Of David Bowie | £3.50 |
| Jackson Brownie/21 Songs | £5.50 | Bowie/Diamond Dogs | £3.95 |
| Nils Lofgren/Cry Tough | £3.95 | Bowie/Lyrics & Photos | 30p |
| Steve Miller/23 Songs | £3.95 | Shadows/Best of Shadows | £1.95 |
| Free/12 Big Hits | £2.50 | Lead Guitar Tutor with Record | £3.50 |
| Paul McCartney/In His Own Words | £1.95 | Rhythm Guitar/Self Tutor | £3.50 |
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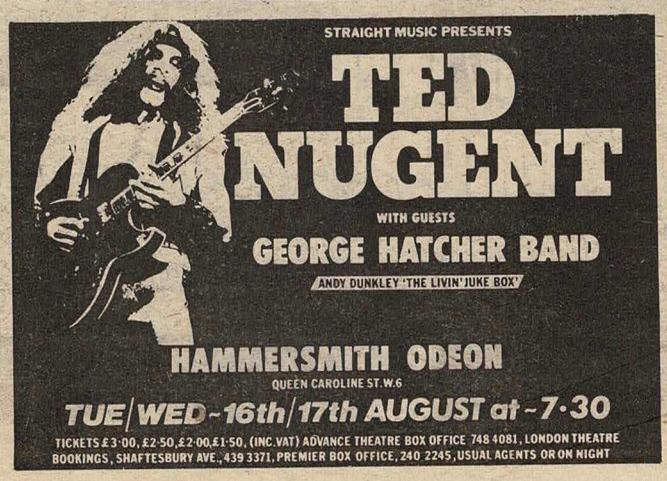
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## NEW CLUBS OPEN

THREE NEW British rock venues are to open over the next month, and two of them will cater for the growing number of new wave bands.

In London, the West Hampstead Railway Tavern is to revive live presentations every Monday night from September 5. The pub's disco is to be renamed The Southside Club, and it will adopt "a cautious policy" promoting punk and other rock gigs.

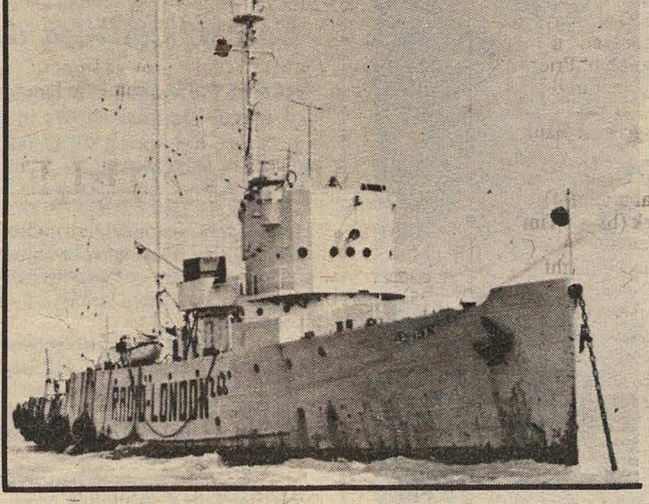
During the 60s the Tavern housed the legendary blooze club Klook's Kleek, where The Yardbirds, John Mayall and other R&B outfits often appeared. If The Southside is as successful it will feature bands seven nights a week.

The Windmill Club, a Rotherham niterie, is to begin new wave/rock shows every Thursday night, and will present The O Band on August 25 and Burlesque on September 1.

The Cambridge Corn Exchange will be stuck in a timewarp every other Saturday night when it hosts authentic rock 'n' roll gigs from September 10.

Concerts so far confirmed are Flying Saucers and Graham Fenton's Matchbox (10), Shakin' Stevens & The Sunsets and Rock Island Line (October 15), and Mike Berry & the Outlaws and Flight 56 on November 12.

## AHOY THERE! PIRATE CONVENTION THIS WEEKEND



TO MARK the 10th anniversary of the Marine Broadcasting Offences Act, which outlawed British offshore pirate radio, there is to be a two-day convention at the Centre Airport Hotel near Heathrow this weekend.

Presented by Music Radio Promotions, Flashback 67 is being staged as a result of the strong public interest shown in their publications about the pirate boats and forts mainly stationed in the Thames Estuary during the mid-60s.

Over 700 people including some former pirate DJs are likely to attend the function, which begins on Saturday morning and finishes on Sunday evening and features an exhibition, films of the pirates including TV documentaries, talks, and a Grand Reunion Dinner.

On Saturday night Screamin' Lord Sutch, who once had his own fort, will perform a special concert at the hotel.

Pirate boats such as Radios Caroline and London were instrumental in helping to established contemporary, or, as it was then called "underground" rock in Britain. From 1964 to '67 good music could be heard 24 hours a day.

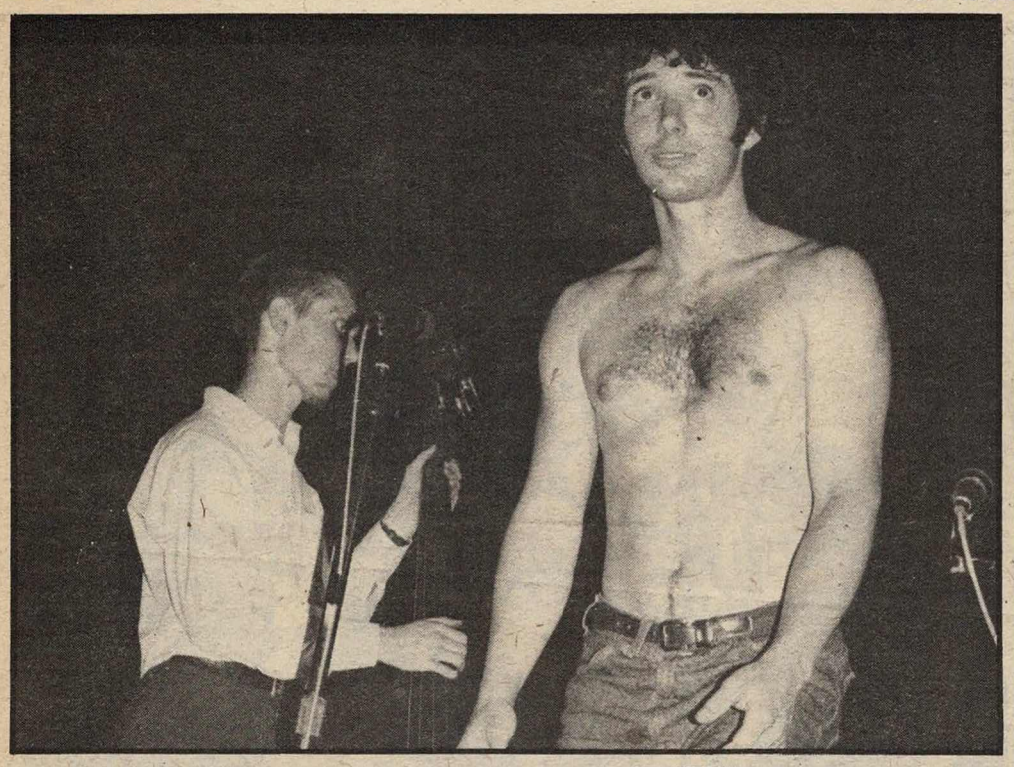
The stations were made illegal by the Government in '67, and a month later Radio 1 was introduced by the Beeb in an attempt to fill the airtime void caused by the Act. Caroline is one of the few boats which has continued to Broadcast over the last decade.

Tickets at £15 a head are available from Flashback 67, P.O. Box 400, Kings Langley, Herts.

## *EDINBURGH ROCK*

**EDINBURGH Tiffany's are staging a three-week rock season, including a number of new wave gigs, during the period of the city's annual Festival this month.**

**Acts confirmed include Chelsea, Cortinas and The Jolt (22), Rezillos (23), Radio Stars (24), New Celeste, Finn McCuil and Medium Wave Band (25), Swinging Blue Jeans (26), Cimarons (29), Cafe Jacques (30), Elvis Costello (31), Five Hand Reel and Medium Wave Band (September 1), Nashville Teens (2), Rocky Ricketts & The Rockettes and Clayson & The Argonauts (5), Ignatz (6), Boomtown Rats (7), Bert Jansch and Medium Wave Band (8), and Jet Harris & The Diamonds (9).**



*JONATHAN RICHMAN: British debut next month. Pic: JOE STEVENS*

# AUTUMN TOUR MANIA DRIVES YOU CRAZY . . .

**A PERIOD of touring craziness is to escalate next month and through the autumn with major UK shows by Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers, Elkie Brooks, Supertramp, Peter Gabriel, Mink De Ville and Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow.**

**Traditionally, the next three months are the busiest for British concert halls. This intense activity will doubtless be followed by the annual dearth of headlining attractions when the Big Acts once again retire to their tax havens, or spend Crimbo with their grannies.**

**But because of the inexhaustible and continuous hard graft of the new wave and emergent rock bands, entertainment in the ballrooms, clubs and pubs will go on unabated throughout the calendar.**

**Meanwhile, if you are not bored with rock's so called elite, then the answer seems to be: grab 'em while you can. That is, of course, if you can afford so many concerts.**

## MODERN LOVERS

PROUD BOSTONIAN Jonathan Richman is to make a welcome debut next month with his group, The Modern Lovers.

Billed as "The Most Fun You Can Have With Your Clothes On", the tour plays Manchester Free Trade Hall (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), and London Hammersmith Odeon (17 and 18).

Earlier this month the group had a hit single with "Roadrunner", and last Monday Berserkley released their third album, "Rock'n'Roll With The Modern Lovers".The other two sets, previously only available on import, will get a UK release mid-September.

Manchester and Hammersmith tickets at £2.50, £2 and £1.50 are now on sale, and Birmingham seats will be available from next Monday (15)

## ELKIE BROOKS

ELKIE BROOKS, former vocalist with the British rock and R&B band Vinegar Joe, is to play her first eight-date solo concert tour.

Since launching her own career, which was recently boosted by the success of her single "Pearl's A Singer", and the album "Two Days Away", she has only previously appeared on stage at Ronnie Scott's London jazz club. Prior to her tour in September she will be featured with the Humphrey Lyttleton Band at the Reading Jazz and Folk Festival on August Bank Holiday Monday.

Elk is currently rehearsing a tour group, which comprises Peter Gage (guitar and MD), Trevor Morias (drums), Steve York (bass), Tim Hinkley (keyboards) and Ken Freeman (synthesizer). She describes the band as 'tight and funky ', and it will also feature a three-piece brass section and three support vocalists.

The dates climax with a performance at London's Albert Hall on September 26, but first she visits Hull New Theatre (14), Birmingham Hippodrome (16), Brighton Dome (17), Croydon Fairfield Hall (18), Manchester Palace (20), Oxford New Theatre (23), and Bristol Hippodrome (24).

## SUPERTRAMP

SUPERTRAMP return here in October for their first UK tour in two years, including two shows at the Wembley Empire Pool. It's an optimistic schedule for many observers believe their flight to live in Los Angeles has had a detrimental effect on their British popularity.

'Tramp open with two nights at the Birmingham Odeon on October 15 and 16, followed by Liverpool Empire (17), Manchester Belle Bue (19), Coventry Theatre (21), Newcastle City Hall (24), two nights at the Glasgow Apollo (26 and 27), Leicester De Montfort Hall (30), London Wembley (November 1 and 2), Brighton Conference Centre (4) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (7).

Wembley tickets at £3.50 and £2.75 are available by postal application from September 2 to Supertramp Box Office, Wembley Stadium Ltd, Wembley HA9 0DW. Cheques and POs should be made payable to "Wembley Stadium Ltd (Supertramp)".

## PETER GABRIEL

PETER GABRIEL, who begins a major British tour next month, will use only one of the mostly American band who backed him on his London dates last April.

Bassist Tony Levin will be joined by Mick Ronson, guitarist Sid McGinnis, Jerry Marotta (drums), Bayette (keyboards) and Maruga on percussion.

Opening at Newcastle City Hall on September 13, the tour itinerary remains basically the same as that printed in *NME* on July 16, with the following exception: the Liverpool Empire gig has been moved from September 24 to 23, Southampton Gaumont goes from October 2 to September 30, and the concerts they should have played that night at 5pm and 8pm at Bristol Hippodrome take place on the 2nd.

These dates are part of Gabriel's 23-concert Euro-tour, which includes a show in front of 100,000 peoply at Fete de l'Humanite in Paris on September 10.

## MINK DE VILLE

HIGHLY-REGARDED New York hot combo Mink de Ville make their UK debut with one concert at the London Rainbow on September 25 — part of a lightning European visit to Paris, Berlin, Hamburg and Amsterdam.

Rainbow tickets at £2.50, £2 and £1.50 are available from the box office and usual agencies.

## RAINBOW

FINALLY, RAINBOW have postponed their British tour.

As predicted in these pages last week, Blackmore's band are now to visit the UK at the end of October, and not next month as they previously planned. It was also confirmed that the group have lost their bassist and keyboards player, and replacements have not yet been announced.

But manager Bruce Payne claims it was not these upheavals which caused the British visit to be delayed. He said in New York that their American record label had applied pressure on them to play some US concerts.

They intend to begin a Euro-tour in Helsinki on September 23, going to Denmark, Holland, Germany, France and Austria before coming here for at least 15 gigs.

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UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

# Punks po-going on '77 tours

TWO RELATIVELY unknown new wave bands are to launch a British Punk package tour next month. London and a new group from Wolverhampton called The Victims will be joined by a third as yet unannounced outfit in an attempt to keep costs down while playing at least 15 UK concerts.

Dates so far confirmed are Coventry Mr George (September 1), Retford Porter House (2), Gloucester Tracey's (3), Barrow Maxime's (4), Stafford Top Of The World (5), Plymouth Castaways (6), Manchester Rafters (8), Redditch Tracey's (10), London Sundown (11), Doncaster Outlook (12), Nottingham Grey Topper (18), Brighton Buccaneer (19), London Rock Garden (20), Newbridge Memorial Hall (25), and Ipswich Manor Ballroom (30).

As a prelude to the tour The Victims appear at the Marquee with Generation X on Friday (12), London Rock Garden (13), and Manchester Electric Circus (14).

## EATER

EATER, the new wave band comprising schoolkids, are taking advantage of the summer holidays to record their first album and play as many gigs as possible.

They're at London's Roxy on August 19, Droitwich Roxy Revue (20), Manchester Electric Circus (21), Chester Quaintways (22), London Rock Garden (23), Lancaster No. 12 (25), and Barrow Maxims (28). The following week they'll be appearing behind school desks.

## NOSEBLEEDS

MANCHESTER new wavers The Nosebleeds released their debut single, "Ain't Bin To No Music School," last Monday on Rabid Records. The record is available on postal application to 178 Waterloo Place, Oxford Road, Manchester 13. The group play London's Roxy club this Friday (12), Droitwich Punk Festival (20), and Manchester Rafters (25).

*EATER: school holiday gigs. Pic: STEVENSON*

## REZILLOS

EDINBURGH NEW wave beat group Rezillos begin a series of Scottish gigs this week on the Isle of Arran holiday resort. They appear at Brodick Town Hall on Friday, Lamlash Town Hall (13) and Whiting Bay Town Hall (14). Moving back to their native mainland, they play Bannockburn Tartan Arms (15), Dundee Ambassadors Hotel (16), Paisley Silver Threads (17), Caithness Open Air Festival (19), Glasgow Shuffles (20) and Edinburgh's Tiffany's (23).

## BETHNAL

NORTH LONDON punks Bethnal are playing a series of one-night stands during September. They appear at Scarborough Ollies (7), Bradford Princeville (8), Wolverhampton Lafayette (9), Dudley J.B.'s (10), London Fulham Greyhound (12), Plymouth Woods (13) and Petersfield Mercury Club (14). Further gigs are to be announced.

# NEWS IN BRIEF

JOHN OTWAY and Wild Willy Barrett start a series of UK dates this Sunday when they present "Fiasco Mark II" at London's Chalk Farm Roundhouse. Supported by Fruit Eating Bears, Squeeze and Clayson & The Argonauts, tickets are priced £1.75. Other dates for the duo are Plymouth Top Rank (15), South Wales Abertillery (17), Manchester Rafters (18), Bedford Nite Spot (19), London Hammersmith Red Cow (20), Doncaster Outlook (22), Birmingham Barbarella's (23), Birkenhead Digbys (25), and Liverpool Eric's (26). Their new single, "Racing Cars" is released on August 19.

FAST ESTABLISHING a reputation as a good live act, Brighton rock outfit Amazorblades continue their August gigs at London Hammersmith Swan (11), Windsor Castle (17, 24 and 31), Harringey Pegasus (18), London Dingwalls (20), Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (25), and the London Brecknock (30).

THE HEAVY Metal Kids have made alterations to their current UK Tour. A concert at Cleethorpes Winter Gardens tonight (Thursday) has been added, the gig at Retford Porterhouse has been moved from September 16 to 30, and one at Redcar Cotham Bowl is now on October 9 and not September 25. Their new single "Delirious" is to be released by RAK shortly.

CHELSEA, CURRENTLY on tour with The Cortinas, have replaced bassist Henry Daze, who recently quit the band. The new member is Simon Vitesse, 17. He started playing bass after being expelled from a Cardiff music school last Christmas.

NEW CELESTE, a Scots electric folk band who recently appeared at the Lorient Inter Celtic Festival in Brittany, play a short series of London gigs before returning to the Continent. They appear at Camden Music Machine (16), Dingwalls (19), Kensington Nashville (20), Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (27), and Basildon Double Six (28). The group also play Edinburgh Tiffany's on August 25.

HEAVY ROCK trio Strife, a new signing to EMI International who last week released their maxi-single, "School", play a series of UK dates before visiting Europe in October. Confirmed gigs are Plymouth Top Rank (15), Blackburn Lodestar (18), Leeds Fford Green (21), Burton-on Trent 76 Club (26), Oxford Cowley Workers Club (September 2), Manchester Electric Circus (9), Dudley J.B.'s (10) and Mansfield Kingsway Hall (24).

A NUMBER of changes have been made to the Motorhead and Count Bishops tour, and readers should note the revised itinerary. They play Penzance Garden tonight (Thursday), Cardiff Top Rank (12), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (17), West Runton Pavilion (18), Southend Queen's (19), Wigan Casino (20), Blackpool Imperial Hotel (21), Birmingham Locarno (22), London Lyceum (24), Guildord Civic Hall (26), St. Albans Civic Hall (27), Bournemouth Village Bowl (28), Chesterfield Aquarius (29), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (September 1), Newcastle Mayfair (2), Glasgow City Hall (3), Sheffield Top Rank (4) and Brighton Top Rank (5).

AMERICAN Westcoast band Kingfish are to play Reading Festival on Friday, August 26, and the following changes have now been made to the event's bill: Widow Maker, originally scheduled to appear on the Friday, are now to play on Sunday (28). Wayne County's Electric Chairs have also been added to Sunday's show.

Making their first visit to the UK, Kingfish support Ted Nugent at the Birmingham Odeon on August 18, and then perform at London's Marquee (19 and 20). The outfit's "Live And Kickin' " set, recorded at LA's Roxy Theatre, was released by Jet last month.

THE DOOBIE Bros are to headline three major concerts following their appearance at the Reading Festival late this month.

They appear at Birmingham Hippodrome (29), Manchester Apollo (30), and London Rainbow (31). Crawler support, and tickets are now available at £2.50, £2 and £1.50, with an extra price of £3 for the Rainbow.

On August 26 the Doobies have a new album, "Living In The Fault Line", and a single from the set, "Little Darling", released by WEA.

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19th " " "
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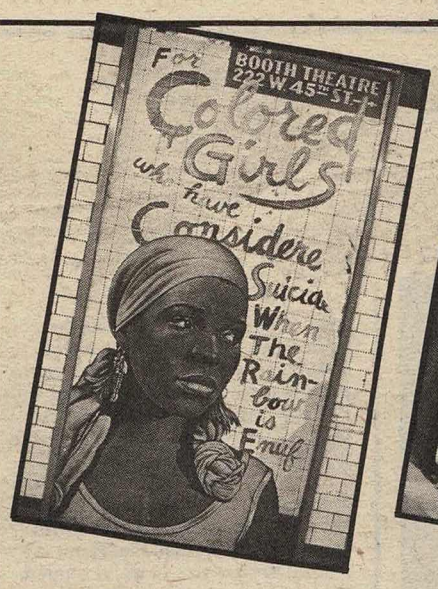
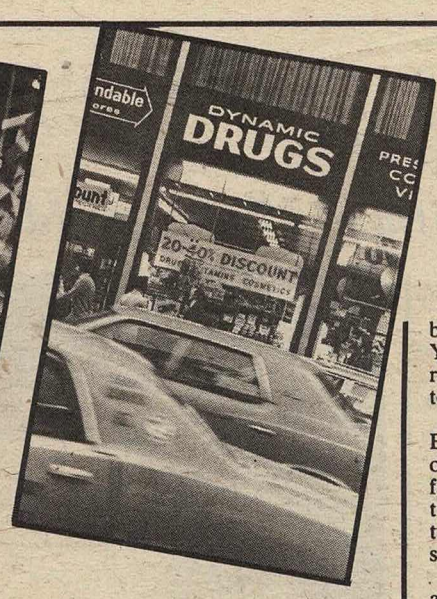
living gong....






# JUST ANOTHER TOUGH'N'TENDER STREET POET OUTTA NEW YAWK

*Now Spanish music plays in my hallway*
*And the wind blows through my door*
*And my mind is out on the corner*
*And my eyes go blank at the wall.*
. . .
"Cadillac Walk", Willie De Ville.

DURING THE New York blackout last month, an ambulance answering an emergency call to East 6th Street on the Lower East Side encountered sniper fire. They don't like flashing blue lights down in El Barrio.

It's a Black and Puerto Rican neighbourhood — more Spanish than anything else. It's an area of astrologers' and fortune tellers' shops, of 'bodegas' where you can buy Roman Catholic images of the Saints and Voodoo and 'Curse Removing Incense'.

It's an area where the grocery stores sell plantans (green bananas) and have speakers mounted over the front door blasting the street with latin music all day and night. Where rats nibble unafraid among the garbage cans which line the streets. Where the trash in the empty lots where a building has fallen down sometimes spontaneously combusts with the heat from its festering rubbish. Where a strange or stolen car parked in the street in the morning will be a burnt-out wreck sitting in a pool of shattered glass by that evening (they burn them to remove the fingerprints left while removing the engine).

It's an area where radios are left on all night in a cacophony of conflicting stations as people hang out or sleep on the fire-escapes, attempting to catch any trace of breeze that might squeeze past the Con-Ed power plant on the East River. Where fire hydrants gush into the streets and small kids spray passing cars and pedestrians.

It's an area where knives flash — not just in the dark but in the middle of the day in the middle of the Goddam street. It's where pushers and short-change artists live. It's an area of the bottom grade fences and the dealers of smack and sex.

If you've got the bread you can cop anything you want there — but there's no guarantee you'll get out of the area with it. People come and peer in supermarket shopping bags as you carry them home and feel the cloth of your coat as you walk by. "Nice coat you have there, Meester". It's an area where I've been mugged, where I've had a gun held to my head and been tied up, robbed and had my telephone lines cut by junkies.

Most of all it's an area of violence and of junkies.

Junkies with no teeth from too much amphetamine. Junkies who have rotted noses and who dribble and can't talk from too much speed. Junkies with track marks and yellow translucent skin from 'H', or dribbling and babbling from speedballs. It's a terminal zone, an area of death.

If you've got anything going you flaunt it, man, you strut it down the street, even if it's only your youth.

And striding out from the rotting tenements, the honking cars and the rusted fire escapes comes Willie DeVille and his gang: Mink DeVille.

MINK ARE no punk band, unless you mean Punk in its original *Wild Bunch* sense. Willie has slicked back hair with a pomp, heavy gold earrings, tight pants and a pair of snakeskin boots: "I want to dye them purple, but I've got to cut some of the heel off, they look a little fruity . . ."

He tops the ensemble with a snakeskin jacket: "Man, all I have to do is *wear* that thing on stage and people applaud . . ."

He's a streetwise dude who, if he was Black, would be sailing a white Eldorado up and down 125th Street all night. "I pride myself on looking sharp. Some people are wearing torn up shirts but I like to look cool . . . I've looked like this all my life and I've never been accepted for it but now people are starting to come around."

He is the archetype that British Teds never quite imitated properly. He is Fonzie and *West Side Story*. He could have stepped out of Hell's Kitchen or the "Wild Bunch". His debut album says it all in its dedications:

'Santo & Johnny of "Sleepwalk" fame The Tymes — "The Twelfth of Never". Gem Spa, the drugstore on the corner of Saint Mark's Place and 2nd Avenue, a couple of blocks from the old Fillmore and still a favourite place to hang out and score late at night — the New York Dolls are posed in front of it on their first album. Lala — the lead singer with the Crystals. The Mission — the scuzzy Spanish section of San Francisco where the people are very, very cool indeed.'

Willie was going to call the album "Capretto" — in fact it's still called that on the back sleeve — named after a type of leather that's tough, but tender. That sums him up — tough but tender — like a rose in Spanish Harlem . . .

People have compared his voice to Ben E King, Van Morrison, Bob Marley, Tom Fogerty, Lou Reed and a string of others. But he is none of these people. His voice often adopts the emotional tone of these people, particularly if they sang the original song such as on Ben E. King's "Stand By Me" and he does sound very like Jagger on "Cadillac Walk" on the CBGBs live album — that snarl is perfect for the song, however — and for that matter, wasn't the Stones' own first album imitative?

But he's more than just an amalgam of influences, Willie's is an original white American voice returning to traditional black American rock roots as if the British had never discovered them.

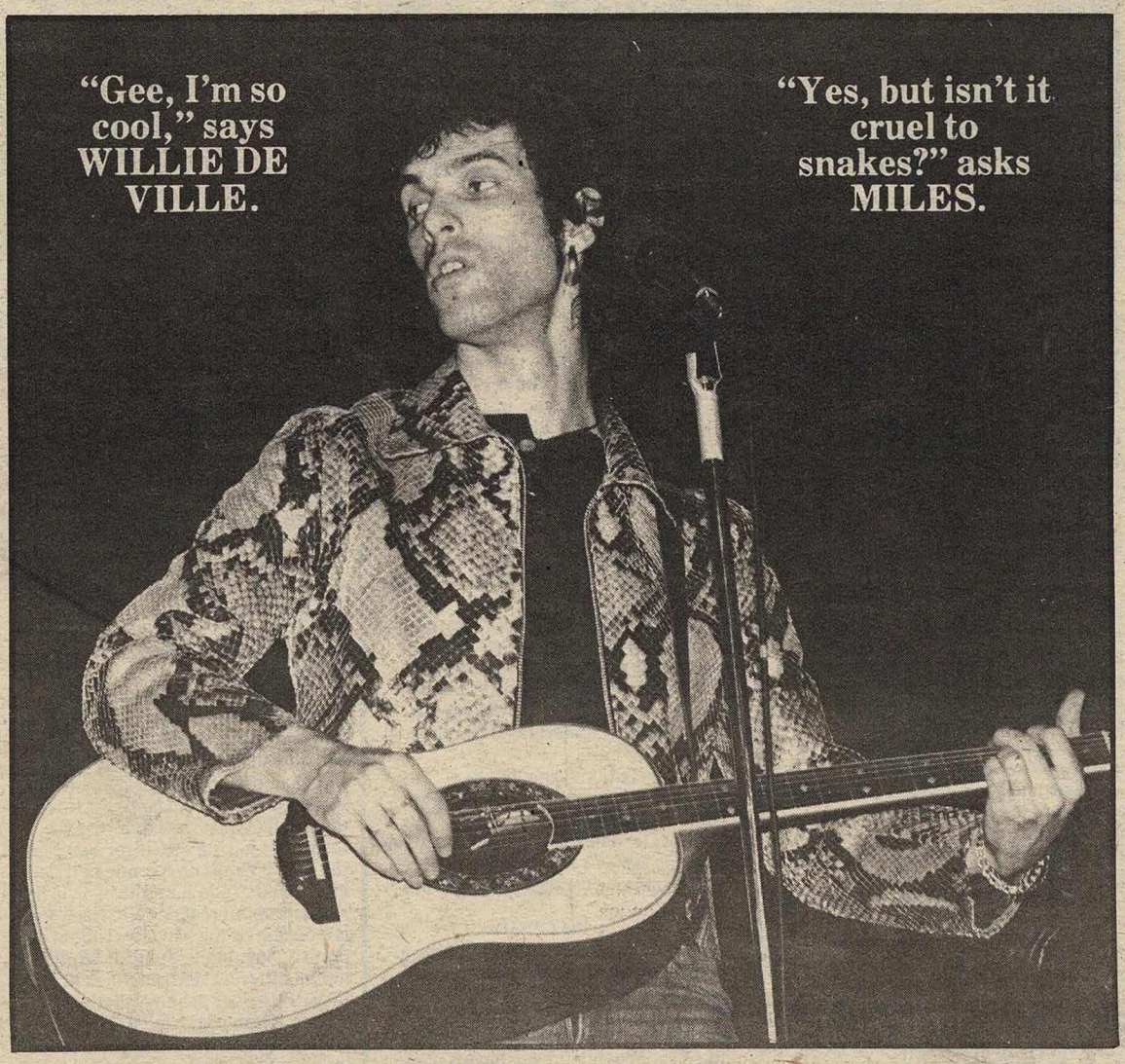
Because of this people have compared him with Springsteen and, more appropriately, with Southside Johnny and the Ashbury Dukes. But Willie answers that one firmly: "I ain't Jersey, either. I ain't Southside Johnny. 'Cause I think we're coming from two different places, too. He's a real oldies nut. I don't dig purists. Purists wreck everything, always. I mean, like, I dig the best of whatever's the best but, Jesus, why do they have to be one thing and that's it? We mix everything, you know, we dig a lot of different things and really try to open up the scope — keep it *all* open."

In one way, the music of Mink DeVille is the first genuine expression of the cultural melting pot that is New York City: Black blues, Hispanic rhythms, Caucasian rock . . . The only things the album lacks are the reggae numbers that Willie does in his live show: Marley's "Small Axe" and Willie's own, beautiful "Change Will Come", which must be the best track on the CBGBs album *(No. it's not — Ed.)*

I first met him in the crowded backstage of the Bottom Line in New York, but it wasn't until his US tour reached Dallas, Texas, that I was able to tape an interview with him.

He came offstage at the Electric Ballroom at 1 am after three encores, one of them on his knees to milling fans who just wanted to shake him by the hand while Louie Erlanger rubbed two guitars at once against the mike stand to achieve maximum feedback.

By the time we got back to the hotel and the various visitors had gone home, it was 3.30 am. Willie was ready to rap, and he told it to me straight — with no interruptions — the Mink DeVille story . . .




**Photographic illustration: JOE STEVENS**

IT SEEMS to have started around 1971 or '2 when Willie and his wife 'Toots' came to Britain, hoping to get a group together:

"Soon as I got there I went right down to Piccadilly Circus and I was walking around — we were all fucked up because of the hours and times and everything but I said, 'Let's go'. I mean, it's supposed to be like Times Square. I wanted to hit the street, you know — with my guitar. It was three in the morning.

"I passed Gene Vincent in Piccadilly Circus one night. He was walking, I guess with his chick, man, she had blonde hair. He had like big sideburns and he had the pomp, y'know, and I had a long leather jacket on and I had my guitar. And he had a guitar. And he had like these iridescent blue pants on and like, we connected eyes and I think he knew I was American. It was real weird because it took me a second to realise — and I turned around and he turned around, then we walked off in our directions. And he died, like a week or two after . . ."

Willie got to play gigs at the Troubadour in Chelsea, an old folk club.

"I had on my leather jacket and I played like Delta Blues and 'I Can't Do Without', that's on the album. And, like I'd split with a couple of pounds every night. I ran through our money, and we had to go back. We arrived back in New York with 50 cents in our pockets."

They were in New York less than a year before they split to California: "I remember doing a lot of amphetamine — a *lot* of amphetamine. Nothing would work and there were nothing but assholes running around and there was no scene — there was nothing happening, y'know? So I figured, 'Man, maybe you should try California, y'know?' 'Cause I had never been there. I had no idea what it was going to be like and — well now, I don't want to badmouth California but — they *are* laid back, y'know. And if you're a New Yorker, y'know, you gotta get things on. You have to impress upon them how you have to get it out on the corner.

"They rap about getting it out on the corner and they're, like, eating avocados and drinking beer and sitting in front of their TVs, you know? I don't even *eat* vegetables, man, it's strictly cheeseburgers at MacDonalds, you know? So we did two more years of amphetamine."

WHILE HE was in San Francisco, Willie met bass player Ruben Siguenza and percussionist Manfred Jones. "I knew we'd hit off, man, I just knew it. These guys dig the same thing that I've been since I was fourteen . . . The Drifters, Ben E. King, The Ronettes and Little Richard." The group was getting together. "We just kept trying to play and play and play . . ."

They played all over. One of their regular gigs — which Willie would rather not remember — was at the Fulsom Street Barracks, one of San Francisco's S & M leather clubs. They played as Billy DeSade and the Marquis. A murder in the shower room finally closed the joint.

"Finally, the last straw was when we got thrown out of a place. The lady just said, "Get that shit outta here!' and it was like . . . we were doing almost like what we are doing now." He laughed. It seems that the lady somehow thought she was getting the group Chicago to play, when in fact

# The Tale of Willy's Minks contd.

● From previous page

they were trying to explain that they played Chicago blues.

"She wanted disco. It was called the Downbeat Club so we'd thought . . . Well, she said, 'Pack up that shit and get outta here' and there was this old coloured guy outside and he snapped his fingers and said, 'Man, nobody plays that stuff anymore. Man, you oughta go down to the wharf where they have some Black clubs and people'll dig ya there, man. But nobody plays that stuff here no more'.

"So we thought, 'Damn! Must be doing *something* right!' 'Cause the lady really hated it and those turkeys hated it with their big platform disco shoes but this ol' guy . . ."

The *Village Voice* gets to San Francisco about a week late from New York but Willie used to read it avidly. He saw more and more ads for groups he didn't know playing in clubs that were unfamiliar to him such as CBGBs on the Bowery. "I know New York like the back of my hand. I could smell something was happening back there.

"New York is my hometown, you see. I knew it was a cyclical place. That it goes through generations. First there was the bohemian and beat thing in the fifties, then flower power in the sixties and now it was punk rock's turn.

"So I kind of, in a way, tricked Ruben and Manfred into coming to New York. I told them the lady who owned the house we were all living in was selling it and wanted us out and they said, 'Well — Let's go!' and so we all got in the back of the truck and — back to New York.

"So we came back to New York and got a loft and stayed in this loft. It was on East 7th — not too far over — it was between 1st and "A".

"It was a sublet and I couldn't let the chick who sublet us the pad know that I had all these guys living there and a German Shepherd dog. She was an artist and . . . So we split there and that's when we started playing CBGBs. Ruben and Glimpie — the old piano player — moved over to 13th Street which is a real bad one — Christ, what do they call that one? Scag alley! And me and Toots and Manfred moved farther east over on 6th Street — which was real bad.

"God, they used to watch us at the butchers! They thought we were gypsies and nobody trusts the East Side gypsies, so there's these Puerto Ricans following us around in case we steal something.

"This dope dealer, Junior, who we knew and who lived next door got killed and then finally one night on the street I got threatened with a pistol by this guy who just wanted to kill somebody — *anybody*. I looked in his eyes, man, — and if you'd said anything, anything at all, he would have plugged you, man. He was crazy. I guess a couple days after that this guy Junior got killed and I thought, 'I can't hack this no more, man'.

"The police burned down the social disco, two doors from us, where they used to deal all the coke. The police used to jump out of taxi cabs: 'Everybody up against the wall!' It was crazy. I just hadda get out of there, y'know?"

BEING a white boy in the neighbourhood, the local smack dealer immediately tried to set Willy up for a habit . . . "So Louie's dealin' outta this pizza place on Avenue D. He's got a white Caddy. He's going to give me credit — for smack, you know. 'Take it man, you can pay, you know, in a week, in two weeks . . .'

"Hey, man! All of a sudden I dug. It was pointed to me, 'I'm gettin' into a thing. No man, I can't afford to get into this'.

"I did some great shows behind it. They were good shows because they were just so laid-back that they were soul-full, not because I was smacked out. I sort of set the band off because, like me and Manfred have a certain thing that keeps the band in a certain groove and the band stays where I am and if I'm laid back . . . and at the time we were playing very down — not down like slow but, God, it was almost like Billie Holliday Rock 'n' Roll, know what I mean?

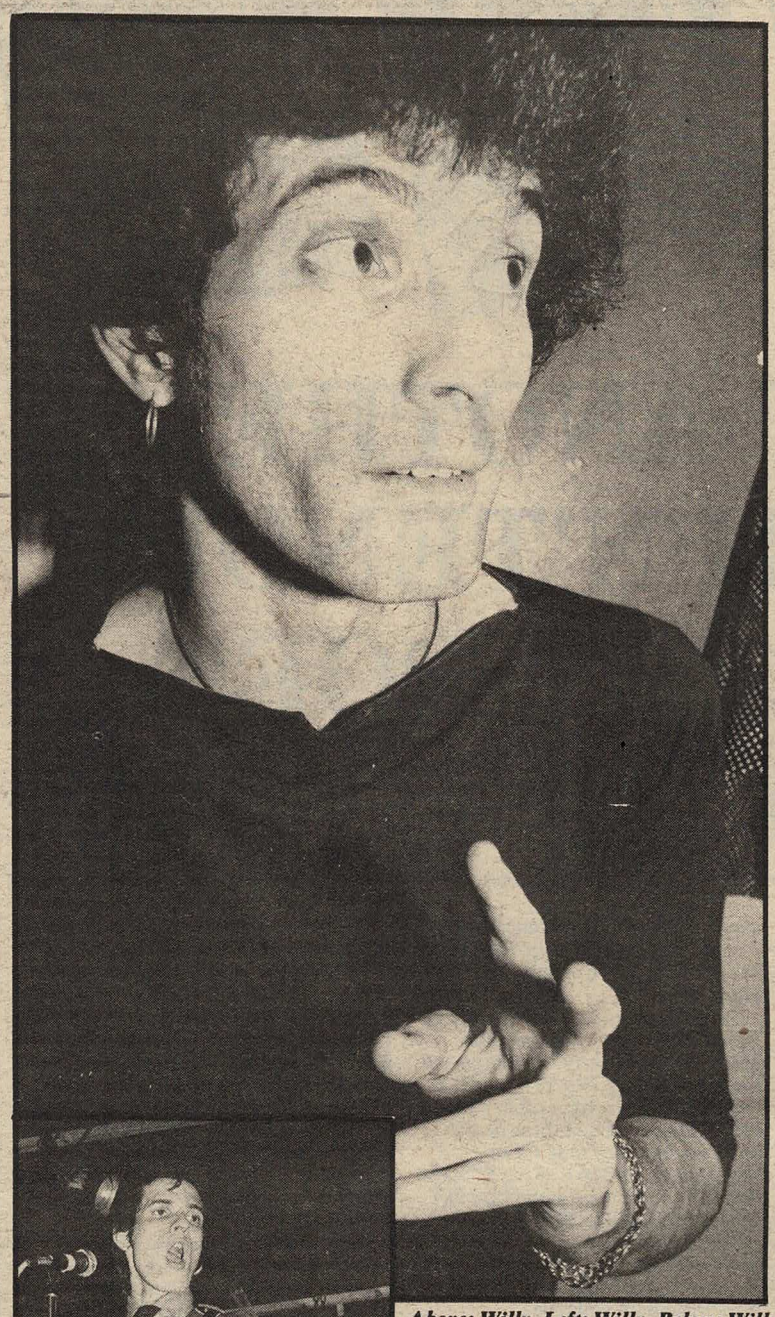
Then I saw, like man, 'What am I getting into?' It's like some comic book — it's like getting off, getting on stage, then coming back, getting off, going to sleep . . . you know, and aahhh! . . ."

The first time Mink DeVille played CBGBs they opened for The Ramones and before the show they almost got into a rumble with them. "What a buncha fuckin' pussies, man! 'Punk Rockers' and *we're* antagonistic!"

Maybe Mink were just a bit *too* real — or maybe the Ramones just felt threatened: "We used to play double bills with the Ramones and end up in fisticuffs. It is a very competitive scene in New York and as soon as the contracts started floating around everyone started getting edgy.

"Yeah, the Blank Generation — I understand what guys like Tom Verlaine and Richard Hell are talking about, but they're fuckin' rich kids from private schools in New Jersey. Personally I live close enough to the void that I don't have to flirt with it. Once I walked around the streets for a coupla months thinking I was dead — but I couldn't remember dying.

"So we started playing CBGBs — at the time there were only a coupla bands playing there. I'd asked the guy if he'd give me a break, y'know. 'I'd like to open up in your club' y'know? And Hilly Kristel gave me a break.



*Above: Willy. Left: Willy. Below: Willy and band ('s easy writing captions y'know).*

And things moved because we became tighter and tighter and finally we found a guitar player, Louie, and he played real good and he stuck. And we found a piano player: Gene went back to school — he went back to California — he's on the CBGBs album. The thing is we just kept giggin' and giggin' and finally we just came through it, y'know?

"The CBGBs album came about because some guy had the idea of doing it. You know, 'Let's do it before somebody else does it!' As you know, somebody else did one of Max's Kansas City and of the scene at Rats Club in Boston.

"The CBGBs album is a very poor representation of the band. The guy had about a mile of tape on us — we just had no say of what went on the album. I think everyone thought it was gonna be something different from what it was.

"So the album came out — I listened to it about 150 times! But I think our real representation is the "Mink De Ville" album." It's easy to imagine Willie's thrill at having his group on record at last — a real turn on.

Intrigued by the CBGBs "Live" album, Ben Edmonds, A & R man at Capitol Records in New York, came down to CBGBs one night to see Tuff Darts who were on the album.

"He hated Tuff Darts but he really liked us. We didn't even have a piano player with us at the time. But for some reason he saw this *thing* there. So he came on to us and we talked about producers. His first idea was to get into this *West Side Story* thing with Phil Spector." This didn't work out because Spector was in Europe which was maybe a good thing . . .

"Ben says 'Well I think Jack'll do a better job.' And then when I found out that Jack Nitzsche worked with Spector . . . It seemed that Ben wanted to have this — well I wanted to have it too in a way — like, it's a romantic album and he thought that Spector could give it a backdrop — which I think we pulled off anyway with Jack. Jack saw the whole thing as a movie, man . . .

"So Ben figures, 'Uh, Jack did the Stones, he's got a little rougher edge than just that Spector stuff. He plays good piano, good Rock 'n' Roll blues piano. Actually the best stuff Neil Young did was with him and, uh — he might be able to do it'.

## *"The Blank Generation? Personally I feel I live close enough to the void that I don't have to flirt with it."*

Because of the "CBGBs Live" album, Atlantic Records had an option on the group. "We went to them with this contract that Capitol were gonna sign, man, and we said, 'Sign this or we go on Capitol' — we were going to go on Capitol anyway. And they said, "We'd only give a contract like *that* to the Rolling Stones'. And we said, 'You don't know what you're turning down, man'."

So they signed with Capitol. On the album, Willie used the old Spector horn man Steve Douglas. He'd just finished making an album of free improvisations on traditional Egypian flutes, which he recorded while living in the central chamber of the Great Pyramid of Giza.

While he was working on the album for Willie in New York he did a TV show: "He was supposed to be on *Tell The Truth* or *What's My Line* or one of those for doing that pyramid album: 'Which of these men recorded an album while living in the great pyramid?'

"They picked him out right away because he was up with us all night and they said, 'He looks like a musician — he's tired lookin' and kinda wiped out'."

Steve Douglas played with them at the Whiskey in Los Angeles. He hadn't been on the road in twenty years. "He dug it so much, man, that he freaked. He came down to Monterey with us and to San Francisco.

"I introduced Steve as 'Steve "He's A Rebel" Douglas'. I said, does anybody remember the sax solo in "He's A Rebel" . . . and everybody went 'Yeeehhhh!' 'cause they're all crazy, all loony by this time. And he played this baritone, man. A baritone in this lineup. I never had a horn before and I have Vinnie now but when Steve played the baritone man — it was so stoned because the baritone is such a bassie instrument. It gives Rock 'n' Roll the weirdest sound. The Stones, man, that's what they try and do when they overdub all those saxophones. Baritone is like a funny roll, man, if you've got it live. It's like havin' an extra bass line and bass lines are what makes really attractive Rock 'n' Roll or Rhythm 'n' Blues songs.

"Me and Manfred — what we figured is that, you cut everything in half and play everything as low as you can play it. It's like really weird. It's like that minimal thing. It's primitive in a way. We started calling it 'real dumb', like 'play real dumb'. Like, instead of having the finger snaps on the 2 on "Venus of Avenue D", do it even dumber, do it on the 3! "The album's about real people. Each song is a person or the way I feel about a person. Say, like, "Spanish Stroll" has all different real people in it. Like there's Brother Johnny, that's the Puerto Rican who tried to hi-jack a plane; Mr. Jim is this faggot — a butch faggot who's a real nellie — but I don't want to get into that."

"I'M STILL finding my identity, still finding out who I am, you know?

I'm just discovering those old records all over again. I mean, like, I'm just starting to get into Junior Walker and the All Stars — something I grew up with. Something I can remember hearing when I was little and just now discovering, 'Wow, man, was that ever funky-assed!' Man you know, there's some classic stuff. You can put those sides on now and they still sound just as good as they did back then. Yeah, I like a lot of those old guys but I want to take today's music, *today*, what's *now*, and apply the heartbeat to it. I don't know how to put it into words. It's just that things haven't changed, you know. Like, guys and chicks:

"It seemed to me in the late Sixties it was like you went and screwed anybody and to be emotionally entangled with somebody was very lame and very unhip. And to say 'I'm jealous' was very unhip and very uncool. And then it went on, and you had your bisexual chic or whatever and now . . .

"I'm not a hippy. I don't believe in that love bullshit. I mean the 'love everybody' . . . I try to get along with everybody but I want people to start something human again — to go by their instincts. Forget their goddam intellects for five minutes — turn it off! — How do you honestly feel? Get that Rock 'n' Roll together, forget all that other jive oldies shit and all the poetry and all that garbage and just honestly, honestly open yourself up, man . . .

"Just emotion, you know what I mean? Not love like 'hippy love'. There's a difference between that psychedelic thing and say like 'Little Girl'. Like, I chose to put 'Little Girl' on that record because when I heard Lala sing that, man, 'Whew! Booiiing!!' I love that chick a lot, man, everything she sang. The same thing with Ronnie Spector. Everything she sings is such a turn on you know. Ben E. King does that to me too . . .

"I wanna bring out people, I wanna move them emotionally, I wanna make 'em crack up and I wanna make 'em, like, cry. Not take themselves so seriously and be so jaded and . . .

"New Yorkers are so cool . . . LA is a little like that too. There's a few cities that are *so* cool. I'm just trying to get the emotions, man. Uh, if we don't start caring about one another now, man, it's gonna be too late."

THIS is one of the reasons that, even though Capitol thought it was a bad idea, Willie and Mink DeVille continued to play concerts while they were recording the album. It's as if Willie needs a constant fix from the audience.

"Then like the shows. It's a constant . . . I mean, far down, I don't really care about selling. I mean, sure I want to sell records but that's Capitol's trip, not mine. I get off more on the audience, you know. They mean more to me. Jazzing them, somebody I've never seen before and by the end of the night they're shaking my hand and saying 'Man, that was great!'. Man, that's what I want out of it. That's all I care about. If I cared about selling records I'd go out of my mind. It doesn't mean a damn thing to me.

"We're sincere for real, not kidding around you know? The next album's gotta be different because I never like to do anything the same. It's gotta stay on the street, you know. We're not gonna add synthesizers or turn into jazz rock musicians. We're gonna stay just sort of down and nasty — from the heart. Not from the head, from the heart.

"That's where we're different from a lotta other bands. They come from the head. We're pachuco rock, we add more of a Spanish flavour to our music. The only direction we have is to get more and more sincere, more and more from the heart, because that's what we all need a little bit more of. We all need a bit more sincerity — a bit less jive, you know? Go back to the instincts. Forget the intellects for a while. Go back to the instincts.

"Instincts ain't gonna lead you wrong."

# NEW ALBUMS AVAILABLE IN YOUR STORE NOW!

**PETER FRAMPTON**
I'M IN YOU

**GREGG ALLMAN**
PLAYING UP A STORM

**KISS**
LOVE GUN

**CROSBY, STILLS AND NASH**
CSN

**JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS**
ROCK 'N' ROLL WITH THE MODERN LOVERS

**YES**
GOING FOR THE ONE

**GRATEFUL DEAD**
TERRAPIN STATION

## SO WHAT'S REALLY NEW?

Beserkley
"Home of the Hits"

**Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers...**
**...the most fun you can have with your clothes on**

*NEW LONG PLAYER NOW AVAILABLE*
*BSERK 9 ALSO ON CASSETTE*

# DEFACE AND BE DAMNED

**STREWTH, when we asked you lot to Deface The Damned we didn't quite guess what we were letting ourselves in for.**

**"Keep It Clean," we begged, but did you, you 'orrible little misfits, like hell you did. At least half of the thousands of graffittied entries we received would have landed us in court if we'd printed them.**

**On the other hand, a lotta you were quite witty and would you believe creative? And would you believe Stiff Records will be contacting a few of you with a view to your submitting designs for future record sleeves and posters? Not only that, a couple of your slogans are likely to end up as Damned badges.**

**Who said *NME* and Stiff don't patronise the arts?**

**There were 250 winners of the unreleased Damned single, "Stretcher Case Baby/Sick Of Being Sick" and a Damned badge. Moreover, authors of the best 25 entries will also receive a copy of The first Damned album.**

**As we don't wanna make *Thrills* look like a telephone directory, we're just printing the names of the best 25 winners, and the rest of you lucky sods will be hearing from us avec les goodies by carrier pigeon.**

*The 25 album winners:*
*Jon Riley, Sheen, London; Norman Johnson, Hessle, Yorkshire; Angus Whyte, Heddington, East Lothian; Kenneth Spiers, Knowle, Solihull; Mick Sinclair, Hemel Hempstead; G Theobald, Chelmsford; N F Squires, Hethersett, Norwich; Helen Master, Headingley, Leeds; Peter Master, Headingley, Leeds; Ian Marks, Kingsacre Road, Glasgow; Tony Moon, London S.E.12; John Rintoul, Leith, Edinburgh; Philip Fletcher, Wythenshawe, Manchester; B T Scuffham, Camberley, Surrey; Patrick Moore, Sholing, Southampton; John Harkin, Rutland Place, Glasgow; C J Kempen, Maldon, Essex; Max Video, Newsham Park, Liverpool; Sandy Macdiarmid, High Wycombe, Bucks; Philip Wright, Chesterfield, Derbyshire; Roger Cleghorn, West Didsbury, Manchester; Francis Hanley, Chatham, Kent; Geoff Constable, Pantperthog, nr Machynlleth, Powys; Mark Polkinghorne, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex; A Sharpe, Strathkelvin, Scotland.*

***Top entry from Mark Polkinghorne of Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. Above left from A Sharpe Jnr., Strathkelvin, Scotland. Above right from Geoff Constable, Pantperthog, Wales. All album winners.***

***The one at the bottom bagged a single and only got in on account of how its sender forgot to write their name and address on the back and out of the goodness of our heart we're giving 'em the chance to write in and claim authorship. Sharpen up!***

## 25 ALBUM and 250 SINGLES LUCKY WINNERS

# This Week's Sex Pistols Thrill

IT'S A pity really. You see, we thought it would be very nice if just for one week we didn't have a Sex Pistols *Thrill.*

No, not even the measliest morsel about how J.R. wasn't really going to do toothpaste ads like that silly rumour says.

Then London's Capital Radio singles chart dropped "Pretty Vacant" from number 5 to number 40 in one week.

"Eh?" we said. "But it's still in our top ten."

It transpires that the commercial station's chart is, well, not really a chart at all but a 'guide to programming' compiled by the Capital Radio Programming Director, Mr Aiden Day. The chart is completely unrelated to sales or even listeners' preferences (though the station *does* run a top ten listeners' 'hot line').

Basically, the more Mr Day likes a record, the higher it gets in the Capital 'chart'.

When asked about the Pistols' sudden drop, Mr Day replied he felt it had received a fair amount of exposure at the top and that it was time for a change.

It certainly is.

□ DIGBY

# FEAR AND LOATHING AFOOT IN FEAT CAMP?

AFTER LITTLE Feat's season of four gigs at London's Rainbow, where their performances ranged from the brilliant to what bordered on a shambles, the music biz was rife with stories of strange goings on within the band.

On Wednesday, at the Rainbow, for example, El Feat appeared for the obligatory encore to their performance only after Lowell George and drummer Ritchie Hayward had apparently been involved in a fracas as they left the stage. Some say that Hayward had been purposely throwing George off the beat during the show. Singer/guitarist Paul Barrere didn't return at all because, announced George, he was vomiting from a stomach bug he'd contracted.

When the Barrere-less Feats commenced the encore with the George-penned Feat classic, "Willin'," those close to the stage could detect Hayward singing along with George and Bill Payne on the chorus and altering the lyrics, so that instead of singing "Weed, whites and wine" the recalcitrant drummer sang "Weed, whites and swine". He also substituted "And I'm still fucked up" in place of "And I'll be willin'."

At one point during the gig, which reporters and band alike agree was not their best, Lowell sang "I'm so . . ." only for Hayward to interject ". . . out of it."

Later on that evening at a party for the band at Piccadilly's Hard Rock Cafe, George was seen "sulking" outside. When approached by a New York Warner Bros employee and asked how he was feeling, Lowell replied, "Not very good at the moment."

The following day (Thursday) the band had an emergency meeting, and, with the exception of Max Bell's interview with Bill Payne, all other Little Feat interviews were promptly cancelled.

That night, Little Feat, who were joined onstage by Mick Taylor (who also jammed with them on Tuesday), were back on form despite what one observer describes as George's 'onstage indifference', caused perhaps by Little Feat's continuing drift away from rock 'n' roll to something

Aerosmith

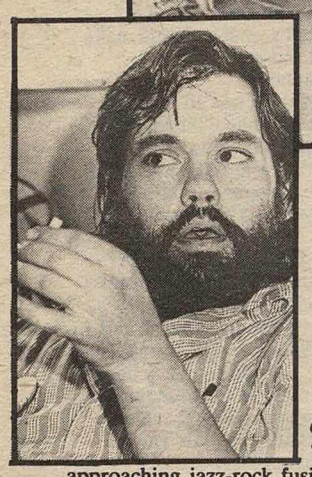
# THRILLS

# Must they fling this hysterical nonsense at our parents?

## The NME of the People

*Barrere: "Stomach Bug".*

*Haywood: "Swine".*



*George: "Sulking".*

WHEN THE *Thrills* team met last Friday to discuss what material we could use in an unexceptional week, we never thought that we'd be making these columns of our own account.

Or that by the weekend *NME* would be branded by a Tory MP as (gulp) "an enemy of our society".

Cripes, Virginia, what *did* we do to bring this upon ourselves?

A month ago we drafted a series of *NME* commercials for local radio. There was a precise intention behind these ads, which were aimed at potential new readers.

We wanted to say that if they felt isolated or surrounded by, say, hysterical anti-youth tracts pumped out by papers like the *Sunday People* and the *News Of The World,* or intimidated by repressive influences closer to home — parents for one — the *NME* was a means by which they could hear about and make contact with kids in a similar position to their own.

We scripted four ads, and submitted them to the Independent Broadcasting Authority, which has to vet all advertising material intended for broadcast.

Their representative cleared all four ads, which were then taped.

However, when the IBA considered them again at a second stage, they decided they didn't like one of the batch.

This particular ad spoofed the situation wherin a parental voice delivered the lines: ". . . We don't like the look of some of your friends and you've started leaving the *New Musical Express* around where your little sister can see it" . . . "If your parents don't like you reading *New Musical Express* maybe it's time you thought about leaving home". . .

Now if we tell you that the parental voice was delivered against the rhythmic backing of a punk rock parody then you'll understand that none of it was intended to be taken seriously.

The IBA didn't see it that way. They OK'd three but rejected the fourth, which has never been broadcast.

So far, fair enough.

We accept their judgement, even though we had no choice. We would guess that scores of proposed scripts for all sorts of products are turned down for a variety of reasons by the IBA in any one week.

We didn't scream "Repression!"

We mentioned the ban on the ad in a single paragraph in last week's *Teazers* column and left it at that.

Enter the *Sunday People.*

Maybe they also sat around last Friday wondering what material they had with which to titillate their readers in an unexceptional period — what's known amongst Fleet Street hacks as "the Silly Season".

The paper that fed its readers half-truths, deception and plain crass stupidity in its handling (sic) of punk rock does have certain standards to maintain.

The *People* have by some means got hold of the rejected *NME* ad script — it didn't bother them that the ad had never gone any further (up till then) than the IBA.

The *People* leapt into print:

"A startling radio commercial encouraging youngsters to leave home if they are having trouble with their parents has been banned by the Independent Broacasting Authority."

*Dr. Rhodes Boyson*

They followed this with a comment from the IBA: "This is a social problem. A lot of concern has been expressed about teenagers running away to big cities."

And then they hauled out the obligatory right-wing Tory MP that papers like the *People* keep on regular hold for outraged quotes on situations like these.

The self-publicising Rhodes Boyson, ex-headmaster and Shadow Minister of Education, "slammed" the *NME* as "an enemy of our society" and declared: "It is an attack on family life."

Cue in Ronald Bell, another right-wing Tory MP, who incurred the wrath of the Women's Lib movement a few years ago: "I don't blame them for not allowing that sort of rubbish on the radio."

*NME* considers it an honour to be thought of, by Rhodes Boyson and the *Sunday People,* as "enemies of society" — their kind of society, damn right we are.

In case you missed the point, isn't it ironic that the other *NME* ads currently on radio attack the hysterical outpourings of papers like the *People* and the arrant nonsense directed at the young by people like Rhodes Boyson.

Another part of the *People's* "story" reads as follows: "The *New Musical Express* is part of the same group of companies as the *Sunday People* although the papers are run independently. The current edition boasts four pages of 'fun with The Sex Pistols' — and four-letter words are used in interviews with the punk rock group."

The last comment may have a familiar ring.

The *People* was the paper which attempted to pillory *NME* only recently for our frank and fearless editorial policy — which the *People* interpreted as a licence to print "four-letter filth".

The "Sunday People" is part of the same group of companies as *NME* — and we wish it wasn't.

□ NICK LOGAN

## Radio ban on 'leave home' advert

A STARTLING radio commercial encouraging youngsters to leave home if they are having trouble with their parents has been banned by the Independent Broadcasting Authority.

one of a series of advertisements ... pop paper "New ... press," ... it ... about ... and you're started leaving the 'New Musical Express' around where your little sister can see it ."

Then an announcer says: "If your parents don't like you reading 'New Musical Express' then maybe it's ti... ... about

by TONY PURNELL

should think about leaving home.

"This is a social problem. A lot of concern has ... about teen-

edition boasts four pages of "fun with the Sex Pistols" — and four-letter words are used in interviews with the punk rock group.

Editor Nick ... of the ad ... enormously!

"It is a paper for young people," he said.

"We don't mind ... irritate a ... careers offi... magist...

designed to let young people know that they were aware of their problems.

k... tol... ril...

...l miss ...tunity ...termi... policy ...vital ...sue.

*From The People, 7/8/77.*

# NF DEMO ALERT

THE National Front are all set to parade their scummy views around South East London this coming weekend.

Marching behind an anti-mugging banner, following a local police harrassment/law and order furore, the Front leaves Clifton Rise, New Cross, sometime on Saturday August, 13. Their route remains undisclosed.

A peaceful counter-demonstration is planned by a local umbrella group called the All Lewisham Campaign Against Racism And Fascism (ALCARAF).

Formed in January this year, ALCARAF comprises representatives from five major groupings: black and Asian groups; trades unions; voluntary organisations; the church; and political parties, including Labour, Liberal, Conservative, Communist, IMG, SWP and more.

The anti-Front demo is assembling in Ladywell Fields, next to the British Rail Ladywell Station at 11.00 am. The march starts at 11.30, and is timed to end just before the Front starts theirs.

At present the route is unknown, as the police have re-routed the ALCARAF away from Deptford — an area of high racial tension where the Campaign considers it very important that their peaceful solidarity should be displayed.

Negotiations continue.

□ PHIL McNEILL

"ROCKS" at Reading
Sat. 27th August

# ULTRAVOX BRAVE EVIL RUMOURS

*ULTRAVOX not looking like Roxy Music*

**THE THING about Ultravox is that they're ultra-confident — and cynical observers haven't failed to point out that confidence comes easy when it's backed by the assured promotional tactics of Island Records. When the band first came to media attention around the end of last year most people were somewhat wary of the ballyhoo surrounding them.**

There were uncomfortable similarities to Roxy Music — the lack of musical history, the high stylisation content both in music and appearance, and the comparatively lavish sleeve on their debut album — which have led to rumours of the group being no more than a bunch of session musicians put together by Island to fill the Roxy gap.

Still, they're confident all right. When I ask bass player Chris Cross if a hit single would mean anything to Ultravox he replies with a shrug of his shoulders and says they're not losing any sleep over it — adding that it would merely make the progress that much quicker.

John Foxx, their gaunt, boyish singer-songwriter, treats the subject with distinct calm, pointing out that Ultravox paid for the extra cost of the record sleeves from their royalties. "Believe it or not," he says, "we've never really spent time thinking about how we project ourselves as an image band.

"We're just affected by things that happen in the street, same as anyone else. If you're in the media, you accumulate things around you that become your image whether you like it or not. Whether your image is a contrived punk band or an imitation Roxy band or whatever, it doesn't matter. I just hope people have the vision to see through that."

Unfortunately, first impressions tend to hold sway, in these times of near-paranoid concern over keeping rock's primal motivation in sight, Ultravox are all too easily seen as contrived — which doesn't necessarily mean they *are* contrived.

Foxx's lyrics are thick with futuristic imagery, not as mannered as Ferry and not as camp as Bowie, though similar to both. The music is richly constructed, using Billy Currie's keyboards and the rhythm section of Chris Cross and Warren Cann as the mainstay while guitarist Stevie Shears adds subtle decoration with economic ease.

Considering the relative complexity of their music it's surprising that Foxx should claim initial inspiration from the likes of The Velvet Underground and The New York Dolls.

"When I heard the Velvets I realised that music was just noise — organised noise. It occurred to me that you could not work on that premise, without any preconceptions.

"Then I saw the Dolls on TV and that's what crystallised it for me. Their thing was that people could come together and make rock'n'roll and travel about and do it on stage and get people really excited and just go crazy themselves."

The old if-they-can-do-it-why-cant-I?

"Yeah, that's the function of rock'n'roll, that's what it should make you do, but it was getting very detached somehow.

"I thought Bowie was all right because he had the ideal blend. He was doing things like 'Jean Genie', very basic rock'n'roll, but at the same time he was experimenting with lots of other things, so he had both ends of it."

Foxx knew Chris Cross when he lived in Preston, then, after moving to London about two years ago, they met Billy Currie through friends and found Stevie Shears and Warren Cann through ads in the papers. They began rehearsing at night in a mannequin factory, playing the odd gig, calling themselves at various points The Innocents, Zips and London Soundtrack.

A year of hawking tapes around the record companies eventually landed them a contract with Island, who were less than enamoured with the name Ultravox.

"They wanted it to be Zips," says Warren, "but since nobody liked

## BENYON — The Lone Groover

EEK!! DON'T TELL ME.... IT'S TH'LONE GROPER.
THAZ M'LABEL PETITO!
WHAT Y'DOIN' ON TH'KINGS ROAD?
I'M COVERIN' TH'PUNKS V'S TEDS FOR M'TEEN COLUMN IN TH' DAILY TITNDUNGO.
ERK ALORS! IT'S DUMBOZOS LIKE YOU THAT 'RE BLOWIN' UP TOUTE LE THANG! -LEAVE TH'KIDS ALONE, DON'T TURN TH'SCENE INTO A CIRCUS !!!.
Y'RE SUCH A FUD DE DUD, GROOVER, C'MON WITH ME - NUTHIN'S BLOWN UP LET'S GET T'SLOANE SQUARE I'VE GOT A NEATO VIEW IN' SPOT LINED UP.....
SPECIAL JUBILEE CONTES PUNKS .V. TEDS...
GASPO!
TOURIST SPECIAL
P'NUTS!
ICES
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TEDS DUE 11. AM
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Buf-Puf unblocks the pores of your skin. It helps spots and pimples clear up in record time. And regular use will help keep those spots away by keeping your skin Buf-Puf clean.

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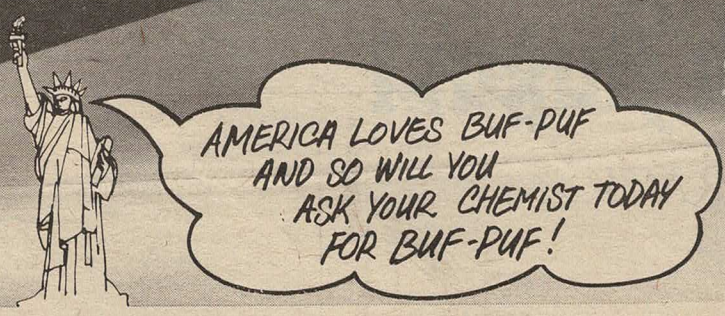
*Buf-Puf*: trade mark



Ultravox we decided it must be the one."

Their first album, co-produced by Eno, was released earlier this year to hesitant critical response but reasonable sales figures, helped no doubt by rounds of cross-country gigging.

Just how large a following Ultravox have should become evident in September when they embark on their first headlining tour and release their second album.

At the moment, even if they can regularly sell out London's Marquee, Ultravox are still an unknown commodity to some — to St. Albans for instance. At the City Hall there they played a powerful and confident set to a distinctly less-than-capacity crowd.

After a diffident start with "I Want To Be A Machine" and some furtive pogoing to "Young Savage", a single with conscious-high energy appeal, things began to settle down. The initially jarring impression given by the band was soon accepted and everybody seemed willing to let the music do the talking.

Speak eloquently it did too, especially the as-yet-unrecorded "Rockwrok" and "Frozen Ones", and even the least accessible examples of Ultravox's music were eagerly received, something which surprises Foxx.

That people are willing to accept something like "My Sex", which is more of a chilling aberration than a song, bodes well for the band's future because, according to Foxx, one of their principal motives is to experiment and take chances.

"The whole point is to have some kind of adventure. That's what was missing from our lives when we started the band.

"The excitement in what we do depends to a great extent on taking chances, which means doing something we believe in and following it through whether or not people accept it. We might even fail in our own eyes, but it doesn't matter as long as we've tried."

And the name Ultravox?

"It sounds like an electrical device and that's what we are."

□ PAUL RAMBALI

# LOVELINES by VELDA DACQUIRI

HAVEN'T we all had just about *enough* of Mr Fiorucci Smarty Pants **Rod** "Tax Exile" **Stewart** crying *wolf?*

It was bad enough when he used to change his mind about things he said in his interviews about *music.* But just *how on earth* does the Golden Phlegm's *Blonde bombshell belle* **Britt Ekland** of Beverley Hills *feel* about *the-man-whose-pyjamas-she-irons*'s on-off Yes-We-Will-No-We-Won't-Get-Married *remarks* to any Tom, Dick or Harry *reporter?*

Oh, the *poor* adoring *angel!* How love *tramples* on our poor *fair* sex at *every* one of life's *twists* and *turns!!!*

In the *words* of **Gaye Advert,** *makes you wanna spit, don't it, sailor!!!*

But now our Singing Superstar really has taken things to *the Giddy Limit!!!*

He *can't* make up his mind whether or *not* he's a *Dad!!!*

'Cording to **Peter Burton,** in his about-to-be-published *Rod Stewart: A Life On The Town,* some 15 years ago Mr *Man Of The People* Stewart met up with a young Bristol *beatnik* lass. For two years the pair or 'em went out *a-courtin'.* And then the *inevitable* happened: Rod got her *Harry Preggers!!!*

Or so *he* claimed the *first* time he spoke to Burton.

Now, it seems, our Mr Stewart — who along with his Swedish *live-in* girlfriend, is about to be paid *20,000 dollars* for appearing in *some Yank TV prog* about couples *together* — ain't so *sure!!!*

"Er, well, actually it's true, but it's not true," our hero told the *Daily Mirror.* "I did tell the author that story, but it's a load of old rubbish. I made it all up on the spur of the moment.

"I thought it was a bit of a giggle at the time but now it's backfired on me — I'll just have to learn to keep my big mouth shut."

*You're telling me, pal!*

"It was about two years ago when I reeled that yarn off to him. The trouble with some people is that they don't see my sense of humour. I suppose I was in one of my mickey-taking moods. I am surprised he took me seriously."

Author Burton, though, claims that our Mr Stewart took a *good* read of the book's MS (some *objective* analysis *this* is gonna be for your bedtime reading, ain't it, *loves?*) back in 1975. And *asked* for his *old* girlfriend's *name* to be removed to spare her *embarrassment.*

Says our author: "Word came back to me . . . from Rod to change the girl's real identity. There was nothing jokey about the interview.

"It is all down on cassette and was a serious interview, and I've been around him for long enough — probably about five years — to know when he is joking or not.

"The story is told essentially as he told it to me."

*Confusing?* Not to a *woman-of-the-world* like Velda it ain't.

So it's *time* we heard from a *woman* — and *what* a woman: Rod's mum, Elsie, who *can* recall a *female* visitor to the Stewart's North London newsagent's shop: "I do remember a girl coming to our shop claiming that Rod had made her pregnant.

"Of course, Rod denied it, and we believed him. Anyway, the description of the girl in the book does not fit the description and name of the girl who I saw all those years ago."

Deny it? Of *course,* he would. Men're *all* the *same* when it comes to *facing* up to *responsibilities.*

But what about that *long legged lovely,* Ms Britt Ekland *herself.* Hark at *this:* "You never know with Rod. At times he lives in a bit of a fantasy world, and he can change his mind every five minutes about what he is saying.

"Sometimes I don't think he is very truthful — but it's not because he means to lie. It is because he wants either to confuse people or please them."

Changes his *mind* every five minutes, does he? *My* advice to *you,* honey: *ditch* him!!! *Before* he changes his mind about *you.*

*GARY HOLTON losing his head. Pic: GUS STEWART*

EVER SEEN a leopard *change* its spots?

Course you haven't: it's only us *higher* animals that do *that!*

Take Mr **Gary Holton** of the **Heavy Metal Kids,** f'r'instance: now he's *sharing* a West London *love nest* with *dishy* 18-year-old Trace Boyle, *step-daughter* of the Hon Suna Portman!

Bit of *nobility* he's scored there, *ehh?*

And now she's telling *all and sundry* that *he's* a *punk!*

And Velda thought he'd been around for *years!*

Listen to his little *lady love* speak: "I was a debbie before I met Gary. Now I adore punk. Why? Because I love Gary."

But what does former actor Holton think to all *this?* "She has stopped me taking hard drugs. I used to drink a bottle of brandy a day. She's upper class and I've got the crust. She made me realise that the good things in life are worth having. I want servants. I want people to look after me."

Now Miss Ex-Deb is thinking of opening a *boutique* in Chelsea, specialising in *punk gear* made from *surgical bandages.*

They might come in *useful,* ducks: for *wrapping* our Mr *So-called Punk* Holton up *like a mummy!*

ARABS? THEY'RE *Everywhere,* ain't they? And you'll find that out *even more,* loves, if you *offer* 'em a bit of *your* doner kebab. They're all *hands* — and that's not *all.*

Between you, Velda and the lamp-post she quite *went off* these Gulf state *gallants* the day she read a hoary old tale about how you can get oral syphilis from *a camel's bite!*

Quite gives yer *the hump,* don't it?

Some *advice* to *shop-lifting sheikhs:* keep your *gushers* to *yourselves!* Otherwise there *might* be a *nasty* blow-out!


Never before released as a single

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New Musical Express

Rod Stewart

Mandolin Wind

6160 007

b/w

Girl from the North Country & Sweet Little Rock 'N' Roller

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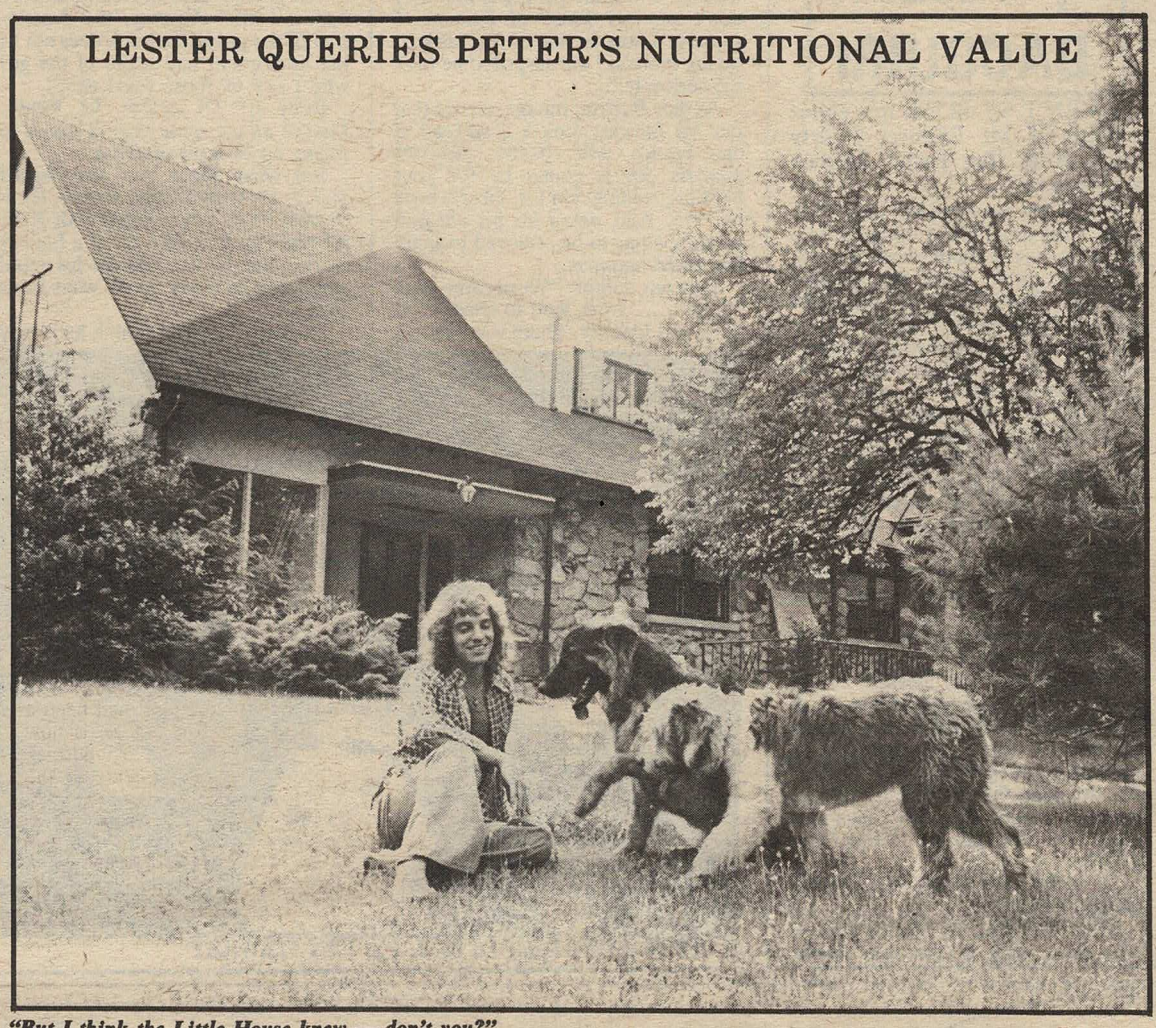
# FRAMPTON: WORLD'S SWEETHEART OR MIRACLE PAP?

*"Suddenly, a sprightly figure draped in gold satin bounds into view like a cheerleader from Tiffany's. After a breathless remark about 'itching to get back,' Frampton opens with an acoustic 'All I Want To Be (Is By Your Side), eliciting mass squeals with the line 'Run me over' . . . Three "Comes Alive" solos later, Peter croons 'I'm in You' to deafening shrieks of soft-core desire. The 120-pound guitarist is promptly escorted offstage past a gaggle of girls who press the barbed-wire fence and cry, 'You're beautiful,' 'You little faggot,' and 'Peter, you're a doll.' A million fans this summer means never having to say you're sorry."*

'Philadelphia Screams For More,' *Circus* magazine, August 18, 1977

## LESTER QUERIES PETER'S NUTRITIONAL VALUE



***"But I think the Little House knew — don't you?"***

PERSONALITY NUMBER ONE:

PETER FRAMPTON is white. I don't just mean like in H. Rap Brown, but *white* on white's terms, like Wonder Bread, which is exactly what he is.

The great question, the one all the rock pundits ponder over, is why. That is why I am here: because I know what I saw and heard, and no offence but ever since, oh, say, the Stones tour of '75 I wonder constantly if others know what they have seen and heard is indeed what it so obviously is.

I will give you an answer to the Peter Question: the Farrah Principle. The lowest common denominator rises to the top, all those with the power to make this world otherwise being silent or bought out, so you and I buy it as some kind of palliative. It makes us feel a little better in the midst of our bitterness and most harrowing confusion, the kind of bitterness we would have to feel if we were forced to confront the choice of whether we wanted to spend our time and money on movies like *Orca — The Killer Whale,* books from the local supermarket, magazines like *People,* or music like Peter Frampton's. The bitterness based on total cynicism and contempt. That's what they have for you, the marketers of Peter Frampton — not the man himself, he is a *naif* — but they despise you and you better know it. They think you're a moron for buying him.

I sympathise, but I am also saddled with the burden of proof for these outrageous statements. Knowing the truth is one thing; convincing is another. So perhaps the best thing to do with you would be to rake you over the coals of hell, you being so accustomed to Wonder Bread, and then later we can have a reasonable conversation about the nature of art and commerce and whether Peter Frampton or I is a better friend to you, he for soaking your head in foam or I for slamming what he really represents in your face.

You may ask me how Wonder Bread can possibly be evil. I will answer you that in my book all palliatives are inherently evil, because the nature of a palliative is to make the mind think that the disease does not exist as the body rots. Why do you think so many of Peter Frampton's songs have titles like "You Don't Have To Worry"? It is because he offers his audience a security blanket, some false and entirely vacuous consolation to keep them at least temporarily from realizing they are totally desperate. Peter Frampton is in rock terms the (ironically) logical culmination of the pervasive theme of terrified retreat begun in the Stones' "Gimme Shelter," except that "Gimme Shelter" posited that there *was* a storm rumbling, a world of terror and danger that we must deal with or sink. Peter Frampton is popular precisely because he is saying that the storm does not exist, that the world is not awesome and monstrous, that there is no reason not to sink into the solipsistic womb where he strokes his fans ever so lightly like a little old lady with a lapdog. Like disco music and the subculture it has engendered, like the swinging singles industry, like most of the movies being released this summer, Peter Frampton is bread and circuses. And I hope we can agree that bread and circuses are evil.

PERSONALITY NUMBER TWO:

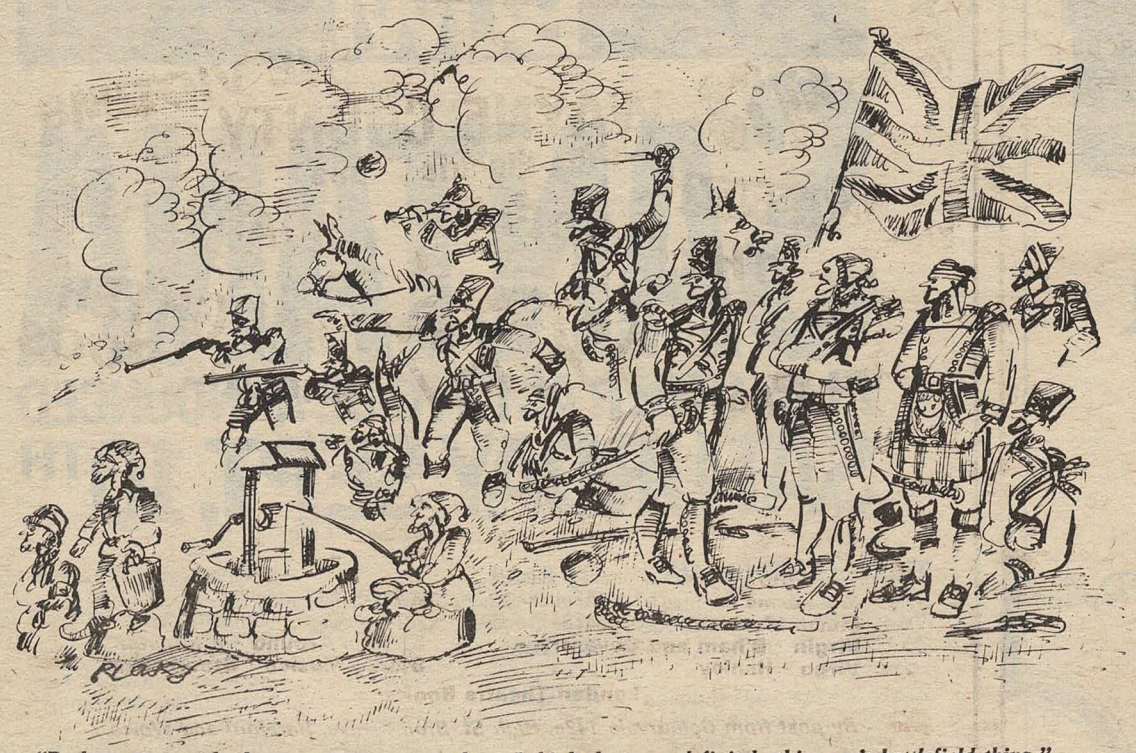
PETER FRAMPTON is so bland I can't even work up any vitriol over him. I'm listening to "You Don't Have To Worry" off his new album right now, and while it is true that, like Al Stewart's "Year Of The Cat" or Marilyn and Billy's "You Don't Have To Be A Star" or a lot of the other music coming out these days, it is so bland that it is almost ethereal, that if it was any blander it could not possibly exist on the face of the earth . . . still, you can hardly say the guy's offensive. Look, he's a decent mainstrem guitar player and a pleasant singer, and there has always been a market for pretty, unthreatening boy singers for all the little girls to dream on while the boys are out gunning their gonads over Bad Company or Aerosmith, so why not just leave a bunch of people who are obviously satisfied with the product they're buying alone. Peter Frampton at least doesn't *pound* at you like disco or fry your nerves like those synthesized "jazz-rock" nightmares. Sure he's muzak, but there's always been a place for muzak and there always will be. Plus which he is one of the least obnoxious, least arrogant superstars going, which is certainly refreshing and no small component of his appeal. He's a nice guy, who makes nice music, is not out to corrupt or exploit or promote a decadent lifestyle, so who cares if he's Wonder Bread? Not everybody has to be some kind of preening maniac. It may well be that palliatives are necessary today, so that we can all collect our wits and get ready to start dealing with the '80s. Besides which, Peter Frampton's audience shouldn't have to deal with anything; they're just a bunch of kids, and, at least in America, the notion that kids are relevant to anything but themselves went out with the '60s.

REMISSION:

I'M DISEASED, you're diseased. Everybody has their own little palliative — Jesus, even the psycho-analytic establishment is beginning to admit that chemotherapy is about the best they can come up with. So millions and millions of people stave off the seizure with Peter Frampton. Equal or greater millions take Valium for the same purpose. I belong to the latter group, so I have no need for Peter Frampton. But I must have empathy for those who do, as well as the most profound respect for the man himself. It must be one of the heaviest responsibilities in the world, being a human palliative.

□ LESTER BANGS

## LOWRY



***"Broken cannon wheels are very passe nowadays. I think those are definitely this year's battlefield thing."***

# INSIDE DOPE

## By DICK TRACY

**IN THE most outspoken statement yet by the US Administration, President Carter last week conceded that 40 years' effort to discourage the use of marijuana with tough laws had not been successful. Official calculations now reckon that more than 45 million Americans have tried marijuana and 11 million are regular users.**

**Carter said he was in favour of abolishing criminal penalties for possession of up to one ounce of marijuana. This could mean that possession charges for small amounts would merit a fine of up to $500 (£300) compared with current maximum penalties of one year's jail or a $5000 fine for a first offence. In addition the charge would be reduced from a felony to a misdemeanour.**

**Carter stated: "While there is certain evidence showing that the medical damage from marijuana use may be limited, we should be concerned that chronic intoxication with marijuana or any other drug may deplete productivity, causing people to lose interest in their social environment, their future and other more constructive ways of filling their free time."**

**He continued: "My goals are to discourage all drug abuse in America and also to discourage the excessive use of alcohol and tobacco." But, he claimed, "we must set realistic objectives, giving our foremost attention domestically to those drugs that pose the greatest threat to health and to our ability to reduce crime."**

**Since heroin, barbiturates and other such drugs account for 90% of drug-related deaths, Carter said: "They should receive our principal emphasis."**

**IN TIME-honoured style, *The Guardian* recently published a short feature from reporter Christopher Reed on a "terrifying drug" which, in the US, is "being used mainly by young people at a rate now described officially by experts as of epidemic proportions."**

**The drug in question is PCP, an animal tranqiliser which usually comes in a white or brown powder and is added to tobacco and smoked. Its effect is said to be a combination between LSD and Mandrax, producing moderately strong hallucinations combined with a downer stumble.**

**The *Guardian's* reporter managed to cram into the piece virtually every drug cliche imaginable. We were told in detail of two grisly murders carried out by people under the drug's influence, and it was further claimed that five brutal murders in the San Francisco Bay area have been linked to the drug. There were also the familiar tales of people jumping out of windows.**

**There is no doubt that PCP is, like many other drugs, a substance to be treated with extreme caution. However the drug/murder link is a misnomer, part of a hoary journalistic tradition which dates back throughout this century. In the 1930s it was cannabis that was causing nice young white men to go out and butcher babies; in the '60s it was LSD.**

**Articles like the *Guardian* piece can do a great deal of harm to attempts at drug education as well as perpetuating old myths. Perhaps if Fleet Street reporters spent more time finding out what was going down on the street and less time listening to the testimony of "experts" they might come somewhere nearer the truth.**

**IN AN unlikely demonstration of support for cannabis reform, Professor Laurence Gower, a 64-year-old solicitor and a University of Southampton vice-chancellor, said that cannabis should be made legal and "easy to obtain as snuff." He was addressing a meeting of the Association of Boys' Clubs of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight and, needless to say, his outspoken views raised a storm.**

**Tory MP Mr. Ray Mawby was moved to comment: "It is ridiculous to equate cannabis smoking with cigarette smoking. Cannabis brings on hallucinations and other things."**

*THE RELEASE 1967-1977 newsletter, featuring an overview of their work in the area of drugs, abortion, squatting and medical treatment, costs 30p — from Release, 1 Elgin Avenue, London, W9 3PR.*

# JUBILEE PUNK FILM SHOCKER

*(Just thought we'd get in first)*

A LONDON punk at the court of Queen Elizabeth I?

Latin being spoken in England in the year 2000?

Yes, it had to happen: the struggling British film industry's first "Punk" film is due to hit the screens in mid-November.

Almost certainly due to be titled *Jubilee,* the movie is being directed by David Jarman and produced by Howard Malin and James Whaley, the team that brought "Sebastiane" to the screens, a film about sexuality in the Roman Legions, replete with Latin dialogue.

*Jubilee* stars Jenny Runacre and Richard O'Brien, plus a host of sub-culture luminaries like Hermine Demoriane, the *Sex Shop's* Jordan, and *The Rocky Horror Show's* Little Nell.

Filmed in a warehouse by Tower Bridge and on location in Dorset and Northamptonshire over the past seven weeks, *Jubilee* has *not,* as was claimed in the London *Evening Standard* recently, received hasty script re-writing to tone it down.

● *Richard O'Brien*

What *is* known is that *Jubilee* is not *just* about punk, but appears to be a surreal view of England as she is right now.

"It's about lots of aspects of England," said James Whaley. "We wanted to make a film about England because nothing has been made here recently and just in the last year England has started happening again.

"In the past films about England always had a shot of the Houses of Parliament and Margaret Rutherford in them. We haven't done it quite like that."

In addition to the time-warps that obviously exist in *Jubilee* — "a good bit of Jubilee silliness" said one participant — it also features a gang of punk girls and (possibly) a motor-bike gang.

There are also rock (punk?) bands and rock music. As the musical details of "Jubilee" had not been finalised, however, neither Whaley nor Malin felt able to provide any details, though Whaley would offer that: "We've tried to avoid looking like *Tommy* or *Top Of The Pops.* It's very difficult to film rock groups without doing that."

It is believed, though, that Wayne County and the Slits are two of the bands involved. Brian Eno, who scored "Sebastiane" and had been a likely contender for *Jubilee,* is now unlikely to write the soundtrack because of his commitments to the next Bowie album.

As to the Sex Pistols Russ Meyer-directed movie little is known other than that filming *will* begin *somewhere* at the end of the summer.

To the question of whether nothing had been arranged or whether she was not allowed to *say* anything had been arranged, Sophie at the Pistols' office would only comment: "Malcolm Mc Laren's not into talking to the press these days."

A Virgin spokesman confirmed this apparent veil of secrecy: "We've been told nothing. This is something Malcolm's kept particularly close to his chest."

□ CHRIS SALEWICZ

## BLACKMORE SIDEMAN TELLS THRILLS OF:

# MY NIGHT OF TERROR WITH RITCHIE

NO WONDER no-one's jumping at the chance to join Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow. *(vide* our news story last week).

Jimmy Bain, who claims to have been fired from the band without being given any reason, earlier this year, recalls for *Thrills* The Night Of Horror he endured as a result of Blackmore's penchant for practical jokes:

"I was in bed at the Hilton in Fresno and awakened to smell something burning. I jumped up to find the eiderdown in flames. You see, Ritchie had got himself a duplicate key to the room, slipped in, and set fire to the bed. He was at the door the whole time."

*Jimmy Bain gets unexpected bed warmer* *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

Reports in *NME* last week indicated that Mark Clarke, Bain's replacement in Rainbow, was also back on the street. Bain, laughing slyly, tends to agree with these reports.

"I've heard from several people that Clarke is out of the band. But he's likely to read it in the papers — like I did — before he knows for sure. That's the way it happened to me . . ."

□ TERRY RAY

# JOIN THE NAVY, BECOME OBESE

YEUKKKKKKKKK, SAILOR... If Venice reckons she has problems, sinking into her own canals, the U.S. Navy submarine force could go down under the weight of its own men any day now!

And that problem was highlighted when Jimbo Carter (he of American Presidency and massive molar fame) visited the nuclear submarine U.S.S. Los Angeles when it docked at Cape Canaveral, Florida. While Jimmy stalked the stern, see, little did he guess that five men had been booted off by an officer on the grounds that they were too podgy and plain for those hallowed Carter eyes to alight on!

Four of the fat boys blushed guiltily, but Fire Controlman 1st Class Bill Derendel is seething at the command with which he was ejected: "Derendel, you're too fat. Jesus Christ, we sure don't need you!"

Big Bill, 27, is six foot two in height, weighing in at 255 pounds. Phew! Bet you wouldn't want to gob on *his* granny! Says weighty Will: "Sure I'm on the plump side. but that's the navy's fault."

Won't argue with that, Bill! get a load of a typical jack tar's menu!

Breakfast: french toast, maple syrup, butter, sausages, coffee, cream, sugar, regular toast, cereal and milk and sliced melon. Adding up to 1,245 calories!.

Lunch: Roast turkey, mashed potatoes and gravy, dressing, peas, carrot and raisin salad, bread and butter, milk, tea or coffee, mince pie. weighing in at 1,870 calories!

Dinner: Assorted cold cuts, cheese, sardines, rolls, bread and butter, cole slaw, potato salad, coffee, tea or milk, ice cream or jelly, coming to 1,865 calories!

Bluuuuuuuuuuuugh!

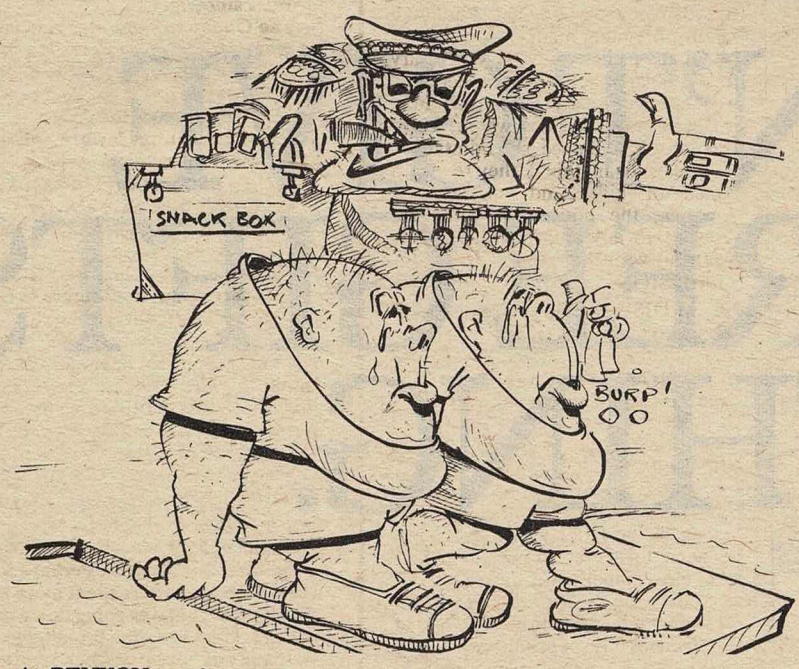
And how does William defend his disgusting, self-indulgent, pathetic obesity? "It was no reason to kick me and the other guys off so we couldn't meet the President. We're not the only crew members who are overweight. Even the captain could stand to lose some."

Bitch!

"I've been told I'm heavy but I've never been ordered to reduce. It was the navy that contributed to me being overweight. The biggest problem with submarines is that it's a lot harder to lose weight on them because the exercise area is so limited and the food is not necessarily the type that you can lose weight on, although it is based on nutritional requirements."

America the beautiful?

□ JULIE BURCHILL




*As BENYON sees it*

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SATURDAY AUGUST 20th 1977
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"My Local Authority haven't sent me this term's grant cheque yet."

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BARCLAYS

# THE TEXTS OF FESTIVAL PART 77: MONT DE MARSAN FESTIVALE DU PUNK

*The Clash at play (above) and at play (right)*

**IN WHICH:**
**SENSIBLE suffers from a damaged crutch.**
**STRUMMER suffers from Sensible.**
**SCABIES suffers from subtlety.**
**And**
**WELLER suffers from not even getting to play.**

"WE GOTTA FUCKIN' POGO," the East End punk told his mate with the fanatical fervour of a missionary. He's feeling kinda wired as he ain't slept for the three days and nights it's taken him to hitch down from Rotten Apple Babylon to this tiny, sunsoaked, beleaguered French village down south near the border *Espanol.*

Still, the French sulphate is cheap and plentiful. Summer rock festival dealing, man. Very profitable. It's mostly speed, although plenty of kids are content to get alked-out belligerent on the canned warm cat-piss masquerading as lager that's for sale.

And the small town *fiesta* atmosphere of Mont de Marsan is tempered with the sadness of junkies trying to score with pleading tombstone eyes.

"Please," the long-haired girl in the kaftan and sandals begs. "I rear-lee like mor-feene. I duo anysing."

But the majority of junkies can't spoil the excitement for the predominantly punk crowd numbering some few thousand and consisting of a surprisingly small number of English disciples who have made the pilgrimage. They vie for choice positions against the iron railing in front of the high stage shrouded with a canopy of tarpaulin. A backstage pass earns you a place in the Very Important Punk enclosure to jostle for *lebensraum* alongside troops from The Clash, Damned, Jam, Hot Rods, Boys, Tyla Gang and more, although not the headlining Feelgoods who remain back at the hotel getting so far out of it that Lee Brilleaux sings the Martini advert for forty-eight hours solid.

The younger and more wide-eyed, however, are on show early on the first day Friday evening, watching the French bands who open the festival and checking out the faces. There's so many people who know each other in the enclosure that an unspoken amnesty is called between bands who had previously been feuding. 'Coz we're gonna have a real good time together.

An androgynous looking French punk-band called The Loos finish their set and later that ever-lovable loudmouthed lout Rat Scabies tries in vain to pull the girl lead-singer: "Come on, ugly! Suck my willy! Gawd, blown it . . ."

Too subtle, Rat. Wearing his party gear of rolled-up Levi's, DM boots and Trilby, the drummer throws himself into his favourite party-game of getting pissed, assaulting people, cuddling people, spitting on people and shouting at people.

Paul Simenon and Mick Jones stumble in, Paul looking like a fresh corpse as he fights off chronic glandular fever and insists he's well enough to play, Mick limping slighly after getting run-over that morning by a psychotic French motorist.

"The cars drive on the wrong side, don't they?" he says. "I was looking the other way and this car goes over me foot."

He points at the Teddy Boy Brothel Creepers at the end of his bondage strides. "These saved me. The motorist points at his eyes to show he was mad that I hadn't looked where I was going, and then waves for me to get out the way. I tried to move and I couldn't." He points down at his left Brothel Creeper. "The wheel of the car was on me foot."

The Damned prepare to go on. Dave Vanian, the phantom of the bullring, reveals that their new guitarist will be making his debut with the band.

What's his name? "Lou."

What's his other name? "Lou."

Lulu? "Nah, just Lou."

It's only his third gig EVER!" Rat bawls. "On the way down we told everyone he was a roadie . . ."

Looks more like a parrot than a roadie, does Lou. Still, the, uh, *musical development* of the Damned obviously required just a shot in the arm.

I ask Paul Weller if he would consider augmenting the line-up of The Jam: "Nah, but if I did it'd be with a singer 'coz I really love just playing guitar," he says. We engage in amiable argument over Paul's estimation of The Jam's gig at the Hammersmith Odeon, and he talks about his responsibility to say what he thinks balanced against the fact that he's a musician, not a politician.

"I'll say it in the songs," he reflects. "I will not preach."

Like it happens in the movies, at this point the opening chords of Weller's classic "Away From The Numbers" comes pouring through the PA.

My next comment dies in my throat as an arm crooks around my neck. As soon as I hear that distinctive slur singing along with the record the identity of my attacker is revealed.

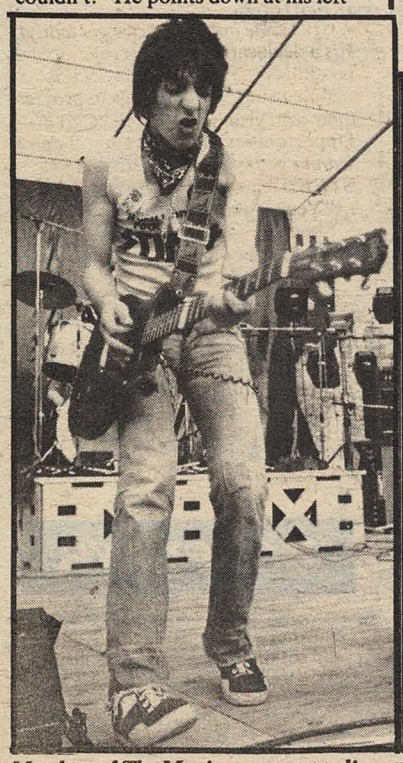
"Aaaaaa-waaaaaay frum der numb - um - bers!"Joe Strummer howls. "Who's this then?" he smirks with mock innocence at Weller.

"Awaaaaay from Joe Struuuuummer!" Weller retorts.

But it's all in the best of spirit. The New Wave Civil War terminated as the bands rub shoulders for an entire weekend, the three hotels in Mont de Marsan all commandeered by the British Invasion who can't afford to be at each others' throats in a situation that Clash manager Bernie Rhodes described as being redolent of "a works outing."

And, anyway, the internal bickering has rarely been for anything heavier than mutual slagging matches. If the truth were known, many New Wave *luminaires* have nothing but admiration for their contemporaries. "Strummer's fuckin' great," Weller says. And so is Paul Weller, although what we don't know at this time is that he won't get a chance to prove it at Mont de Marsan.

Later Strummer sums it up: "All the bands are in competition with each other. We all wanna be more famous than the other bands. Because we all think our own band is the best."



*Members of The Maniacs attempt to live up to their name.*

THE Damned's set is marred by a dire sound at first, although the four original members run through their catalogue of moves to try both to win the crowd and alleviate the understandable first night nerves of the rookie.

Captain Sensible is an epileptic Dalek wearing a red air hostess beret and matching red British Rail steward's jacket, more crazed than ever, his bass suddenly jerking into a temporary erection; Scabies is the frenetic seventies Keith Moon who totally trashes his kit at the end of the set; Vanian re-runs his Hammer Horror fantasy and Brian James still wishes he was Johnny Thunders. They play songs from the album plus newer stuff like "Sick Of Being Sick," "Stretcher Case Baby" and Scabies' lyrical victory on "Problem Child."

The new boy looks apologetic when he knocks a mike over and doesn't make much difference to the Damned's set as he plays almost note for note with James. But give him time.

They get a great reception from the crowd as their sound improves. Les punks francais appreciative of the return of the only *unks to play last year's first Mont de Marsan festival.

"This is quite amusing, innit?" comments Strummer.

"They're totally mad," smiles Weller, who had never seen The Damned before, even though he wears one of the band's badges on his mohair lapel on the Jam's album cover. "I just wore it 'coz I really like 'em as geezers," he says.

Unfortunately, the friendly atmosphere at the festival is to be spoiled by The Damned. The storm clouds gather when Dave Vanian announces a song called "Politics," prompting Paul Weller to comment: "Just when we were all getting along nicely."

"This one's for The Clash," Vanian sneers and later, after the Boys play a short but spectacular set, Captain Sensible acts the buffoon during The Clash's headlining show by destroying the incredible tension built up during the new self-written reggae number, "White Man In The Hammersmith Palais," when he strolls with dumb nonchalance out into the middle of the stage and crushes several potent stink bombs under his heel.

Only Mick Jones and "Topper" Headon on drums see him do it. Jones, resembling Keef more than ever with his long, poodle-cut coiffure, continues chopping the sparse effective JA flavoured chords as he stares with grim-faced fury at the Captain's interruption, while Topper hurls a stream of drumsticks at the Sensible head until he's departed in the casual manner that he had appeared.

By the end of the song the nauseating fumes are stinking out the entire stage area. Strummer realises what's happened and grabs the microphone, his body shaking with blind fury.

"Listen, the Damned just put some stink bombs on the stage because THEY'RE FUCKIN' JEALOUS, RIGHT?" Joe screams. The Clash pour their venom into the best set of the festival, their new songs showcasing new heights in the lyrics of Strummer and the music of Jones.

They started at midnight under a starry summer sky while all that could be seen out in the blackness of the packed bullring crowd was the luminous green rings glowing round the necks and wrists of hundreds of kids. Probably the most powerful visual assault in rock music, the three-pronged attack more lethal even than the Pistols, they strutted their white summer strides and Clash City Rockers t-shirts and slashed it out for over an hour and a half with Strummer at his most heroic, his most volatile, and tempering his wild-eyed trembling insanity with a sense of humour and compassion, giving him the power of total communication with the crowd.

*"Savoir Olay?* Awright . . ." his face (Lenny Bruce at twenty-five) breaking into a grin as he tries to fix his guitar between songs. "Me guitar ain't working . . . *MOI GUITAR NE MANGE PAS."*

The songs from the album are as great as ever, although I honestly think that the new songs dwarf vintage Westway anthems for sheer dynamic tension, reflecting a very real change in consciousness for the group as they begin to feel the pressures of mass-adulation, a shift in experience and subsequent attitude that was only apparent on the album in "Garage Land."

"Clash City Rockers" is the band's new anthem, an addictive, staccato football chant that could have been written by an amphetamined Rasta. "The Prisoner" and "Complete Control" are assertions of identity and personal liberty, the latter inspired by CBS releasing "Remote Control" while the band were on tour.

The band's disgust and growing knowledge of the obscenity of giant corporations comes through with the raging memory of humiliation. *"PEOPLE LAUGHED! They thought it was fun . . . they won't do it next time. This is Joe Public speaking; I am in complete control of a mind and a body."*

Meanwhile, one of the Clash camp had penalised Captain Sensible for his crime, by throwing him off stage so that he landed straddled across a barrier, apparently trashing those vital parts where the girls won't kiss you and fainting from the pain. The ambulance arrives and he is put on a stretcher. He regains consciousness just as they are loading him into the back of the ambulance, screams in protest, gets up, and runs off to seek refuge on top of a parked van, hotly pursued by both the stretcher case bearers and the owner of the van.

The Clash climax with their own patented Roots Rock Reggae. "White Man In The Hammersmith Palais" is

# THEY CAME. THEY SAW. THEY POGOED.

## HOT REPORT: TONY PARSONS
## HAPPY SNAPS: DENIS O'REGAN

their best dance number ever, a celebration of passion, fire and skill that Strummer was given inspiration for by a Reggae all-nighter at the Palais on New Year's Eve, when he was the only white man in an audience that came for music and was subjected to quasi-showbiz.

"Pressure Drop" is their unrecorded classic interpretation of the Toots and the Maytals song, and after "London's Burning," done as "Mont de Marsan's Singing," the fiesta crowd go off to seek the night with a song in their hearts . . .

*"OOOOOOO - OOOOOOOH, PRESSURE DROP . . . OUR PRESSURE . . . GONNA DROP ON YEEEEEEEW!"*

"I can't look."

"I can."

*Ace tastin' thirst quenchin' good lookin' salivatin' lead singer of Shaking Street.*

ONE HOTEL'S sudden ejection of a number of punk residents results in problems that caused Trigger Publicity's Rick Rogers to go without food, sleep and nostrils for four daze and nights, and also results in one band having to try to keep quiet in the same bed as their leader who was entertaining a French girl as best he could under the circumstances.

The driver of the coach that had brought a few of the groups down samples his first-ever fast stuff in order to stay awake for the drive. For most of the journey he drives standing on his seat.

Shaven headed Robert of The Maniacs (consisting of three geriatric punks, ex-members of Twink's band Rings plus a brilliant French kid called Henri-Paul) is carried off nursing a head-wound after heckling his old comrade's new rings. There was much animosity between the two bands when The Maniacs seized all The Rings' coach and hotel tickets.

"They're just a wank," commented Twink, another geriatric punk.

Best thing about the first night though, was these two three year old kids who were dancing in the moonlight to The Clash by the side of the stage. Those little kids were real great dancers, I tell ya. It was really beautiful. And I mean it (man).

The next day The Clash and The Damned have a long, long talk, and the result at the end of it is an armistice to all hostilities between the bands.

"The war between The Clash and The Damned is over," declares Rat Scabies.

"I don't remember nuffin' about last night," comments a shaken Captain. "Just waking up on a stretcher and running off to find a roof of a van."

"I like the geezer," admits Strummer. "I accept that he's got a few screws loose and I like him."

Rodent The Roadie ostentatiously flashes a hundred franc note and buys a twenty-four can beer pack. He tastes the beer with the quiet authority of an impoverished connoisseur.

"Really quite awful," the big spender decides. "Tastes like ant-piss . . . *Sounds* have already asked me if they can interview me so you better hurry up with the offer if you want to be the first".

"Rodent's a star now," sneers Joe.

Paul Simonon comes back from the hospital to the Sablar Hotel street-side bar where many of the bands are hanging out as the festival reaches a lull in the hours before the start of the second day. Paul still looks very ill, and says that the delay between numbers during The Clash set was caused by him having to spray his throat every few minutes to try to keep his swollen glands in as little pain as possible. There's a bad rash on his shoulder caused by his fever.

"That's what you get for sleeping with Rodent," quips Bernie Rhodes.

"It was only back to back," protests Paul. A girl comes over and shows him a photograph in a magazine where he resembles Frankenstein with vaselined spike-barnet.

"That's GREAT!" Bernie enthuses. "We'll use that . . ."

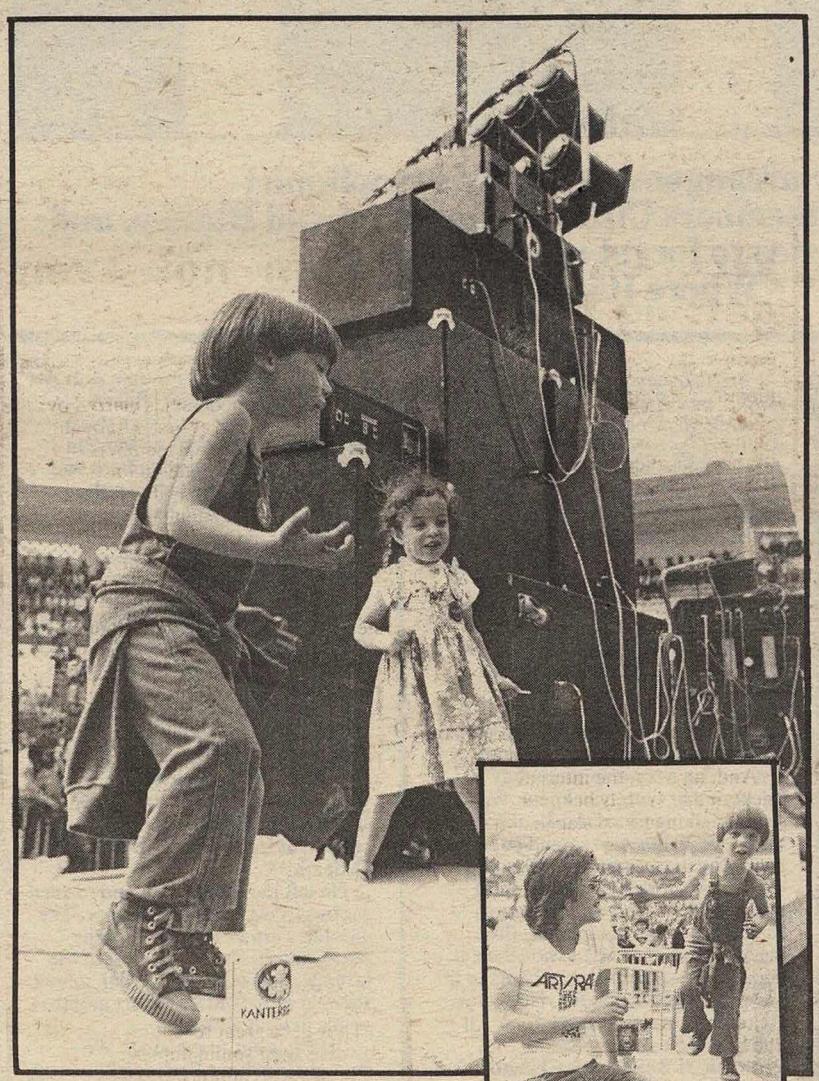
"Yeah, you *would* use it, wouldn't you, Bernie?" Paul says. "Use it as our fuckin' backdrop. God, that picture's awful . . ."

Over in the stadium French bands like Shakin' Street and Marie et Les Garcons plough through Punk Top Forty sets, and outside the bullring Rat Scabies sits on the grass and reflects on America.

"Yeah, you're right, the interview we did with *Zigzag* was well over the top, because America's *like* that! It's fuckin' crazy! And *I* didn't stick the Fender bass up the girl's arse! Honest! I didn't even get a blow-job in the line-up, I was standing to one side and having a wank . . ."

Rat's memories of the brief romance he shared with Joan Jett are not the stuff that *Love Story* was made of.

"I was well pleased when I got pulled by a RUNAWAY," he recalls. "But she was a very lousy lay. And I only threw her out of the dressing room when she started smashing everything up. They really hate each other, that band . . . especially Joan Jett and Cherrie Currie. They can't even stand to be NEAR one another . . ."



*Above: the true stars of the festival get down in time-honoured fashion. Right, young hippy talks to Barrie Masters disguised as Donovan.*

PAUL WELLER comes over as Rat asserts that The Damned and The Pistols started it all and listens with a quiet smile.

"I'm an old fart," Paul says. Later he kills time outside a cafe as he waits for a chance to play.

"I'll be glad to get home," he says. "I don't like travelling. All you do is smoke and drink and it ain't healthy. I ain't eaten since we've been here, I can't stand the food . . ."

All Weller wants is to get out and play. The Jam are contracted to go on after Little Bob Story and before the Rods, but a backlog of bands are building up as The Tyla Gang get an ecstatic reaction from the crowd (certainly the best audience response of the festival) and problems are resulting from The Feelgoods' demands from the hotel that they go on at midnight. The Tylas do a longer set than planned, the basic, very basic rock (Ducks De Luxe pub-raunch) being given a rapturous reception by *Les Froggais*.

"They say I'm too old to rock 'n' roll!" the long-haired, balding boiler suit bellowed. "We'll fuckin' *see* about that!"

Primal rock war horses like "Walking The Dog" and his own numbers like "Suicide Jockey" and "Styrofoam" were lapped up by the crowd, as was an original he did called "The Young Lords", which was included on the "Bunch Of Stiffs" album.

*"I don't care 'bout the Young Lords, / They mean nothing to me, / Even though they are the meanest people in the galaxy . . . I don't care!"*

The Jam are told that the contract is void and they will have to play after the Feelgoods. They insist the contract is adhered to, as they don't want to play when people have started to drift away. They are all choked when they finally reach the decision to blow out the festival. "Do you think we should have played?" Bruce Foxton asks me, torn up inside as he tries to sort out his exploding brain.

I tell him that I think they should have played because they are BETTER than any other band on that day's bill and the only way to prove it is to get up there and play.

"Why you no play?" demands Little Bob Piazza.

"Don't tell me to do something you weren't prepared to do yourself, Bob," Bruce says. "You didn't want to go on after the Feelgoods either."

Rat Scabies and Joe Strummer watch the crowd reaction to Sean Tyla's verbal acid and rile at the slaggings the man's giving the punk bands.

"Ere, Joe, listen to that!"

The Little Bobs come on after Tyla and, though they play well below form and are disgusted with their own performance, the French crowd treat them like home-coming heroes and go predictably apeshit.

A fourteen year old French / American kid with shoulder-length hair shares a joint with Strummer. "CBS is a fucked record company," the kid tells us and we don't argue with him.

Paul Weller wanders the corridors of the bullring with his girlfriend, trying to come to terms with the fact that he's not going to be playing. As the Rods take the stage and tear into some Oil City rivvum 'n' blooze, Joe Strummer is leaning against a juke box in a backstreet bar listening to Stones, Abba and David Bowie singles.

" 'Ain't Too Proud To Beg' was the last time I thought the Stones were great," he says. "Y'know what singer I like? The bird in the Middle Of The Road. The time me and Rodent had that flat the only records we had were an Abba Greatest Hits, a Middle Of The Road album and maybe a Junior Murvin single . . . people thought we were fuckin' mad".

Joe says that the misinterpretation of his lyrics has caused him to consider putting a lyric sheet on their next record, as the discrepancies are often resulting in people reading into their songs attitudes that are the exact anti-thesis of the subject matter.

"Like when in '1977' I said, *"Sten guns in Knightsbridge!"* he sings. "What I was saying was if that HAPPENED then we'd be running the other way because WE AIN'T GOT GUNS . . . just guitars".

Another Clash song greatly misinterpreted is "Hate And War", often quoted as *"The only things we got to hate"*, which makes the Clash sound like bleedin' pacifist hippies. THAT'S WRONG! Over to you, Joe . . .

"It's *'The only things we got today!'* It's a declaration of very real hostilities". Yeah, but a lot of it is people using YOUR songs to project their own visions. "Like in "Career Opportunities" I always sing, *'I don't wanna go fighting in a BELFAST STREET,'* instead of *"tropical heat"*.

"Yeah, that's better . . ."

Shucks, Joe.

Back in the stadium the Feelgoods reveal they are, without Wilko, no more than a fine R & B band and French rockers Bijou come on afterwards to prove that they're a fine band somewhere between The Jam and the Flamin' Groovies.

They also prove that the crowd at French festivals are willing to rock all night long and don't go away when the headliners have finished.

Bernie Rhodes looks around the crowded bullring as Bijou rock out the Mont de Marsan festival and a wistful smile comes to his lips.

"If only we knew that THEY were here," he says quietly. "Locked up somewhere inside the stadium . . . we could set them free into the bullring and they could get their own back . . ."

Who are you talking about, Bernie?

The eyes gleam behind the glasses.

"The BULLS," he says.

# JAZZ

**BRIAN CASE's Motto for the Week:**

## Composer-arranger-conductor-saxophonist BENNY GOLSON remembers Clifford, Dameron and Blakey, and tries to forget movies like "Where It's At" . . .

A SCANT 1,400 PUNTERS AWAY, I can make out some kinda dream front line on the bandstand. There's Dexter Gordon next to Stan Getz next to Wayne Shorter next to Benny Golson and I am beside myself, the entire august crew flown over from Montreux to entertain these 1,400 executives assembled under the chandeliers of Grosvenor House for the annual CBS convention, which is some loaves and fishes. Verily.

I buttonhole Benny Golson. He'd been away from jazz for so long that if it hadn't been for his tunes, "I Remember Clifford", "Whisper Not", "Are You Real?", "Just By Myself" and "Blues March", Benny might have been forgotten. So what kept him off the scene for those nine years?

Hollywood. He hands me a list of credits you'd need a packed lunch to read through, including scores for *Ironside, M*A*S*H, Mission Impossible,* and the Motion Picture Academy Awards, commercials like Liquid Plumber and Wayne's Dog Food. Composer, arranger, conductor, saxophonist, Benny's been busy.

"Well, I knew you'd scored *Girls Disappear,* I tell him, one of my favourite '50s films, the white slave market, ladies' bottoms, a great heavy played by Phillipe Clay, and the music played by The Jazz Messengers, "Thick-ear stuff", said the critics. I bought a season.

"You know, I wrote all that music in the studio," says Benny. "We had to stay all night around the clock until next morning. They'd show me a cue and tell me how many minutes it was, and I'd write a piece of music. The other guys'd lollylag and talk, and when I'd got it done, they'd come back and record it."

"Lalo Schifrin told me he often has to score for five seconds of film," I say.

"Oh yeah — when I did *The Partridge Family,* you'd just get a whole book like a telephone index with these short cues. Three seconds here, five seconds — plink plink plink — next cue. If you just had a chance to write half a minute . . ."

"You also did Carson Kanin's *Where It's At."*

"That one I want you to forget. Now I'm embarrassed. I don't think anyone ever found out where it was at, including me." Benny grins, a pleasant, balding, rotund man in the most vari-tinted glasses ever. Look at a cat through them, you can move his freckles around, take the cello-wrapping off his nose.

"I had a thirst for movie work when I first went out there from New York in 1967, but a couple of years ago my thirst was satisfied. It's such a rat race trying to second guess the producers. Many of them are promulgators, come on with great authority, and they don't really understand. You have to convince them that they're wrong in subtle ways, make them think *they* came up with the idea."

I feed him Perelman's dictum, that most producers got foreheads courtesy of electrolysis. We break up.

"The earliest record I've got with you is the Tadd Dameron-Clifford Brown date," I recall. "Theme Of No Repeat".

"Nineteen hundred and fifty-three — oh, why do I remember that so well? We played in a studio that was incredibly small. There were four of us sitting in the front row shoulder-to-shoulder. Brownie was in the second line, and it was so tight there they couldn't get a microphone in front of him. They put a mike in front of the front row and he had to play over my shoulder. All this stuff was coming right by my ear.

"Tadd got this band together to play in Atlantic City, New Jersey — that's a summer resort — for the whole summer. We had to play the show for chorus girls and all that stuff, and we got a chance to do this in between.

"I'll tell you, Tadd was the main one who inspired me to write. When I first heard his things with Fats Navarro and Charlie Rouse, I said to myself, how can that man get such a full sound, you know, with just five instruments? Well, we had occasion to be in the same band, and during that time I picked his brains. I'd say, 'Well how do you do so-and-so?' — and he'd say, 'Do it this way.' "Wow! Now I see! He was very open. Like some piano players will hunch over the keyboard and put their shoulder in the way so's you can't see how they're voicing the chords. Not Tadd — he went out of his way to show me what he was doing. He was sorta flattered that I wanted to know, and we became fast friends after that.

"It was what he did from the piano. I even wrote it down on paper, a formula, to see how it could work out. The cymbals have a part of it, the bass drum, the bass — they all have a place in the homegeny of what's going on as far as sonorities are concerned.

"Everything's important in a small group. You can't afford to waste, or you lose the impact. You haven't got too much choice, but it's the composite of all these things that reveals that sound. The piano — how he plays, whether short or long — that dictates what is gonna happen round it. After Tadd got me started, I just sorta kept my ears open and tried to develop my own thing. I was just doing what came the natural way to me."

WE TALK ABOUT CLIFFORD BROWN, the great trumpeter who died with pianist Richie Powell in a car accident in 1956. Brownie, Dizzy, Lee Morgan, Art Farmer — Benny's jazz career seems inextricably tied up with great trumpeters.

"Brownie never played his music short," says Benny. "At a rehearsal he would play his heart out as if he was on stage before 2,000 people. Always the best.

"I remember when I first met him in Atlantic City, he was with a group called Chris Powell & His Blue Flames. They were singing and doing different things — sorta like an entertaining act — and what he was playing was so incongruous. You couldn't imagine this kinda trumpet playing coming out of that group! Different worlds.

"When I first met him he was sitting on the arm of an overstuffed chair. He was renting a room in somebody's house at that time, you know. We started talking about music, and he said: 'For instance — so-and-so,' and took his trumpet out. 'Can you play the chords for that?' he says, and I said, 'Yeah' — and WOW! he was right there beside me playing this fantastic stuff. He was so nonchalant about it, never arrogant or haughty in any way. Nothing hidden. No secrets. He too was one who shared."

Benny's musical tribute to Brownie, "I Remember Clifford", is one of the loveliest melodies in modern jazz, and captures precisely that rapturous innocence. Trumpeters queued up to play it.

"Did you enjoy your time with Art Blakey's Messengers?" Benny was Musical Director, and blew tenor alongside trumpeter Lee Morgan throughout 1958, visiting Paris and cutting four albums in a month.

"Not really," says Benny.

"Eh?"

"That is an understatement. I'm trying to think of some other synonyms for fantastic! It was like getting paid for going out and playing. Like your parents might say, 'Go on out and play, Johnnie — and here's some money.'

"Art is a character. I don't know if you've ever heard him talk to the audience? I used to encourage him to do that. Once he announced, 'Our purpose is to swing — look, they don't know it, but if the government were to send us to Russia, we'd swing them to death!' "

He left the Messengers and formed his own group with Art Farmer, The Jazztet. Farmer took most of the solos, and Benny wrote most of the arrangements. McCoy Tyner joined them in 1959, and stayed six months — his first big break.

"He was our first pianist. We brought him from Philadelphia on my recommendation because I'd heard him play a tune in a very strange key, and he played it so well. He's a hard worker!"

IN FACT, EVEN STRANGER KEYS were going down in 1959. I wondered how a chord-change craftsman like Benny Golson got on with the New Thing upheavals.

"At the time, it used to annoy me, but then I said maybe I'm not being objective. I made a point of finding out what Ornette Coleman was doing, went down to his place and spent an afternoon with him, and he was explaining and playing things for me. Well, I could understand a little better, and I said, 'Look — I'd like to play one of your songs.'

"The Jazztet played one of them, an obscure one, I can't remember which. I was able to look at it in a different light. You know, rather than take the easy way out and put the man down, find out what he was doing. I could see where they were coming from, but it was around this period that I stopped playing, so I never got involved in it."

In company with the other Philly tenors, Benny's first influence was Dexter: Benny, Jimmy Heath, John Coltrane. "He influenced all of us when we were scuffling to get started. I don't think I ever told Dexter that — but did he ever *inspire* me! I was copying his solos note for note — play a few bars, put the record back on, try and imitate it.

"But then eventually as things happen, you change. Don Byas became my influence, then Lucky Thompson — Coleman Hawkins school, that type of thing. Coltrane himself influenced me for a while there — Sonny Rollins even came in the picture once. Hopefully, coming back now after nine years, I'm doing what I feel."

"Did you play at home during your Hollywood time?"

"I didn't touch it. I'm getting my chops back, but I found out it's nothing you can just come back to. When I picked it up out of the case, it felt as if I'd never played saxophone before. It felt like a big piece of plumbing. You know how to play, but things weren't happening! The co-ordination. It was like having an accident and being laid up in hospital, and you have to learn to walk again or something. The lips, they felt like ripe tomatoes! It was terrible. The corn that you have here on the thumb to hold the horn, it was all gone. You found you were tongueing in between the notes instead of on them. I went off for a week or two and it started to come around, a little at a time.

"I'd thought of getting rid of it too — oh, I'll never play again. I'm glad I kept mine! Best Selmer I ever had. I bought it second-hand. It was from France — not the Mark series. It didn't have much engraving on it, and at that time Selmer were still kind enough to take the instrument back and put some more on it for me. It was like a brand-new horn."

My all-time favourite Golson composition is "Whisper Not". Did he remember writing it?

"Yeah. Very well. I can't remember all of them, but that one I remember. I wrote it in 20 minutes. One of the fastest songs I ever wrote, and that's why I thought it had to be bad. I was with Dizzy at that time, Boston, 1957, and we were playing Storyville. It was my custom to go to the clubs where we were working to use the pianos during the day, and just write, you know. I went up there, and the porters were cleaning and what-not, and I just had the light on the piano, just looking around on the keyboard — and the melody started to come to me — BOY! coming so *fast* I could hardly get it down on the paper!

"I couldn't believe it myself. The tune just fell out there!"

**SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:**

**Tadd Dameron** . . . "The Arranger's Touch" . . . Prestige
**The Jazz Messengers** . . . "Moanin' " . . . Blue Note
**The Jazz Messengers** . . . "Soul!" . . . Fontana
**The Jazztet** . . . "Tonk" . . . Mercury
**The Jazztet** . . . "Meet The Jazztet" . . . Argo
**Benny Golson** . . . "Gone With Golson" . . . Prestige
**Benny Golson** . . . "Take A Number" . . . Pye
**Benny Golson** . . . "Free" . . . Argo
**Benny Golson** . . . "The Modern Touch" . . . Riverside
**Benny Golson** . . . "The Other Side Of Benny Golson" . . . Riverside

# SINGLES

## FIGHT MEDIOCRITY THE ELVIS WAY!!!

*Costello resolutely turns his back on this week's new singles. A smart man, Costello. Pic: KEVIN CUMMINGS*

ALL RIGHT! Yeah! Let's hear it for Mediocrity! . . . No? Well, that's tough, because that's all you're going to get this week. What a sorry bunch of 45s. These are sad times. So much for new brooms sweeping clean and all that. I see the Sunday papers are busying themselves with defiant shockers like "My Punk Lover by Debutante" and record companies are spending millions to jolly up their international sales force, all in the cause of bringing us such treasures as these.

Sigh. Okay, let's get the good stuff out of the way.

**SINGLE OF THE WEEK**

**ELVIS COSTELLO: Red Shoes (Stiff).** Big surprise. However, before you yawn, let me advise you to check out Elvis quick if you haven't yet, before all the journalists' hyperbole puts you off. He *is* great and this really *is* a stand-out. Produced by Nick Lowe (gee, another big surprise), this is a crafty, medium tempo rocker sung beautifully by the most endearing gawk in rock since Buddy Boy.

But hmmm. My flatmate thinks it's Tom Petty. I must say it puts me in mind of Manfred Mann elevated by teenage Leonard Cohen imagery: *"Oh I used to be disgusted / And now I try to be amused / But since their wings have got rusted / You know the angels wanna wear my red shoes".*

The B-side, "Mystery Dance", is Elvis C. meets Elvis P. when he still knew how to shake. Killer boogie with neat variations on a roll-over-and-get-down theme: *"Romeo was restless he was ready to kill / He jumped out of the window 'cause he couldn't sit still / Juliet was waiting with a safety net / She said 'Don't bury me 'cause I'm not dead yet'."* I'll be packing this with my Graham Parker records when they take me to the Old People's Home.

Now where shall I begin? How about:

**SOUNDS ORCHESTRAL**

**LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA: Star Wars — Main Title (20th Century).** Well, True Confessions, Episode 72: sometimes I bite on this kind of baloney when it goes with runaway collies and waltzing space stations. They say the film is rilly cosmic, but sans visuals the soundtrack conjures up a fantasy of *The Big Country Meets Ivanhoe.* Not a hope of doing a "Thus Spake Zarathustra" on us.

**JEAN MICHEL JARRE: Oxygene (Polydor).** Yama, Yama! I'm just gaga about this one and I haven't even got his record out of the sleeve yet. Oh. A Gauloise hunk without the earring, Jarre is apparently into electronics and ecology — the press copy shows the earth peeled away like an orange rind around a skull — but you'd never guess from the whizzy Love Orchestral nature of the contents. Lacks atmosphere, heh heh.

**RE-RUNS, FLASHBACKS AND SOME THINGS COMPLETELY FAMILIAR**

**SMALL FACES: Lookin' For A Love (Atlantic).** Oh, why do people do these things? These guys all look so-o-o jaded now and the song is a trifle, though Marriot tries to deliver some excitement. Gospelly backing babes add zilch, and co-producer Shel Talmy is clearly living in the past.

**THE ANIMALS: Please Send Me Someone To Love (Barn).** Sounds just like the Animals. Hey, it *is* the Animals — the very same ones whose autographs I bagged 13 years ago (when I was a mere infant, she added hastily). They don't sound a day older. Just 13 years older. Burdon is still a honey at the R&B, but the song is a horror. The sentiments are Peace and Love eight to the bar at a snail's pace, with Alan Price doing his most facile supper club electric piano doodles. Embarrassing.

**BEE GEES: Edge Of The Universe (RSO).** Live singles are not always such a swift idea. In between the scream, scream, cheer, cheer *bonhommie* atmospherics is a pretty unbalanced airing of an okay number. The flip side is "Words" ("gasp, eek, cheer, cheer") treated to a dramatic reading that suggest Big Brother Barry is contemplating a move into classical tragedy if the melodies and moolah ever give out.

**ROY WOOD BAND: The Stroll (Warner Bros).** Glitter soul stamps along like a defrosted extinct pachyderm. Wood gets coy here and there with touches like a rock 'n' roll break and quick cuts to the sound of strolling feet, but it's just awful.

**CAROLE KING: Hard Rock Cafe (Capitol).** Well, I imagine this will get a lot of plays at a certain West End hamburger joint. I admire Carole's track record, but she scarcely has her finger on the pulse of teendom any more, and this rather bland and brass bound Latinesque affair will be put to most suitable use by the *TOTP* thigh twirlers. Somebody take her down to the local greasy spoon, quick.

**JOSE FELICIANO: I Love Making Love To You (Private Stock).** No surprises from Signor Feliciano either. He keeps mentioning his rising temperature, but it's unconvincing in this laid back exercise in Las Vegas "soul".

**THE CARNIVAL IS COMING**

Not that I'm an ethnic purist or anything, but reggae cash-ins are getting out of hand. The prosecution introduces Exhibit A.

**SPARTACUS: Watching You Grow (Zara).** Erg — reggae you can take the entire family to hear. It's sung to a tiny child with an overactive pituitary. And Exhibit B : . .

**ERROL CAMPBELL: Jah Man (Tempus).** This one is really touching, with a rhythm section that takes one back to a tenderer time — those exciting days of thumping Quaker Oats boxes in the kindergarten band. The lyrics are the Lord's Prayer rendered — wait for it — Rastafarian, it says here. *"And deliver us from this evil land, Jah man".* Come back, Harry Belafonte, the bandwagon is ready to roll.

**HEAD'EM UP, MOVE 'EM OUT SANFORD/TOWNSEND BAND: Smoke From A Distant Fire (Warner Bros).** This is right up the Loggins and Messina, Seals and Crofts street — not surprisingly since Sanford and Townsend wrote material for the former and a couple of the musicians played with the latter. Produced by Jerry Wexler, it's smooth and larkey, solidly upbeat with good vocals — a bit ordinary perhaps, but a likely tune for the radio.

**HIGHWAY 101: Every Moment (Rocket).** Bubblegum is alive and catching. This is strictly Beeb 1 territory but very bouncy and pleasant for munching breakfast to (if you eat breakfast) or pogoing to on the bathmat (if you bathe).

**PILOT: Get Up And Go (Arista).** Sounds just like the hit singles the laddies had some time back, well-crafted pop for the innocent — all six of you.

**PATRICK MORAZ: Tentacles (Charisma).** Wasn't *Tentacles* one of those cash-ins on *Jaws?* This is pretty weird for a love song — *"You're fooling with my tentacles . . . You are my fantasy."* Say, I wonder what *he* goes in for of an evening? Lots of keyboards tinkling away, studio lights dimmed, amorphous vocals and a climactic squirt of black notes apparently. How rude.

## *Cheering him on:*

## *ANGIE ERRIGO*

**CITY BOY: She's Got Style (Vertigo).** Ooh, a xylophone; Speaking of style, this one is dangerously close to the Lilt jungle, but a humdinger of a radio player. Similar to the sort of stuff Chinnichap come up with for Smokie — a little too cute, in other words, if you're concerned about Taste, but it smells like a hit. Okay, they rate one.

**JENNIFER WARNES: I'm Dreaming (Arista).** Ms Warnes has turned her tonsils to a number of trends and is doing very well for herself in the States. Once yet another lead in *Hair,* I can remember her on television doing things like soulful Jacques Brel odes to despair and a duet with Donovan on some fairy tale. Now she's very prettily into the Carly Simon/Carole King/Helen Reddy schtick. The trouble is, it could be any of them.

**BILLY CONNOLLY: Isn't It A Shame (Polydor).** Pssst. Is he kidding or not? I would guess yes, from the lyrics *("Isn't it a shame that the only laughing we do is you laughing in my face")* but it isn't clear from the clumsily approximated rock and roll arrangement. B-side "You Got Me Running" is a bit more up front. It's "Wild Thing" with lyrics directed at Andrews' bowel unblocker. Definitely what my teachers used to characterise as Locker Room Talk and F.U.N.N.Y. as a crutch.

**GENTLE GIANT: I'm Turning Around (Chrysalis).** Eek! A nice record! Well, it's pretty. They're getting "accessible" and "commercial" on us and it works well in the Heavy Minstrel mode of Tull and people. See you in the Top Five.

**MOON: I'm Leaving You (Epic).** Moon are a good band when they kick ass, but this "kiss off girl, who needs you" ballad won't do much for them, being merely smooth background stuff despite the feeling vocals.

**TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS: American Girl (Island).** We American girls raised on promises keep getting told Tom Petty is pretty and all of that. Oh yeah! It's unfair, perhaps, but I still haven't forgiven him for getting better reviews than the wonderful Nils. This is a 12-incher so the sound quality is pretty spectacular, but apart from that he's a little too posey and homogenised for me. Move over, Peter Frampton. All his fans will hate me and buy this anyway, but I thought chubby old McGuinn's version was nicer.

**JOHNNY TAYLOR: Your Love Is Rated X (CBS).** Well, here's a good soul ballad, despite the Barry White worthy title. Nice bits of flute keep the groove going, as we funky types say, and Taylor's vocals are raspingly suave.

**GRAHAM BONNET: Danny (Ring O'Records).** If at first you don't succeed, try, try, etc. Poor old G.B.'s been at it for so long my heart bleeds, but the goofs just keep on coming. He has a really nice voice and looks very cute in his James Dean gear, but this rather desperate doo-wop is leaden with bomp and circumstances.

Actually, it's really growing on me. If only they hadn't taken it so seriously.

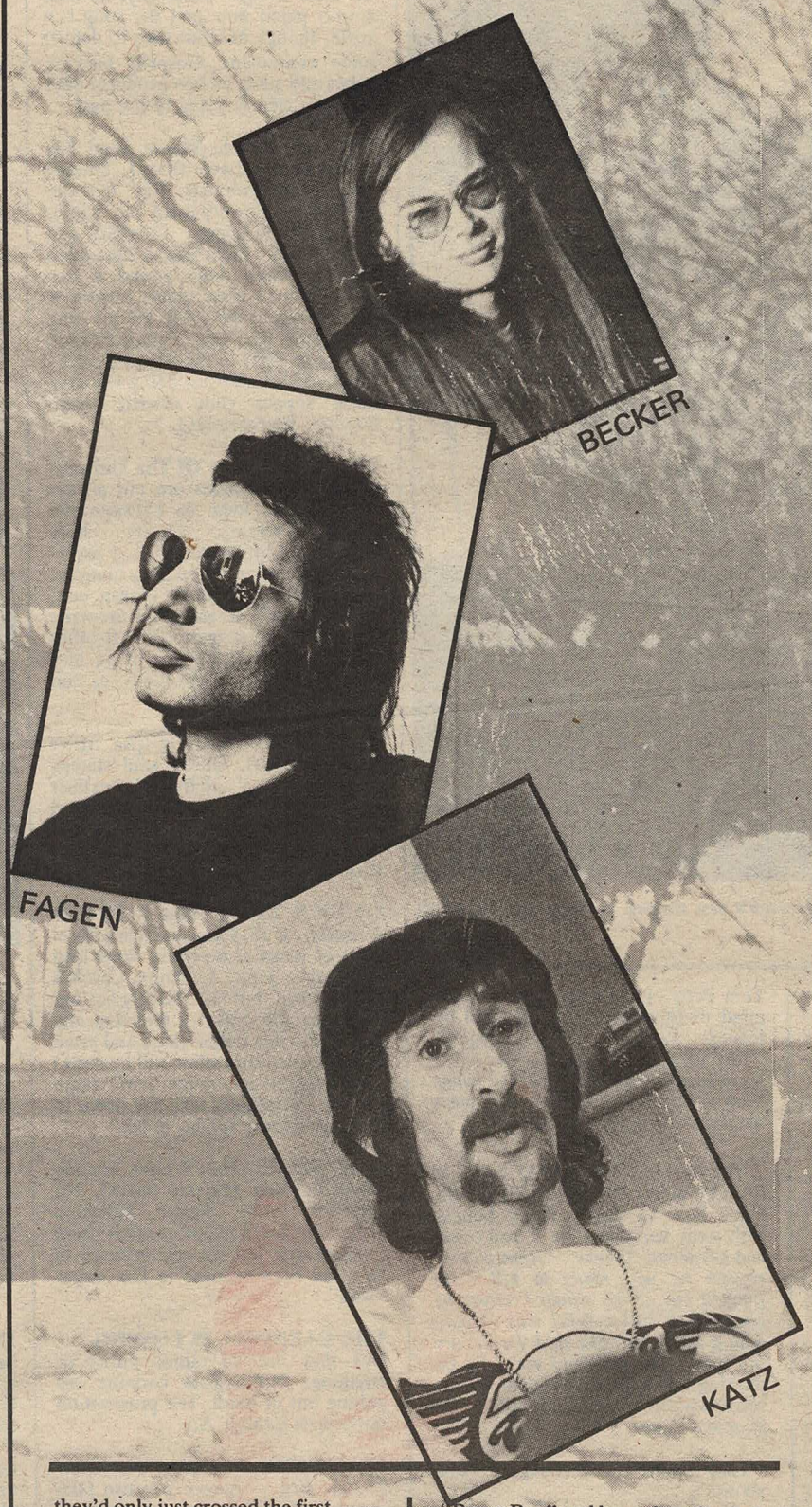
*See what I mean?*

*Plus a dreadful shortage of pic sleeves.*

gong alive and living....

# THE STEELY SCAM, TOODLE-O

## By MAX BELL & STEVE CLARKE




*While the poor people sleep-in with the shade on the light*
*While the poor people sleepin' all the stars come out at night*
**Show Biz Kids**

*Before the fall when they wrote it on the wall*
*When there wasn't even any Hollywood*
**The Caves Of Altamira**

*Turn up The Eagles, the neighbours are listening*
**Everything You Did**

*"Becker and Fagen are interesting characters; sort of isolationists by nature. They live in these houses in Malibu, not near anybody, and I have a feeling LA helps them keep their music going on a certain level — they're almost laughing at the people in their songs."*
**Elliot Randall, sessioner who worked with Steely Dan.**

ORTHODOXY has never really been Steely Dan's forte. A rock band, and simultaneously not a rock band, the Dan is essentially the collective vision of two droll East Coast jazz buffs turned songwriters who on the surface have very little to do with rock and roll.

As Walter Becker, who — with Donald Fagen — *is* Steely Dan, once said, "We play rock and roll, but we swing when we play. We want that ongoing flow, that lightness, that forward rush of jazz."

Mike McDonald, now with The Doobie Brothers, who worked with the duo on their fourth and weakest album, "Katy Lied", said that Fagen and Becker would have preferred to have been born Charlie Parker and Duke Ellington respectively.

And yet these two have collaborated to more inspired effect than any two songwriters / bandmembers working in rock since Lennon and McCartney. In stretching their own talents, utilising the studio to maximum effect, and having the taste to call upon the most suitable session men, Steely Dan prove once and for all that intellect is no barrier to creative excellence in rock.

Moreover, their music, with its post-Woodstock feel, is as relevant to the '70s in its own way as that of any of their more illustrious contemporaries. And as the sleeve note on their debut album states so well, they're not out to pull the wool over anybody's eyes (or are they?).

Gushed forth rock critic Tristan Fabriani: "It has been said many times and in many ways that what the world needs now is another rock 'n' roll band. This could very well be the one of which the pundits spoke."

As things turned out, Tristan had a point.

BECKER AND FAGEN, renowned for their good looks and sharp clothes, met up at Bard College in Upstate New York sometime in the '60s. Fagen was to describe the encounter thus: "I was walking past this small building that they used for entertainment of the student body, who were very idle and bored most of the term. And I heard what I assumed was Howlin' Wolf playing in this particular building.

"I walked in and there was Walter with this red Epiphone guitar."

The two discovered they had a mutual interest in jazz. Mainstream stuff, like Ellington, Parker and Davies, none of this high falutin' fusion business. All right, so it hadn't been invented then, but if it had Walt and Don would doubtless have turned their purist noses up at it.

Becker quipped: "I remember when I bought my first copy of 'Birth Of The Cool' by Miles Davis. I took the record out of the jacket and found that it weighed seven pounds.

"I knew this was a musical landmark . . . fewer, but thicker records."

Like these were hep cats, man. Into *jazz*. Not R&B, the usual tap root for aspiring rock musicians.

On quitting the campus Becker and Fagen headed for New York City to peddle their songs. For three years they sought in vain for a sympathetic record company during which time they were reduced to playing as sidemen for Jay And The Americans, a clean cut white vocal harmony group, big on ballads and dramatics. Hardly Becker and Fagen's bowl of chicken soup.

ABC employee Gary Katz (Becker later remarked, "ABC was in the market for a producer with a Fu Manchu moustache to produce their underground records") came to their rescue and the three of them collaborated to write and perform on an abortive album for a female protegee of Katz's. Becker and Fagen wound up with a gig as staff writers for ABC. While hardly emulating the kind of success reaped by such pop writers as Goffin-King and Paul Simon in the Brill Building, Becker and Fagen's stint as house composers meant that one of their songs, "I Mean To Shine", was recorded by Barbra Streisand.

Meantime Katz — in the grand tradition — had gone out West and at his behest Becker and Fagen also hot tailed it to LA to seek their rock and roll Eldorado. Prior to leaving, they answered an ad in New York's upmarket equivalent to *Time Out*, the *Village Voice*, which enticingly read, "Bass and keyboard player with jazz chops requires gig". Lo and behold when "rock's odd couple" (actually Ian MacDonald's lick) turned up in Hicksville, Long Island there was the plump, appealing figure of verbose Denny Dias, a wild man of rock if ever there was one.

Till this day he's still with Walt and Don — playing very fine *guitar*. Must have been some snarl up with the copy writers in the *Village Voice's* ad dept. Either that or Dias is pretty adaptable.

In LA, Katz recruited drummer Jim Hodder and guitarist Jeff 'Skunk' Baxter, who actually bears more resemblance to a walrus, from an obscure Boston band Ultimate Spinach who must have been into hallucinogenics of some description. With the addition of vocalist David Palmer, and naming themselves after a particularly active dildo from William Burrough's *The Naked Lunch*, Steely Dan was complete. Ironically the subsequent album (released by ABC in 1972) was called "Can't Buy A Thrill".

The record had none of the pock marks of a debut album. Steely Dan sounded like a totally evolved identity and potential didn't enter into it. Moreover, the band's undeniable individual and collective virtuosity didn't get the better of them for one moment. Economy and tightness were keywords in the Steely Dan modus operandi.

As composers, Becker and Fagen encompassed a wide variety of styles, musically and in terms of subject matter. Such was their consumate skill that on "Can't Buy A Thrill" they were simultaneously smart ass and self effacing without landing on their backsides; witness the cryptic liner note accompanying each song.

More to the point, there wasn't a bad track on the album. Superficially, all was well in Becker and Fagen's world. But underneath often mellifluous melody lines, cynicism, irony and sarcasm were rife. In "Reelin' In The Years", like the album's opener "Do It Again" — an American Top Five single — Fagen in his technically limited but brutally effective nonchalant sneer hits back at a girl who's done the dirt on him.

Familiar territory for a pop song, but Fagen and Becker are adept at writing a lyric which hits home, something often ignored in the light of the two's shuck-and-jive routines: Steely Dan put-downs often have the contemptuous venom of a Dylan song.

Guitarist Elliot Randall guests on the song to turn in an epic solo. Death-defying heavy metal. Right on target. And ruthlessly economical.

"Do It Again" was the album's most immediate cut. The juxtaposition of Hodder's swirling percussion, Denny Dias' sinuous electric sitar and Fagen's terse Moog lines creates a sensuous combination of music for the mind and body. It was essentially an exotic dance record. Lyrically obscure, "Do It Again" traces the life of a compulsive loser. The imagery introduces Steely Dan's obsession with images of contemporary decadence:
*Now, you'll swear and kick and beg us that you're not a gamblin' man*
*Then you'll find you're back in Vegas with a handle in your hand*
*Your black cards could make you money so you hide them when you're able*
*In the land of milk and honey you must put them on the table*

Steely Dan had no illusions about the American Dream; be it the romance of the Wild West or its 20th Century counterpart. Becker and Fagen put the lyric in past and future time, something they'd repeat in later songs.

Another perennial Steely Dan theme given an airing here is Becker and Fagen's predilection for nostalgia as in the teenagers' shattered illusions of "Midnite Cruiser". The song reads like an overheard conversation between two people who meet ten years on and, with its doleful melody, captures the tragedy of lost youth.

"Kings" shows that Becker and Fagen probably read a few books at college and is the first of a series of examples of the Dan's historical name dropping, albeit deliberately misleading. In a different vein the musical irony of "Only A Fool Would Say That" shows that the Dan are not party to any dumb hippy jive, another recurrent subject.

All in all, Steely Dan gave the American market something which owed little to any rock tradition and provided much needed critical standards that only emphasised the pitiful state of the then current scene.

Steely Dan were pioneers and they'd only just crossed the first border.

WHEREAS "CAN'T Buy A Thrill" was, despite its surfeit of inspired technique, primarily a song album, the subsequent "Countdown To Ecstatsy" was a *playing* album. There are fewer songs, the mood is cogent and the band sound tougher.

Not only is it a genuine progression on their debut elpee (the true test of a major artist), "Countdown To Ectasy", as its title and packaging implies, is less accessible but ultimately more satisfying. Everything a second album should be.

Apart from David Palmer's relegation to background vocals (and his sweet style would have seemed out of place on an album like "Countdown") Steely Dan was as before.

"Bodhisattiva" was the perfect opener (as if realising this, Steely Dan opened their sets with it on their 1973 British tour, their only European visit). Jim Hodder propels our heroes into spontaneous spiritual nirvana. George Harrison never sounded like this. Becker and Fagen put the finger on rock stars who trade in their silver spoons fro far-fetched Oriental mysticism which taxes the pocket.

Behind the chuckles Baxter and Dias set about the riffing like rock and roll was going out of fashion.

Incorporating some truly sublime be-bop phrases into his chops, Dias duets with Fagen in jazzier mood while Baxter makes with the hard stuff.

By contrast, Steely Dan resurrect the Latin American rhythm for "Razor Boy" and keep the solos on a tight leash. Sideman Vic Feldman supplies ethereal vibes while the 'Skunk' and Ray Brown keep things easy with steel and string bass respectively.

Once again, the melody belies Fagen's best Brooklyn sneer as he sticks the knife into some unfortunate old flame in New Jersey. As usual with Becker and Fagen they're quick to criticise strictly middle class values. Later on "Your Gold Teeth", Fagen continues the assualt on women who give you the runaround, while the "Giant Girlfriend" crops up again on side two's "My Old School".

While the atmosphere on "Countdown" is pure West Coast affluent Los Angeles with a great deal of mainstream jazz piano cool from Don, the group remember their East Coast roots on "The Boston Rag". The year is 1965 and everybody is getting smashed. Fagen, with characteristic nonchalence, drawls:
*Lonnie swept the playroom*
*And he swallowed up all he found*
*It was 48 hours 'til*
*Lonnie came around*

Baxter confirms his position as one of the '70s great rock guitarists as the band go through some astonishing time changes with the kind of panache previously the territory of jazz masters.

And the Dan don't exactly blow it on "Your Gold Teeth". Notice the iconoclastic fusion of styles as they weld together shades of the blues and the Orient. All life is here. Steely Dan play with all the finesse of a croupier dealing blackjack. And all this from a band who three tracks earlier were laying it down hard.

Becker and Fagen keep the venom flowing on side two's tart opener, "Show Biz Kids". The Dan have been spying on the people next door and don't like what they see. As the song demonstrates so well, these two know how to make a valid social comment without losing their sense of humour. The Walter Matthau and Jack Lemon of rock list the show biz kids' assets:
*They got the house on the corner*
*With the rug inside*
*They got the booze they need*
*All that money can buy*
*They got the shapely bods*
*They got the Steely Dan T-shirts*
*And for the coup-de-gras*
*They're outrageous*

Becker and Fagen were probably just cheesed off that they never got the invitation to drop by Bel Air, snort up Peru and dust off the salt cellars at Gregg's pad. "Show Biz Kids" was their third American single, but unlike the other two it bombed. Even Rick Derringer's lethal slide assault couldn't persuade the public into buying it.

Outrageous.

"My Old School" did nothing to repeat Steely Dan's initial flurry of singles success. It's more nostalgia, this time petulant collegiate remembrances from the boys as they recollect those dismal days with the history books and a wild girlfriend. The lightweight melody, offset against a muscular horn arrangement, shows the Dan aren't adverse to a bit of good clean fun.

The following "Pearl Of The Quarter" is overloaded with black humour. Fagen sings about some pure sucker who lost his heart to a cajun queen. Only trouble is her profession is not altogether compatible with romance. Ooh la la. Skunk gets decidedly lyrical on pedal steel on this splendid piece of musical irony.

The album ends with Steely Dan at their finest. And on "King Of The World" the band are, for once, deadly serious. The lyric is apocalyptic, the scenario a post-nuclear attack with the song's bitter protagonist attempting to make contact with anyone left in the same predicament.

Metaphorically, the references to the Rio Grande and "the ruins of Santa Fe" point to the myth of the American "promised land". Fagen keeps back the acid, holding the Frightening Irony Of It All back until the closing stanza:
*If you come around*
*No more pain and no regrets*
*Watch the song go down*
*Smoking cobalt cigarettes*
*There's no need to hide*
*Taking things the easy way*
*If I stay inside*
*I might live 'til Saturday*

Much is made of Steely Dan's musical expertise and, true to form, they turn in a peerless performance here, but their skill as lyricists puts them on an equal footing with Dylan, Morrison and Joni Mitchell.

The introduction perfectly evokes the sinister world outside the fall out shelter. Insane voices babble in confusion and Fagen's characteristically terse Moog solo emphasises the incongruity of the optimism:
*Show me where you are*
*You and I will spend this day*
*Driving in my car*
*Through the ruins of Santa Fe*
*Countdown to ecstasy indeed.*

SO HOW do you follow a classic album — with another one, of course. Whether it was a deliberate ploy or not, Steely Dan's third album "Pretzel Logic" (a pretzel is a sour tasting confection of haphazard shape sold in America, doubtless imported by the Jewish community) combined

the accessibility of "Can't Buy A Thrill" with the ruthless clarity of purpose of "Countdown To Ecstasy" without compromising either.

It also introduced into the band contemporary funk which Steely Dan at this stage in their evolution used entirely to their advantage, something which wouldn't quite get the better of them but which would perhaps introduce a certain feeling of sterility into their music at a later juncture.

As a result, "Pretzel Logic" gave Steely Dan their biggest commercial success to date. The album's cover is a black and white shot of a pretzel vendor outside New York's Central Park in the midst of the annual freeze-out. As per usual the Dan kept a low profile inside the gatefold looking as cheerful as ever.

Despite the plethora of the proverbial sessionmen (and yes, Jim Gordon was present . . .) Steely Dan had lost none of their corporate identity, even if it's true to say that despite Fagen's vocals they sounded like a different band to that which had recorded "Countdown".

In contrast to the sombre arrangements of "Countdown", "Pretzel Logic" is hardly lush, but it does utilise light and shade with polished precision. Garv Katz, an integral part of the set-up, ensures that the production is as sympathetic as it had always been and even more adventurous.

With 11 cuts on the album, Becker and Fagen were recording shorter tracks and solos, but vibing off their musicians to more inspired effect than previously. The opening "Rikki Don't Lose That Number" is a perfect example of this. An idiosyncratic love song underpinned by David Paich's lilting electric piano motif (the album's dominant instrument), "Rikki" is very compact and hyper-commercial. And while Baxter's solo isn't that long, it's highly effective featuring as it does some beautifully fluid playing. For once, Becker's bass is upfront. See what we meant about the black influences?

In case you might have thought that the Dan had gone soft, the subsequent "Night By Night", a graphic portrait of life in the city, would change your mind. The

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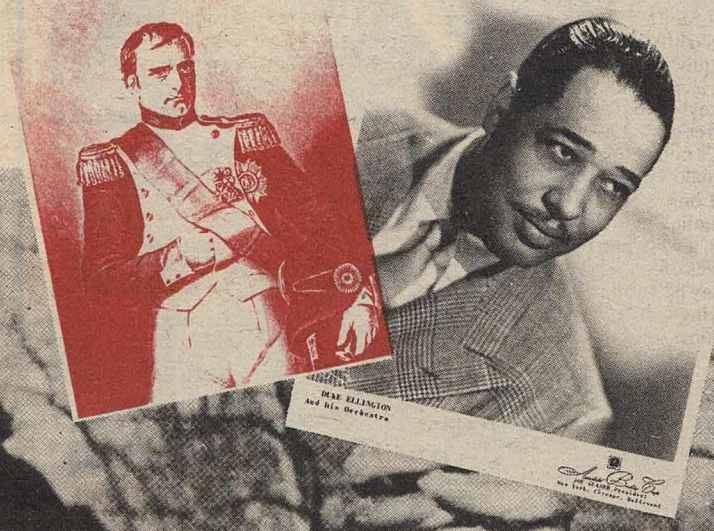
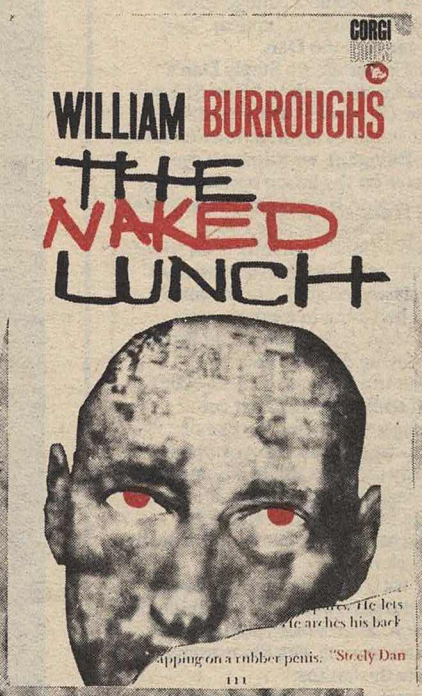
# STEELY DAN

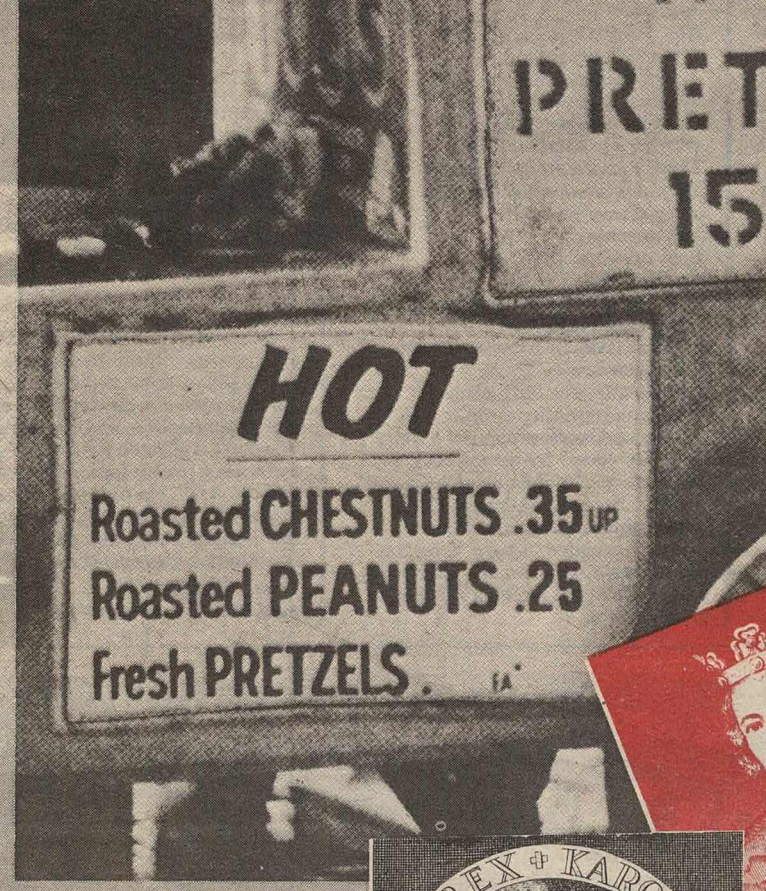
# PRETZEL ~~LOGIC~~ MAGIC

*I have never met Napoleon, but I plan to find the time*



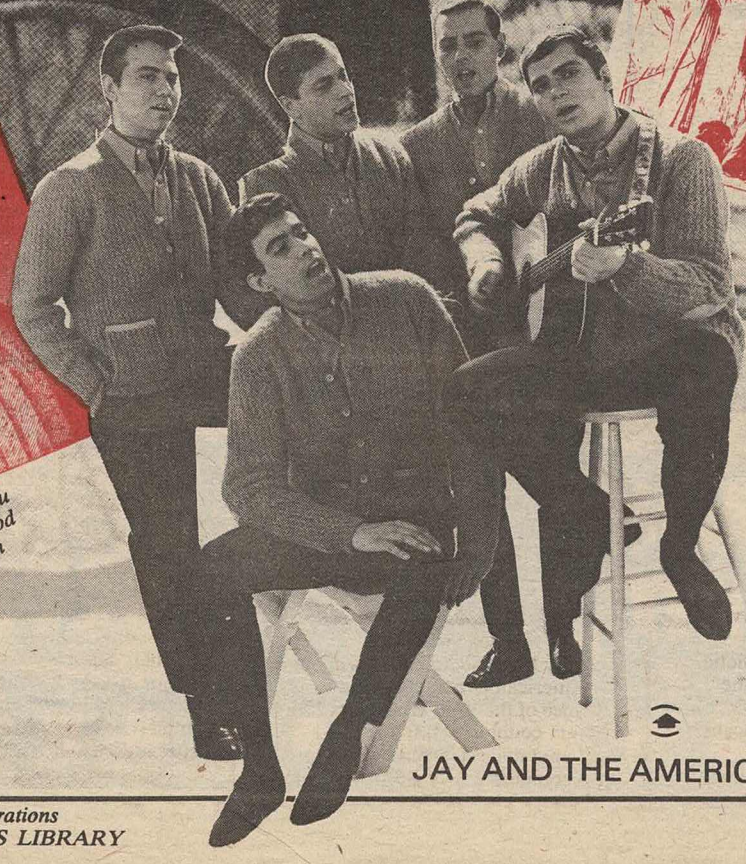

*C'mon man and get a piece of Mr Parker's band*



*We've seen the last of good King Richard*

*Raise up you glass to good King John*

*Get along Kid Charlemagne*
*Get along Kid Charlemagne*



JAY AND THE AMERICANS

*Historical illustrations*
*MARY EVANS LIBRARY*

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combination of blaring horns and tense guitar riffing (very funky) emphasises the lyric's devil-may-care urban philosophy. El Skunk plays a muthah of a solo, gutteral and piercing. New York, New York, it's a wonderful town . . .

"Any Major Dude Will Tell You" — note the jive — oozes street-cool optimism and is punctuated by lovely Moog and guitar figures from Walter and Denny respectively. The 'up' feel is continued on "Barrytown" which brings out some old skeletons from the graduate closet. Fagen puts forward the man in the street's attitude to needle a college clique obsesesed with their hipness. You can't out cool the Dan.

On a lesser album Steely Dan's gimmicky approach to "East St Louis Toodle O" would have jarred, but here it stands as an affectionate nod to Duke Ellington, an acknowledged influence on the group besides being an allusion to Borroughs' "The Naked Lunch". However, side two's "Parker's Band", an infectious tribute to 'Bird', is inspired. The musicians' enthusiasm and skill, as the music rushes headlong in joyous celebration, is quite dazzling; Steely Dan playing at their best.

And the exuberance of "Parker's Band" spills onto the next cut "Through With Buzz", a tale of adolescent disenchantment which perfectly captures the naive wariness of teenage companionship. Not since George Martin's work with The Beatles had strings been so well used on a rock record.

The truly sublime title cut slows down the pace without dampening the euphoria. Here Steely Dan are the last word in cool. Dig the nostalgia, bathe in the bathos:

*I have never met Napoleon*
*But I plan to find the time*
*Because he looks so lonely on that hill*
*They tell me he was lonely, he's lonely still*
*Those days are gone for ever, over a long time ago*
*Oh yeah*

Though structured like a blues, Steely Dan's execution transcends the form. Did Led Zeppelin ever swing like this? Throughout "Pretzel Logic", the Dan's horn arrangements are devilishly inspired and here they're used in such a way as to send shivers up your spine.

Steely Dan have always known how to pace their records, and by sandwiching "With A Gun" between "Pretzel Logic" and "Charlie Freak" they demonstrate again just how good they are at presenting their material. "With A Gun" — with its breezy melody and neo-CSN vocal harmonies — is deceptively lightweight (in actual fact, it's another loser's tale evoking dual images of the Old West and modern corruption) and as such builds up the drama for "Charlie Freak" and what is unquestionably "Pretzel Logic's" heaviest lyric.

For "Freak", Fagen adopts the persona of an unscrupulous pawn broker who rips off a desperate junkie. With maximum ruthlessness Fagen wallows in his despicable act:

*Poor man he showed his hand*
*So righteous was his need*
*And me so wise*
*I bought his price for chicken feed*

Fagen's deceptively joyous piano riff (shades of the classics) not only perfectly evokes images of a brutal New York winter, but also captures the frozen indifference which meets the social outcast's plight:

*Poor kid he over-did*
*Embraced the spreading haze*
*And while he sighed*
*His body died*
*In fifteen ways*

# The Steely Scam, Continued-O.

*Now, you'll swear and kick and beg us that you're not a gamblin' man.*

Miraculous stuff which rams home Steely Dan's musical wit and literary flair.

The closing "Monkey In Your Soul" may not have been in the same class as "Charlie Freak", seeing as how it sounds like it came about after some in studio jamming. Even so, it's the Dan at their dirtiest, Jim Horn's standard raunch sax strung around a funky groove. If it's a filler, it's still great.

So there you have it, three classic albums in a row, Steely Dan bringing musical and literary devices into rock with an intelligence equalled by few in either the '60s or the '70s.

Until now Steely Dan's track record had been immaculate and at last they were getting through to an increasing number of the rock audience. However, internal problems had reared their ugly heads.

Since their ignominious exit from the concert hall in 1974 the Dan had virtually ceased to exist as a live unit. Rumours of a total split were rife and the continual postponement of their fourth album only added fuel to the doubts.

In fact, Hodder and Baxter had left. Doubtless bored with the lack of live performances and the concomitant lifestyle, Baxter had taken refuge with the much maligned Doobie Brothers, a band not noted for their ability to push forward the boundaries of rock 'n' roll.

Jim Hodder left to form his own band though little had been heard of him since.

Surprisingly, Becker and Fagen missed these two stalwarts on the ensuing "Katy Lied", like a blind man misses a white stick: "Katy Lied" was a bad Steely Dan record.

TO ALL intents and purposes the Dan were no longer a band. Judging from the credits on "Katy Lied" (and the overall lack of inspiration seeped through to the cover, not to mention the lame esoterica of the title) drummer Jeff Pocaro — used to good effect on their British tour in tandem with Hodder — and keyboard player Mike McDonald had joined Becker, Fagen and Dias as the group nexus.

Otherwise, "Katy Lied" was down to a who's who of sessionmen — a sure sign of a creative impasse — and the more Becker, Fagen and Katz strived for perfection the more sterile and convoluted the affair became. Katz himself had overproduced, particularly on the drums. It wasn't as if Pocaro was a suitable replacement for Hodder, anyway. And despite an abundance of guitar virtuosity Steely Dan lacked pizazz.

What's more, the material seemed contrived. Becker and Fagen's wit is glib and frequently jars. Side one doesn't even begin to take off until track four — "Daddy Don't Live In That New York City No More" — Fagen delivering the song in his archetypal adenoidal whine. Even then the lyrics smack of an overlong sojourn on the West Coast, the duo failing to evoke the atmosphere of the Big Apple, something they'd done so well on "Pretzel Logic".

Side two is better — with far more continuity and a higher percentage of original melodies; far too often on "Katy Lied" Becker and Fagen seem short of ideas and intent on obscurity for its own sake. Witness "Your Gold Teeth" which failed to be more than a nice tune. Previously a Becker-Fagen song had always been more than the sum of its parts.

"Chain Lightning" attempts to reiterate an old idea and almost succeeds. "Any World (That I'm Welcome To)" is perhaps the only perfect marriage of melody and lyric on the album, with its depressed, doleful yearning.

For the first time Steely Dan received mixed reviews. However, its overt inferiority — as these things seldom do — didn't stop it selling.

Aficionados awaited the next release with trepidation. Elliot Randall, who had contributed to the band since its inception, was asked to join for an aborted tour, but declined.

It was clear by now that Becker and Fagen wanted no part of the conventional trappings of rock 'n' roll fame and were running the risk of trying the patience of even their most commited fans. Word filtered through of their in studio intransigence.

Rick Derringer told of their insistence on perfection. Maybe they were just plain difficult to work with.

THE ENSUING "The Royal Scam" didn't resolve the Dan's creative crisis but recaptured some lost ground. Any pretence of a band democracy had vanished. Denny Dias was even relegated to third place on the guitar credits. And The Crusaders' Larry Carlton got most of the axe action.

As far as songwriting went, Becker and Fagen were back on form. The lyrics are more substantial and better crafted than on "Katy Lied". It could be argued that the words on "The Royal Scam" are Steely Dan's finest ever. The opener, "Kid Charlemagne" (the title itself indicating Fagen's penchant for history and how the song's subject, like Charlemagne, is now a thing of the past), is great. Like Tom Wolfe's *Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* the song manages to convey the impression of the psychedelic '60s, particularly the part played by wizard acid chemist Robert Stanley Owsley, without striking any mood other than ambivalence. The style is unromantic, precise and factual, as Becker and Fagen in the heyday of Haight-Ashbury or some such other LSD crazed place with minimal nostalgia.

*Now your patrons have all*
*Left you in the red*
*Your low-rent friends are dead*
*This life can be very strange*
*All those day-glo freaks*
*Who used to paint the face*
*They've joined the human race*
*Some things will never change*
*Son you were mistaken*
*You are obsolete*
*Look at all the white-men*
*On the street.*

The lyric is bitingly realistic, always Steely Dan's forte.

"The Caves Of Altamira" is the Dan daydreaming again, incorporating the birth pangs of intellectual curiosity as well as taking a swipe at American culture. "Don't Take Me Alive" brings you back to the harsh reality of living in the city in the '70s. Becker and Fagen draw a perfect thumbnail sketch of a cornered criminal — *pace* "Dog Day Afternoon". An unusual scenario for a song. Randall's lurching guitar adds to the tension.

The setting shifts to another newsreel for "Sign In Stranger". Images of seediness abound. In contrast to "Don't Take Me Alive", there is no law in this scenario. The protagonist is full of obsequious contempt for the 'stranger' to this desperate part of the Third World, the other side of the coin to "The Royal Scam". The Dan wheel out suitably exotic percussion and ethnic rhythms.

Aside from the irritating smartness of "The Fez" and the slightness of "Green Earrings", the album's only moment of light relief is the ribald "Haitian Divorce", a British hit single. Larry Carlton retreads a tasty lick from The Crusaders' "Southern Comfot while Fagen makes with the barbed point. The language is pidgin English as the Dan trace the couple's progress from America to the land of Papa Doc and the Ton-Ton Macoute.

Just as "Countdown To Ecstasy" had culminated in "King Of The World", "The Royal Scam" follows suit, leaving its title track — the most overt piece of political and social comment on the album — until last. And Becker and Fagen's gift for the sardonic comes into force again. Images of colonialism, enigmatic though they are, had appeared throughout the record. Now, Becker and Fagen lay all their cards on the table and tell it straight.

The song deals with the fate of Puerto Rican immigrants seeking riches on the streets of New York and their eventual and inevitable ensnarement in the ghetto. An inspired horn arrangement by the main-men and Chuck Findley conjures up the ideal ambience for the immigrants' lost innocence. Having come to America with nothing, they find their Eldorado on the end of a syringe:

*By the blackened wall he does it all*
*He thinks he's died and gone to heaven*
*Now the tale is told by the old man*
*Back home he reads the letter*
*How they are paid in gold just to babble*
*In the back room all night and waste the time*
*And they wandered in from the city*
*Of St John without a dime*
*See the glory of the Royal Scam*

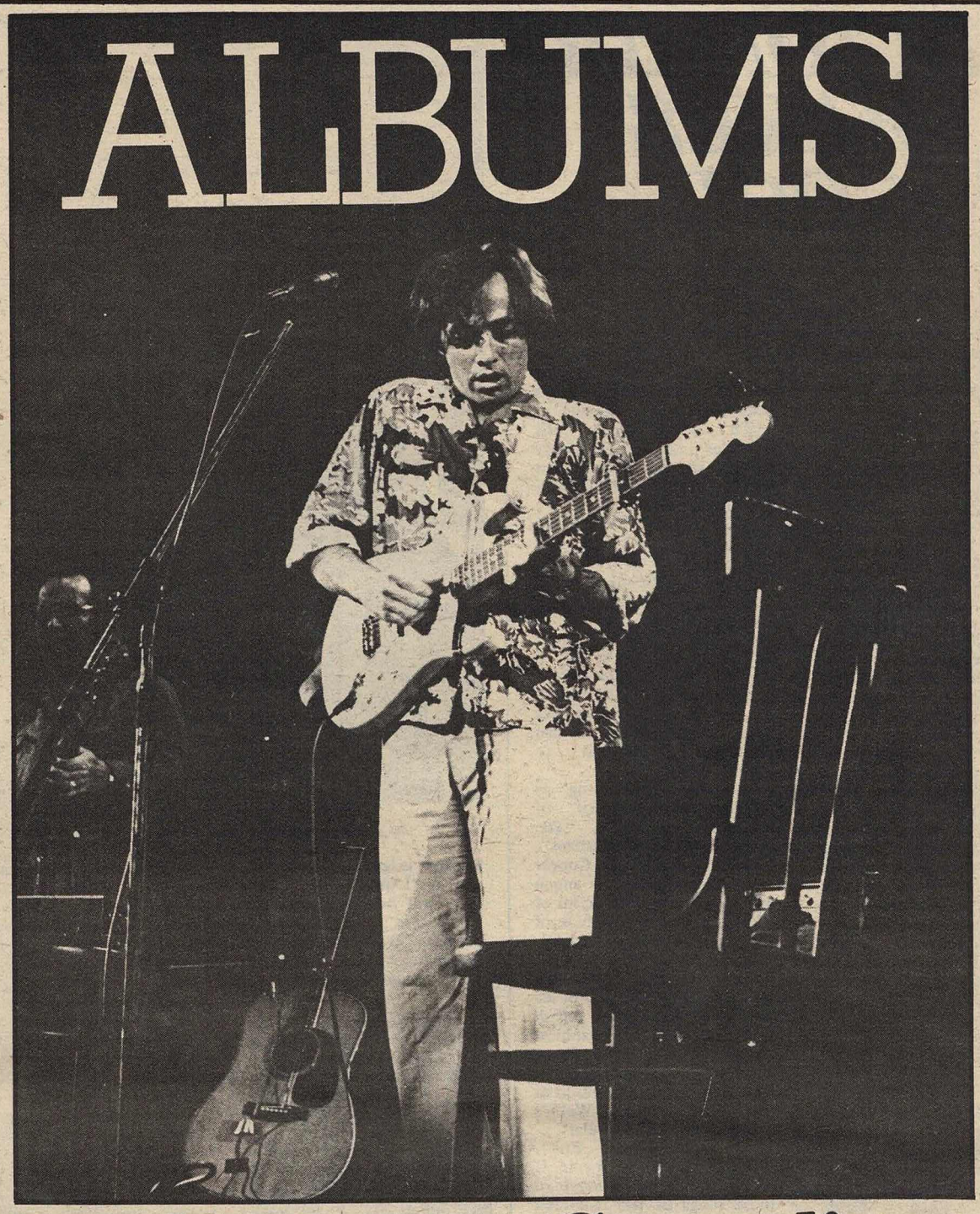
A contemporary "West Side Story". So, "The Royal Scam" had reaffirmed Becker and Fagen's literary talents. Their talent for characterisation is scarcely equalled in rock and on the album they had sharpened their observations even further. However, while the melody lines — unlike those on the previos "Katy Lied" — are once more inspired, the album lacks spontaneity, doubtless because the musicians involved are not paying as a band.

IF STEELY Dan are ever to recapture the intoxicating excellence of their first three albums, they'll probably have to do it by once again working as a more cohesive unit. They still haven't toured since 1974. Currently there is talk that they'll tour America around Christmas and will pay a long overdue visit to these shores sometime next year.

A new album, possibly a double (and presumably this would help Steely Dan to disengage from ABC, for whom they've previously aired their displeasure — and sign with Warners) is planned for no later than September release under the tentative title of "Aja", but then you never know with the Dan, certainly one of the '70s rock bands who prove just how limitless the genre can be.

*Lyrics reproduced by permission Anchor Music*

# ALBUMS



# Cooder tat no Coup d'etat (geddit?)

**SHOW TIME**
*Ry Cooder & The Chicken Skin Revue (Warner Bros.)*

OF COURSE, it's good. I mean, as if you even had to ask . . . Ry Cooder has long eclipsed that point where one would dare entertain the thought of him turning out an album that was anything less than, well, good.

His name on any album jacket spine is proof positive of product housed within that will be forever tasteful, devoid of all things bland and trivial, supremely well crafted, a proverbial feast of finely honed stylistic matings, etc., etc.

*But* . . . but "Show Time" is not great Cooder and even though in many respects it stands far, far above yer conventional live rock album product, this, Cooder's first 'live' recording, has left at least this fan oddly dissatisfied.

Superficially, a live album seems like a smart ploy, seeing that, with last year's exquisite "Chicken Skin Music" shifting a respectable number of units, plus that sensational Chicken Skin Revue bedazzling all of us who communed at Ry's gigs earlier this year, Cooder's career is at its proverbial commercial ascendant both here and o'er the big pond. Market research has proved during these past two Frampers-dominated years that live albums released at certain lay periods can elevate an artiste from well trudged cult status straight up to national prominence in one deft move.

This taken into consideration, Cooder's "Show Time" may well be cited as the master craftsman's first real concerted vinylised nod to a potentially wider audience.

I mean, look no further than Track One Side One for an arguable comfirmation of this. Ry slips the only studio cut of this opus into proceedings, giving Gary U.S. Bond's old chestnut "School Is Out" a buoyant bustling work-out with that peculiar Spanish-fly shuffle rhythm of his underpinning a full Chicken Skin role-call; mariachi horns, three man back up chanting, even that elegant bottle neck sound giving this prefacing work the full Cooder kitchen sink production treatment.

From here on in the listener is afforded some 35 minutes of live Cooder with his full revue, recorded at a Music Hall in San Francisco late last December during the West Coast tour undertaken just before his unforgettable European visit.

A brief, Impressions-like accapella intro courtesy the excellent three piece gospel choir, and Cooder's beautiful guitar picking sets the mood before Cooder himself steps up the pace to deliver a sparse but invigorating "Alimony", his wasted stumblebum voice meshing perfectly with the shot-silk gospel tones of his three counterparts.

Yet right here one can denote a problem in this recording. There's an intimacy to the performance, certainly, and each player is impeccable, but the sheer muscle that Cooder granted the studio version of the same song on his first album is replaced only by a sparse sinewy quality lacking in presence.

It's a problem that is going to crop up again throughout "Show Time," right to the finale of "Smack Dab in the Middle" which is taken too fast and performed as a full tilt excuse for several Chicken skinners to blow free for a number of bars (Cooder even takes a minute out to introduce the members of the band individually, not a particularly smart concept for a live album set-up).

Between "Alimony" and "Smack Dab," Cooder's band covers a lot of diverse territory, wherein the problem of actual 'ensemble presence' is surmounted only on a handful of occasions.

The first two tracks on Side Two for example are successfully warm and intimate, and more textured due to their showcasing accordionist Flace Jiminez. Cooder takes a firm back seat, particularly on a new tune "Volver, Volver," a vintage Jex-Mex ballad that Jiminez sings on as well as granting a delightful accordion solo. Unfortunately though, however well the band play here, the song itself is not particularly striking and the whole operation ends up sounding like nothing more than a highly proficient combo playing at any Sloane Street Mexicana eatery.

A medley that includes the old "Do Re Mi" is also as trite as it sounds impressive.

When all is said and done, "Show Time" is worth the obligatory purchase just for two tracks. "How Can A Poor Man Stand Such Times And Live" first appeared in Cooder's repertoire on "Into The Purple Valley" where it was played in an up tempo fashion highlighting Cooder's wasted croon to great effect. This live version is slower, consequently more down - in - the - gutter desolate and soulful, its very sparseness making the whole performance ache vividly. An inspired re-working at the very least.

And then, best of all, is "Dark End Of The Street." Now a number of reviewers before me have already singled out this stately version of the early '60's classic as *the* musical high point — Richard Williams even devoted a whole column to describing the beauty inherent in the interaction 'twixt gospel singers Bobby, Terry & Eldridge King and Cooder's impassioned guitar picking on this one number the night the Revue played Hammersmith Odeon. Well, here it finally is — and yes, it is every bit as good as those superlatives indicated, even though I still denote just the slightest passion-drop in this track's journey from the stage itself to this here vinyl.

I'll be keeping this album around anyway just for those two tracks. The rest, despite a number of inticements, just doesn't possess the glorious variety and presence of Cooder in the studio. Aficionados will buy it anyway but for those newcomers amongst you, take some well-meaning advice and double back to "Purple Valley" or "Paradise Bar & Grill" in preference to "Show Time."

Oh and yes, the sleeve design is as great as ever but then you don't need me to tell you that either, right!

**Nick Kent**

**ROY BUCHANAN**
*Loading Zone (Polydor)*

FOR a man as purportedly inspirational to so many rock guitarists on both sides of the Atlantic, Roy Buchanan's latest album is wholy uninspired.

Teaming him with Stanley Clarke (as producer) was probably not such a great idea, since that excellent bassist has wielded his influence further than the console. Various of Clarke's chums crop up as guest stars — Jan Hammer and Narada Michael Walden, for starters — and are joined by the likes of Steve Cropper and Donald "Duck" Dunn.

All very well and good, except that they're not entirely suited to a grassroots guitarist like Buchanan. Only on the straightforward "Ramon's Blues" is Buchanan's pristine playing heard in its element and Roy has the added advantage of trading solos with Cropper.

The ploy is repeated less effectively on his ill-judged reworking of the classic "Green Onions", in which the fundamental incompatability of his and Cropper's styles is thrown into sharp relief. The fact that this track is allowed overstay its welcome by some three or four minutes doesn't help, nor does the metronomic quality of the rhythm section, who set the pace a fraction fast.

Buchanan's own originals are no less lacking in depth, ranging from the vapid "Hidden" (a triptych performed in collusion with Hammer and Clarke to prissy accompaniment from flutes and strings) to "The Circle", a banal piece of windy philosophising with ineptly wet chanting from singer Scott Musmanno.

The '50s-style picking by an unaccompanied Buchanan and Clarke on "Adventures Of Brer Rabbit And Tar Baby" is undeniably attractive but inconsequentially trifling and on "Your Love", the album's finale, Roy puts down guitar and picks up microphone.

Although the preceding cuts have been gravely disappointing, that kind of draconian measure is uncalled for; the guy's a lousy singer and the song's soppy cliches don't rate the dignity of print, leave alone being recorded for posterity.

**Monty Smith**

**GEILS**
*Monkey Island (Atlantic)*

NOT SURPRISINGLY, the first word Mr Peter Dunaway utters on Geils' newie (aww c'mon, boys, "J Geils" was much cooler) is in the imperative — "Lissun!" Thing is, I'm listening and I can't for the life of me fathom the direction of those baad boys from Boston. Sorry.

On the face of it the Graduates of the College of Musical Knowledge have backed up their usual live testament (last year's "Blow Your Face Out") and got down with the proverbial studio mind crusher. Band production, heavy arrangements, epic cuts, back-ups to make Arif Mardin stop the HP on Claude Nobs. Yeah, the Whole Earth Catalogue and more.

Trouble is it doesn't add up quite. Side one at least is not even a slow burner, it fizzles but fails to ignite for me anyway. For starters they come on a la New York high grade industrial funk, exhortations to "Surrender" from Cissy Houston.

So the boys are listening to Bowie a lot but they sound uncomfortable with this slice of macho breast-beating. Unorthodox sexuality courtesy of Wolf but it has a sheepskin vibration. What's more the old Motown curio routine is worn out. Like "I Do" is lame and tired, wouldn't have passed this one on "The Morning After".

Not until "Somebody" does this show lift off. The reviewer's problem here is that Geils have mixed the dive bombers with some real napalm. At their best they are America's finger to the Stones. Why do they keep that latent power in hock sixty per cent of the time?

"Somebody" is straight off the hip stage storming.

J. Geils himself is in tip-top condition, save that too often the grandiose becomes the enervating. I had this sociological study on how "Monkey Island" was the product of too many dollars, not enough serious recognition and on the road fatigue. The mood is down for this crew. Less than the normal quota of push and shove till I get sore from Faye's man and plenty of solemn soul baring.

# *GEILS: Grand Slam or Grand Sham?*

"I'm Falling" adds up to an admittance that Wolf might come on like a twenty four carat stud but he's got feelings as well. The voice is stretched beyond sentimental self-pity but the arrangement, pure "A Star Is Born", ruins the content.

Side two is up to scratch, strangely muted, occasionally safe but more like the J Geils of "Nightmares", 1974's essential hard rock cafe platter and mincer of the old cliche that they are solely a live outfit. The title track is a trail blazer for Seth Justman. Influences at work to my ears include The Crusaders meet Elia Kazan and Jesus, J Geils' first solo is an old Garcia lick . . .

This one has a plot, shades of dark dealings under Brooklyn Bridge: *"The fish jumped from the water/And started walking home/The birds all started screaming/And dove into the foam."*

Get into the spirit of the thing and the mood is genuine paranoia in the vein of "Chimes", scare the pants off ya. Magic Dick solos on trumpet and harp; technology rears its potent head. It should be a live classic with its six movements, everyone more scary than they've been before.

Louis Armstrong's "I'm Not Rough" drops the tempo to reality. The black hand of vengeance becomes the hokey-kokey; your mother will dig it. Good clean fun again as Wolf drops his guard with some humour, *"I'm not rough and I don't bite, the woman that gets me gotta treat me right."* Send Faye over if you've Dunaway with her, Peter.

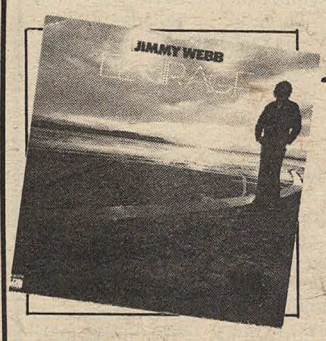
"So Good" is off the Stax wall, finger popping smooch and tasty on the cans even if Wolf acts wasted. The nervous energy grinds to a halt. On the other side Dave Thoener's Donna Summer phasing ensures a disco mix in your front room.

They save the killer shot for the end. "Wreckage" is like a Dylan parody with exact Zimmerman phrasing. I can't decide whether Wolf is for real, as in autobiographical, or distancing himself from the rock and roll charade. Musically it is scaled on huge proportions, echoes of Beaver and Krause and the Cathedral of sound.

J Geils fans will have to decide for themselves. Maybe this is the most honest album Juke Joints' dynamos ever made or maybe it's all an elaborate sham. Life gets tough when you're one rung from the top.

**Max Bell**

# MILLIONAIRE MAKES GOOD (album)




**JIMMY WEBB**
*El Mirage (Atlantic)*

**IF WE'RE to believe the fashionable maxim which states that the possession of wealth is an insurmountable obstacle to producing good, creative work, then Jimmy Webb should have dried up long ago.**

As it is Webb, after his flurry of output and success in the late sixties writing for others (it made him a multi millionaire as well as wrongly giving him a reputation as a "pop writer"), has produced on average an album's worth of new material once every two years.

Not only has the volume of his output been meagre, it's also been singularly unsuccessful — even when given the critical thumbs up. Despite its excellence, Webb's last album "Land's End", released three years ago, his only album for Asylum, barely raised an eyebrow outside the circle of his few admirers.

If Webb was out of vogue then, his name is hardly likely to be heard on the lips of any self consciously hip individual in the current climate. The abilities to construct a finely crafted melody line, a decent lyric and the good sense to have the entire package executed by an arranger, a producer and a collection of musicians who really know their stuff are not, it seems, deemed important by many of those whose opinions are said to count.

Jim Webb has never been one to embody the very spirit of rock 'n' roll. But lest you should have any doubts as to Webb's heart being in the right place just cast your eyes to the trio of individuals to whom Webb has dedicated this album: Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Kurt Vonnegut and Timothy Leary. Jim Webb is hip even if he does put strings on his records.

"El Mirage", produced, arranged and conducted by George Martin, is Webb's fifth solo album and if anything it's an improvement on "Land's End". It's strange indeed that Webb, an experienced arranger and producer, should forfeit this role to the former Beatles' producer who has produced nothing of exceptional merit since.

You'd be forgiven for thinking the combination of Webb and Martin is, on paper, a dangerous one. Both are fond of orchestral arrangements, and could easily have encouraged the other's excesses to detrimental effect.

Such fears are unfounded since Martin has done an exquisite job here, proving that orchestral arrangements don't have to be soppy and can in fact be muscular. He works in total empathy with Webb, emphasising Webb's cosmic themes by creating a feeling of space. There's a lot of music in the grooves of this record, but you never get the feeling it's crammed.

If ever a song needed space, then it's the "The Highwayman", Webb's romantic paean to the Eternity of It All. Martin's device of echoing the verse's subject with orchestral arrangements sounds crass on paper. In reality it works superbly; when Webb concludes by singing about the future and how he will *"fly a starship across the universe divide"* a keyboard evoking space travel comes to the fore of the mix. Simple, but effective.

With its awesome and beautifully resolved melody lines, its economic and lucid lyric, "The Highwayman" is a great song. Witness also the song's inspired coda, something at which Webb excels. His melodies are painstakingly written, so that verse, chorus and coda all have well defined melodies.

On a par with "The Highwayman" are two Webb songs which go back a few years, proof of the difficulty he has in writing new material. This isn't the first time he's recorded "P F Sloan", although the arrangement is new. "P F Sloan" is Webb's ironic tribute to the Sixties protest singer of the same name; Webb attacks those who paid no more than perfunctory attention to Sloan's message.

The other 'old song' is Webb's classic piece of tortured romanticism, "The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress", recorded by both Joe Cocker and Judy Collins, ample evidence of the eclecticism of Webb's material. The bulk of Jim Webb's songs defy classification.

While his own personality lurks in the background of his material, *"a madman full of beer"* in the autobiographical "If You See Me Getting Smaller I'm Leaving" (and even then he sings about himself in the third person), Webb's songs here are not insular.

As with "Land's End", Webb's underlying theme is that of lost love. Though in these songs he has tempered his grief with a cosmic awareness. I'm not going to pretend I understand this album totally, but it's only too obvious that it's the work of an honest, committed performer working well away from 'product' who's hideously underrated.

Webb has said that if "El Mirage" is ignored in the same way as "Land's End", then it may well be his last record. While that kind of audience blackmail is horribly neurotic, it's a great shame he doesn't have a wider audience.

**Steve Clarke**

*"Shucks you guys, it was nothing."* ***Pic: PENNIE SMITH***

**AVERAGE WHITE BAND & BEN E KING**
*Benny and Us (Atlantic)*

WHICHEVER WAY you look at it, it has to be a good deal.

The Average Whites have got themselves a vocalist whose authority cannot be questioned. And Ben E King has acquired a backing band that's among the snappiest and most inspired in the business.

If anything, it's the punters who come out of it the best, because the result of this inspired partnership is a sublime set of songs that deserves to be a huge success.

Far too often, such collaborations never progress beyond the jamming stage, with disastrous results on record. But this time, there's a bright batch of strong material to match the quality of the performances.

Only John Lennon's "Imagine", buried deep on side two, has the suggestion of being a hasty, ill considered choice. Otherwise, the judgement of the new team is immaculate.

What's more, there's not a single disco cut among the eight they've assembled. Some may consider that a massive bonus in itself.

"Get It Up For Love", the opener, is the set's sharpest dance cut. Without resorting to overkill King makes every note count and, in response, the band's rhythm section turn in a taut, tight performance precisely calculated for maximum effect. Restraint succeeds where flat-out assault would have failed.

The album's finest song is the next one up, a ballad called "Fool For You Anyway". It starts out with one of those voice-over monologues that always teeter close to caricature. King carries it off, though. On the song proper, he turns in a classic anguished performance, and the strong melody is borne up even higher by a briskly chiming rhythm guitar. For added effect, Jim Mullen is brought in for an axe solo that's terse and to the point.

"A Star in the Ghetto" is a triumphant exercise in self justification for all concerned. *"I'm a star in the ghetto."*, sings Benny, *"If I never make Broadway"*. Sliding strings, arranged by the omnipresent Arif Mardin, and a stuttering sax solo firmly complement the mood.

With "The Message", there's a reminder of King's "Supernatural Thing" album. The sparse vocal line gives the band an excuse for a flash instrumental workout. While King's chant reveals that *"the message is love"*, Hamish Stuart and Onnie McIntyre slug it out in a classy clash of guitars, and Steve Ferrone lays down a beat as crisp and as solid as Al Jackson used to.

Side two is barely less impressive. "What Is Soul" answers its own question with panache. Donny Hathaway's "Someday We'll All Be Free" is rendered with great sensitivity. Then, after the relative letdown of "Imagine", Alan Gorrie's "Keepin' It To Myself" closes the set in exuberant fashion.

Until Ben E King came along, the Average Whites were flagging somewhat. Both Hamish Stuart's falsetto and the flow of good, new material seemed to have given out.

So let's hope this is a collaboration that lasts. If it proves to be no more than a temporary expediency, the Average Whites won't be the only losers.

**Bob Edmands**

# The Miami Transfer

## CLIFF WHITE rounds up the TK sound

*AFTER SEVERAL year's of British release through President Records, earlier this year Henry Stone's Miami-based TK conglomerate switched outlets to RCA, who have already put out several singles (including current top tenner, "Do What You Wanna Do" by T-Connection) and the following albums.*

**LATIMORE**
*It Ain't Where You Been — (TK).*

ABSOLUTELY ACE. Benny Latimore is a superb blues-soul singer, rather like, if you'll pardon the cliched comparison, a cross between Bobby Bland and Ben E. King but with a distinct character of his own.

*Unlike* the aforementioned, he also writes most of his own material and plays keyboards, which generally means the delicate electric piano accompaniment that's such a perfect foil for his rich, rewarding voice. On top of that, if images sway your opinion at all, he's a really raunchy looking dude as well.

All in all, he's one of *the* great unknowns and it's a damning reflection of British taste that he hasn't made any kind of impression over here since he first poured his soul onto record about a decade ago.

I believe this is his fifth album. Although I've only heard two of its predecessors I'd bet that it's his finest, not because of the songs or his treatment of them — which have always been good — but because of the arrangements. In the past he's sometimes been subjected to inappropriate finger-popping swing tracks; here it's all cool and mellow rhythm with subdued horn parts, the occasional tasty sax solo and some of the least offensive string work I've heard in months. Contains the great hit single, "Somethin' 'Bout 'Cha", but that's academic; it's all excellent.

*Benny Latimore*

**FACTS OF LIFE**
*Sometimes — (TK)*

ANOTHER PEACH. FoL are Keith Williams and Chuck Carter, both of whom have recorded independently, and Tyrone Davis's sister Jean, who's also had a wealth of experience, including several years supporting her superstar brother.

Millie Jackson, who produced this album (a recommendation in itself), put them all together as The Gospel Truth, a name that's been changed 'cause folk got confused about their music.

Their sentiments are indeed scandalously secular, thereby justifying the namechange, but their singing is strictly sanctified. Judging by the sleeve pix, their image is aimed at supper clubs; don't let that fool you, they rip the heart out of everything they tackle.

The album isn't consistently wondrous — sometimes it degenerates to merely very good — but then if you've got your heart in straight you'll think it's worth the price just for the title track and the Banks/Hampton cameo of illicit togetherness, "Caught In The Act (Of Getting It On)". The other nine goodies are all bonus.

**BETTY WRIGHT**
*This Time For Real — (TK)*

"SPECIAL THANKS to all the saints at The House Of God, Miracle Temple", it says here. What with that and the album's title I guess we're to believe that Betty has undergone some kind of personal salvation and emerged a new woman.

Could be, for this is definitely her best album to date. Although there isn't an obvious smasheroo among the nine tracks, they're all very fine, crisply produced, confidently performed announcements of good loving, spiritual and physical.

Her voice has never sounded better. "Give Me More, More, More", Betty hollers with passion, and she sure ain't talking about religion.

**KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND**
*Part 3 — (TK)*

MORE PARTY funk from an outfit that is nothing if not consistent, here cutting their cake into eight helpings. Aside from the fact that "Shake Your Booty" has been a hit single and is therefore more familiar than the rest, the tracks are virtually indistinguishable from one another, the whole album — indeed, their whole recorded output — being one long endless boogie.

With The Fatback Band and others of their ilk I suppose KC and his mates churn out the kind of music that has alienated the great white audience from so called soul. Yet, for all their butt-bumping predictability, they do at least live up to their name, and while I wouldn't recommend that you fork out hard cash for such as this, I guarantee it's a better party soundtrack than the strings 'n' synthesizer excesses of the New York - London - Munich - Hamburg disco machine. Talking of which . . .

**GEORGE McCRAE**
*Diamond Touch — (TK)*

THE MAN who popularized the Miami sound has quit his base to record in New York, perhaps because he was forever being (justifiably) accused of repetition. Unfortunately he's slipped from competent predictability to irritating automaton muzak. Disco music by numbers.

It's no particular fault of McCrae, who's a better singer than he's generally credited to be, but of the tedious material and godawful production and arrangements, most of which seems to be the responsibility of one Gregg Diamond.

**T-CONNECTION**
*Magic — (TK)*

**THE BILLION DOLLAR BAND**
*The Billion Dollar Band (TK)*

BACK TO Criteria Studios, Miami, for two debut releases; the first from a Bahaman quintet, the second from a bunch of TK session musicians.

On the first hearing I was inclined to dismiss both efforts but repeated listening reveals that I've misplaced them in the list. Consider them rated between Betty Wright and KC. However pleasant and musically proficient they are though, I can't see that they've got any more to offer than dozens — nay, hundreds — of similarly talented groups of singer/musicians.

I've said it before and I'll go on repeating it until oversaturation bursts the whole money-grubbing bubble; talent of this mundane order does not deserve to be represented on LP.

If the time and effort that went into these releases had been concentrated into the making of a couple of decent singles we might all be the richer. (And yes, I know T-Connection have got themselves a hit, but since when has that necessarily been a sign of quality?)

**BILLION DOLLAR BABIES**
*Battle Axe (Polydor)*

BELIEVE ME, no matter what anyone tells ya, in rock 'n'roll, there ain't such a thing as an "amicable split".

When, in 1974, Vince Furnier absconded with the name Alice Cooper, the rest of the musicians who had executed him nightly for fun and profit, cursed themselves for not having done the job properly, shook their fists in anger and scampered off to record their very own solo meisterwerks.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars were poured into such projects but, to this very day, not one recorded artifact has ever surfaced. It appears that the ailing Glen Buxton and the more robust Michael Bruce, Dennis Dunaway and Neal Smith had, against their will, been forced into premature retirement.

Though loose tongues have often alleged that on many of the *original* Alice Cooper records it was Rick Derringer, Steve Hunter, Dick Wagner

and Aynsley Dunbar who had often played the lead instrumental roles, the fact remains that of all the songwriting permutations, the band's strength had as much to do with Bruce-Dunaway alliance as Furnier's raging vocals and Bob Ezrin's deft production.

The problem is that most people got 'blinded' by the visual antics and forgot just what excellent hard rock albums "Love It To Death" and "Killer" were. Two albums worthy of the same degree of consideration as the Stooges Elektra era, with first two MC5 albums and The Dolls' legacy.

So while out on the 18th hole, Vince Furnier continues to blow what's left of his credibility as golf-caddy to The Stars, these aforementioned LPs are still a testament to his past ability as a Grade A rock shouter. Now let's spare two minutes silence for the girls he left behind!

Though I'm certain I saw Glen Buxton lurking at Iggy's recent New York gig, it appears that musically he remains permanently inactive and that it has been left to Bruce, Dunaway and Neal to attempt what's left of their career.

This they've done by making Michael Bruce lead vocalist and co opting Mike Marconi (lead guitar) and Bob Dolin (keyboards). But instead of billing themselves as *Alice Cooper Band Without Alice*, they've chosen the title of the ACB's sixth LP, "Billion Dollar Babies."

It doesn't come as any surprise that "Battle Axe", their debut, picks up around the time Furnier jumped off. Which is basically the era in which most American Heavy Metal Marauders continue to operate — three years behind the rest of the world.

These Babies are no better and no worse than any other second league HM band.

Even though Bruce and Dunaway cough up a few half decent ideas, most of "Battle Axe" is given over to trying to re-fry what remains of the old formula. As a result, not once does "Battle Axe" ever come close to attaining the ferocity of either "Love It To Death" or "Killer".

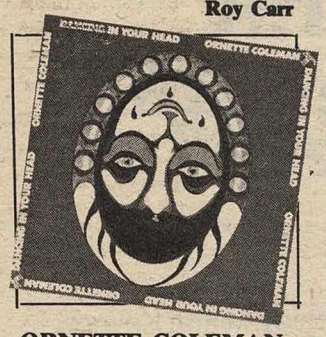
Fr'instance, "Too Young" is just a tepid update of "I'm Eighteen" and Michael Bruce's vocals lack Furnier's hot - breath - of - the - beast nastiness.

Basically the BDB need a front man like Vince Furnier and a producer like Bob Ezrin before both of 'em went right over the top. It's only when HM expert Jack Douglas takes over from producer Lee DeCarlo on "Rock 'N' Roll Radio" that any potential is remotely relised.

Trouble is, it ain't 1974 any longer. Furnier ain't the singer he used to be and The Billion Dollar Babies are not the recording band they once were.

It's been well proven that there's no going backwards in order to go forwards — instead, as Furnier's "Whisky & Lace" and The Billion Dollar Babies' "Battle Axe" painfully affirm, only sideways.

**Roy Carr**




**ORNETTE COLEMAN**
*Dancing In Your Head (Horizon)*

DEFINITELY A record for hard-core jazz buffs.

Ornette Coleman was one of The Men during the late 50's/early 60's, causing consternation by relentlessly leading his group and his playing into what is termed modal improvisation.

The abrasive textures that resulted were one more nail in the coffin that took jazz out of the realms of popular music and into the realm of music appreciated rather than simply liked.

This album is hard to simply like. It makes demands on the listener, the first of which is not to take it off after thirty seconds. Persist however, and what you find is dissonant cacophony that requires some adjustment before it makes any sense.

There are only two tracks: "Theme From A Symphony", which lasts for one and a half sides, and "Midnight Sunrise", recorded four years ago with the Master Musicians of Joujouka — Moroccan musicians playing ethnic drums and pipes whom Brian Jones once recorded.

"Theme From A Symphony" was recorded late last year with a basic rock line-up — both of these facts are significant. Firstly, it's been a long time (at least four years) since Coleman last recorded. Secondly, recording with two guitars, bass and drums is a definite departure for him.

But this certainly isn't jazz-rock, at least not of the accepted kind. The drums rattle along and the bass bubbles around endless variations of the central theme.

Most of the rhythmic drive comes from the two guitarists — a constant slashing pulse that would be basic funky playing if the chords and rhythm followed a recognisable pattern or at least sounded in tune. But they don't, and it takes a good few plays to acclimatise to the way Coleman's open sax solos relate to this melange.

"Midnight Sunrise" simply sounds like Coleman blowing at the Marrakesh bazaar. I can't hear any real empathy but the Moroccan musicians do add a strange haunting depth.

One to test the limits of your appreciation of music.

**Paul Rambali**

**BONEY M**
*Love For Sale (Atlantic)*

ARM IN arm with the movies, rock and roll ceases to be belief and becomes product. I was distressed by the increasingly dehumanised vinyl view of the agonising experience of love, but with the advent of snuff movies and *Salo* — where next?

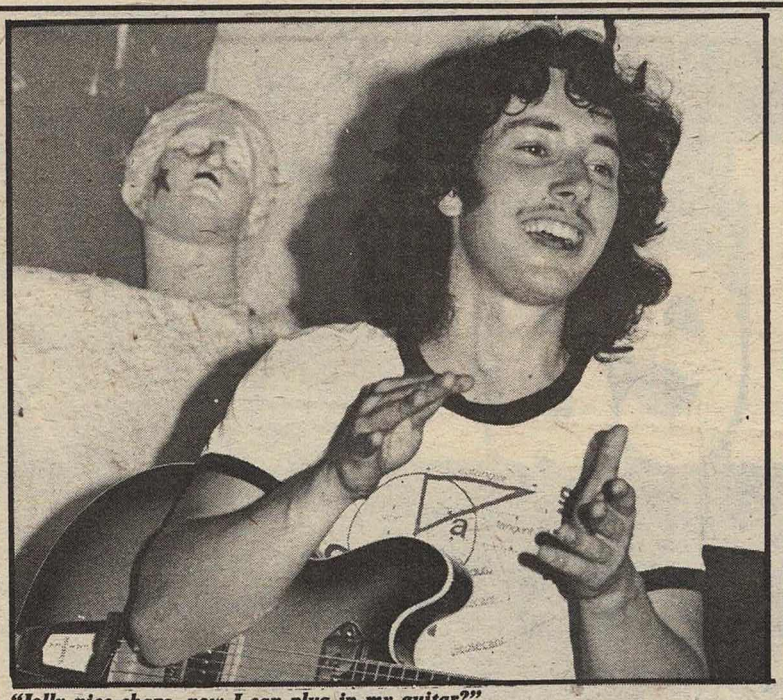
Boney M, grossly offensive with their lifeless rendering of "Sunny", Bobby Hebb's tribute to Bobby Kennedy, adorned the sleeve of their first album by crawling all over each other dressed in white gossamer. In keeping with the even more brutal execution displayed here, they wear nothing but several hefty chains. The ugliness of the photograph is exceeded only by its tedium, especially considering the scope which bondage offers.

And believe me, you would have to be tied down to listen to this trash! Donna Summer's Kraut producers/songwriters/smotherers present hacksaw mutilations of John Fogerty's "Have You Ever Seen The Rain?" and Cole Porter's exquisite "Love For Sale", plus their third hit, a celebration of "Ma Baker", who *"really mowed 'em down"*. Gee, just imagine — in 50 years love songs to Myra Hindley will top the charts.

And there's the pathetic "Belfast": *"When the hate you have for one another's past/Belfast, You'll last"*. Only a German could write obscenity so limp.

I hate this album and I hope no one buys it. Listening to it is an experience akin to being dead.

**Julie Burchill**



*"Jolly nice chaps, now I can plug in my guitar?"*

*"Don't let's forget who's in charge here."*

# "Time for bed!" said Jonathan

## Rock & Roll for the under fives

**JONATHAN RICHMAN AND THE MODERN LOVERS**
*Rock'n'roll With The Modern Lovers (Beserkley)*

A FRIEND of mine who has seen The Modern Lovers reckons they're the best band he's seen in about ten years, since The Who in fact. Jonathan Richman has that sort of effect on people.

I HESITATE to predict whether his quirky charm will have the same effect on the rest of you. I expect the odds are about even that he will reach through your better instincts and grab you by the heart, but I'm certain that whether he does or not depends very much on your first reaction.

The first time I heard "Rock'n'Roll With The Modern Lovers", I laughed myself silly. I bought it straight away. Nothing, not even Richman's last totally eccentric vinyl foray and especially not "Roadrunner", could prepare you for this.

To begin with, Richman's no doubt precarious state of mind has led him to decide that he doesn't need electricity, therefore what you see on the cover is exactly what you get : upright bass from Greg Keranen; very, very faintly amplified guitar from Leroy Radcliffe; acoustic guitar plus one ridiculous sax solo from Richman and a drum kit of the sort foolish parents give to ten year-olds for D Sharpe.

The record sounds as though it was recorded in one take (apparently true) with one microphone (possibly true). Whatever, it's like The Modern Lovers left the door open while they were rehearsing and you're standing just outside. A great production job that led one American reviewer to conclude it was recorded in the studio toilet.

Heaven knows how or why there may well be some connection between this and his discarding electricity — but Rickman also seems to have discovered folk music.

The album opens with an achingly tender instrumental called "The Sweeping Wind (Kwa Ti Feng)", a traditional Chinese folk song of all things.

Elsewhere there's "South American Folk Song", traditional again and best described as Richman Flamenco, also "The Wheels On The Bus", a children's nursery rhyme, "Coomyah", an old Desmond Dekker Blue Beat song (done rough Ska style) about being, er, unable to contain yourself, and finally the closing song is a fingerpopping acappella version of "Angels Watching Over Me", a traditional gospel song.

And the title is "Rock'n'Roll With The Modern Lovers". Well, it isn't rock'n'roll as we know and love it, but it is rock'n'roll : Rickman rock 'n'roll — totally eclectic and indigenous only to him.

Who else would sing about how much the chimes of an "Ice Cream Man" mean to him, or about how when he feels bad all he has to do is go for a ride on the "Roller Coaster By The Sea"?

The musical accompaniment for this untainted sensibility is the time-honoured slapping r'n'b beat : a series of crashes, bumps and janglings from the drums; doowop backing vocals from the Lovers and rock 'n'roll acoustic guitars.

They often threaten to lose the beat, rarely all come in on cue, follow Richman's shouted commands with erratic grace but it all hangs together somehow. Living proof that anyone can make rock'n'roll.

Richman's songs continue to break new ground when it comes to subject matter and he also continues to get away with it all as there is something mysteriously honest and compelling about his perception of the world. He disarms his listener.

And somewhere inside him there's a classic wit at work. On "Dodge Veg-O-Matic", a song about a car he bought that doesn't go anywhere but simply vegetates, he sings, *"Well, the brakes are made of glass and the tyres made of vinyl/You want to take it back but find out all sales are final."* Chuck Berry would have been proud of that.

Jonathan Richman defies everything, is utterly charming, and his almost childlike vision will prove irresistible to readers under five.

**Paul Rambali**

**GEORGE HATCHER BAND**
*Talkin' Turkey (United Artists)*

BY ALL accounts a worthy, hardworking chooglie-boogie act (Angie Errigo dug'em at Brum *NME 9/7/77*) but, sad to say, little of their apparent energy comes over on vinyl.

The choice of single, for starters ("Black Moon Rising"), was singularly uninspired, a misguided hybrid of rock'n'soul replete with sub-Hendrix, girlie back-up chorus and a horribly chaotic, absurdly elaborate brass arrangement.

It's these arrangements (for strings *aussi* by John Mealing) which seriously detract from whatever merits Hatcher's outfit may posess. George writes the songs, then sings them in a suitably strangled voice over a middling- heavy band which includes two fair guitarists — Phil Swan and Big John Thomas (what a prick . . .) — and a neat rhythm section.

But then in come those damn horns, like on "Cadillac", rendering it as outdated as the eponymous auto as a symbol of potency.

Dirge-like ballads ("Ten Years On") are not the GHB's forte, nor are cumbrous attempts at soulful atmospherics ("I Can't Believe It"). And poetic profundities are definitely out: ("Magic Thing").

No, the GHB are best when they play it straight and simple because as far as no-punches pulled riffers go, they're not bad. Witness "I'm Calling" and the relentlessly rolling "Forty Ford". Nothing original maybe, but extremely effective.

Gobble, gobble hey!

**Monty Smith**

## IMPORTS

SIMON'S RECORDS, who recently opened a bargain basement in London's Oxford Street (105-109) are now racking copies of "Fonzie's Favourites", an American TV special.

A 22-TRACK job, it contains not only the "Happy Days" theme plus "Fonz Song" (by the Hyettes) and "Fonzarelli Slide" (by Frank Lyndon) but also a healthy portion of doo wop delights by the **Dubs, Flamingoes, Regents, Coasters, Elegants, Skyliners, Chantels, Imperials** and others.

And — as a final incentive — there's "Impressionist Track", an instructive cut that's aimed at aiding would be Winklers to utter "Aaaay", "Cool", "Nerd" and "Sit on it", in acceptable Fonzie manner.

"High Class In Borrowed Shoes", which appears to be a reissue of a 1975 album by Canuck unit **Max Webster,** has just been released by Mercury. Webster, who had an album called "Hangover" on the market just a short while back, are a four-piece with a Split Enz visual appeal. Comprising Terry Watkinson (keyboards), Kim Mitchell (guitar and lead vocals), Mike Tilka (bass) and Gary McCracken (drums) — there is no Max Webster in the line-up — they've caused a fair buzz around the import shops. Latching on could prove beneficial.

Time was when nobody cared *who* produced records. But nowadays the producer is often a bigger name than the act he's putting into shape. Ferinstance — "Allspice" a black five-piece who record for At Home Records, have Wayne Henderson in the production seat, while **Trooper,** whose latest is "Knock 'Em Dead, Kids" (MCA), seem hung up on the expertise of Randy Bachman.

Despite a mind-blowin' line in supporting armies — would you believe a combination of Little Feat's Paul Barrere, Bill Payne and Ritchie Hayward, plus the M.G.s' Booker T, Duck Dunn and Steve Cropper? — the word is that "Pakalameredith" (Elektra) an album featuring the songwares of **Jimmy Pakala** and **Larry Meredith,** is as valid as a three quid note.

Also around are **The Dramatics'** "Shake It Well" (ABC); **O V Wright's** "Into Something Can't Shake Loose" (Hi); **Eddie Henderson's** "Comin' Through" (Capitol); **Max Romeo's** "Reconstruction" (Mongo); "Red Hot" (Mercury) by **Bruce Fisher,** the singer that co wrote "Body Heat" with Quincy Jones; "In Milan" (Vanguard) from **Joe Venuti,** the prohibition era jazz fiddler, who apparently broke it up at Beaulieu; plus "Music From Other Galaxies and Planets" (Atlantic) a big band spaceshot from **Don Ellis** and **Survival.** The theme from "Star Wars" is included — but then, you guessed that already, didn'tja?

**Fred Dellar**

gong alive....

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# DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

## INSTRUMENTS By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

# A bass of me own . . .

*Our man with the pocket full of heisted picks gets next to the Yamaha Suzi Q bass, the Travis Bean Artist guitar, and the ARP Avatar guitar synthesiser.*

*JAMES DEAN admiring the Suzi Quatro bass. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

IN 1963, George Harrison — then a member of The Beatles pop group — told some schnurdo interviewer that his ambition was "to design a guitar".

What with all his other fascinating little activities, he never got around to it; which is why we ain't going to discuss him any further in this column.

Of the people who *did* get around to blueprinting their dream axes, the Main Man is undoubtedly Les Paul, whose six-string bombshell has provided Gibson with a few months' worth of their finest hours.

The runners-up and honourable mentions department also includes such instruments as Gretsch's Chet Atkins models, Ibanez's Bob Weir guitar, the legendary Burns Hank Marvin guitar and Shadows bass, Gibson's Howard Roberts, Johnny Smith, Tal Farlow, Barney Kessel and — wait for it! — *Trini Lopez* models and such accessories as the Bert Weedon guitar pick, the Eric Clapton and John Entwistle guitar and bass strings and — most historically vital of all — the Charlie Christian pick-up.

The lastest contender in the Dream Axe stakes is the result of a collaboration between Japan's largest instruments manufacturer and rock and roll's smallest bass player. It's black, it's shiny and it's going to be on sale next year at what its Onlie Begetter describes as "a reasonable, competitive price", and it's the Yamaha Custodel a.k.a. the Suzi Q bass.

The Suzi Q originated last year during one of La Quatro's heavy-duty Rising Sun tours when Yamaha gave her a couple of basses and then got back in touch a little later to ask what was wrong with them. Quatro told them, and then they got together to design a custom one-off bass built to specifications and ideas supplied by Suzi and her marital/musical partner Len Tuckey.

In deference to the standards established by the unquestioned brandleader, the Suzi Q is more like a Fender than anything else, with a body loosely patterned after the Fender Jazz bass and a single pick-up split and double-poled like that of the Fender Precision. The neck, however, is more like a Gibson bass neck, flattened as opposed to rounded at the back, and therefore easier to play.

Many players are of the opinion that Gibsons are easier to handle than Fenders, but that the Gibson's gravelly, growling tone is a bit of a pain unless you specifically want the kind of sound established by Jack Bruce.

On the other hand, Suzi feels that while Gibson's bass sound is too gravelly, Fenders sound too clean and don't give enough sustain, which is why the Suzi Q's pick-up and body are designed to add a little Gibson-style dirt and resonance to a basically Fenderish sound — not enough to make it as difficult to record as, say, a Gibson EB2, but with enough to give it a little more balls live than a Fender.

Unfortunately, there wasn't an amp in residence at Rak records when Suzi brought the bass in for unveiling, but as a consolation prize Ms Q played a couple of tapes from a forthcoming Japanese live album on which said bass is heavily in evidence and it certainly sounded pretty businesslike.

Pick it up: it's an unusually lightweight instrument, designed not to turn you into a hunchback after doing a set with it and almost unnaturally resonant, which would imply that — light or not — it'll be quite a high-output instrument.

It's certainly not a "ladies' bass" — I remember the scene in *Dr No* where the Armourer tells Bond that his fave Beretta is "a ladies' gun" heh heh — and since Yamaha have the best track record for sheer quality and durability of all of their compatriots, I can forsee a lot of people getting into the Suzi Q bass if it isn't overpriced when it gets on to the market.

The only aspect of the instrument that might phaze a few possible purchasers is the big gold "Suzi Q" flash on the front of the bass. After all, why should a bass player have to give Suzi Quatro a plug every time he/she (whoops) walks on stage?

"Whadya mean?" protests the authoress. "They won't be plugging me — it's just the name of the bass."

Yeah, lady — tell that to Les Paul.

# Not so hot when hot . . .

THE NEXT artefact to come into my possession is a curious anomaly indeed: what can you say about a super-modern space-age no-expense-spared axe that costs £850, looks great, sounds great, feels great and does everything except stay in tune in a hot room?

What we're talking about is the Travis Bean Artist 1000: it's made of Hawaiian koa wood, which is an ultra-high-density material (and weighs a ton), coated with no less than 22 layers of "aircraft lacquer" (which should make sure that your guitar'll be okay at 25,000 feet), and like all the Bean guitars it's fitted with an aluminium neck (also for added density and, presumably, elimination of undersired vibrations and harmonics).

For the first few days that I had the Bean on loan I thought it was the greatest thing to happen in guitars since Gibson discontinued the Les Paul Junior. It handled very nicely, with just enough resistance on the action to give you a chance to dig in and *wail* when playing lead, a tonal range going from a bright, sharp treble to a nice mellow bass, an extraordinarily high output for a really

■ *continues over page*

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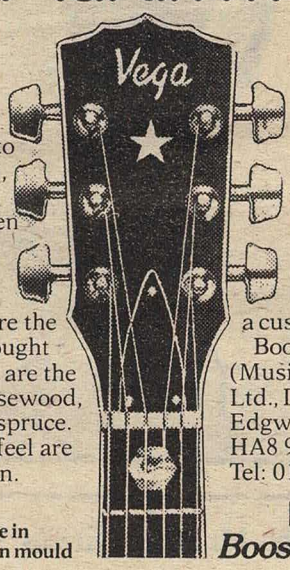


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22nd. July, 1977.

Mike Walsh, Esq.,
New Musical Express,
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Stamford Street,
London, S.E.1.

Dear Mike,

Just a short line to tell you how delighted I am with the response to our fortnightly advertisement.

This has been so good that I would like to come in on a weekly basis from your next issue.

You may not when you told me that a large percentage of your readers were also regular purchasers of music strings, and I only wish we had started our present advertising programme with you sooner.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

Martyn

Martyn How
Sales Director

This is one of the Letters I've received about this page. Why don't you take advantage of this Service too. Mike WALSH.
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# DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL

■ *from previous page*

thick, meaty attack . . . it was great.

I checked the output by adjusting my amp to a standard setting and then playing an Ovation Breadwinner, my own Gibson and the Bean through it in quick succession with all three guitars on full volume. The Bean was easily the loudest of the three (the Gibson was second, he added proudly), and the middle position of the pick-up switch provided a near-as-dammit facsimile B.B. King sound for playin' de blooze.

So all was well. I thought I was in lurve. L-U-R-V-E. I thought I'd found the ideal guitar, and I understood exactly why geezers like Brian Robertson from T. Lizzy and both of the guitarists from Quo had gotten themselves Bean Artists.

Then came the moment cataclysmic disillusionment. I got involved in an evening of heavy-duty jamming one blisteringly hot night in a sweaty, cramped little rehearsal studio, and I took the Bean along to see how it performed.

It was a-maz-ing for about 35 minutes, and then the heat got to the metal neck and the bleeder started to expand. Only fractionally, mind you, but enough to start pulling the strings sharp. I returned it to Rose-Morris, Travis Bean's British distributors, with the request that they either do some work on it or else let me sample a different example of the species.

It came back after a going-over from a craftsman-in-residence, and the tuning was a little better, but still not perfectly reliable. Which is a hell of a problem for an £850 guitar, right? I mean, no matter how wonderful it feels, looks and sounds; if a guitar can't be relied upon to stay in tune then it's ultimately useless.

I sincerely hope that this was simply an individual quirk of an individual instrument, or else that someone in Sun Valley, California (where the Bean operation is located) is currently at work designing an alloy with a slightly higher melting point.

Think how pissed off I'd be if I'd just bought it: I'd have to pay to have it schlepped back to California.

*The TRAVIS BEAN Artist 1000: Koa wood body, aluminium neck, and an £850 price tag.*


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# *Super axe synthesiser in pretention horror*

AND FINALLY some good news and some bad news. ARP (makers of synthesisers of all possible description) have just unveiled a Super Hot Dog contraption called the Avatar, which is a real live guitar synthesiser specially made to allow guitar players to get just as pretentious as keyboard players. All you need to do is install the special pick-up on your guitar, plug into the Avatar and away you go, blatting and whooping and bleating and farting just like all the big keyboard players do.

Some of the effects are undoubtedly highly tempting (like the one that enables you to do a stereo split on the guitar and make the D, A and bass E strings sound like a bass, or the church-organ-and-strings one) but of you're as sick as I am of the endless jack-off pretentioso stuff that keyboard players have been inflicting on the universe, then you'll be rightly suspicious of the carnage that certain techno-oriented guitarists will be wreaking once they get their hands on the Avatar.

It's a great gadget and a massive step forward for humanity etcetera etcetera, but the results of its application look like being horrendous.

Oh yeah, I almost forgot. The demonstration was held at the Meher Baba centre in Twickenham and Pete Townshend 'imself was supposed to be putting the Avatar (appropriate nomenclature, right?) through its paces, but he got cold feet at the thought of meeting Press (even though the assembled journalists were mostly gadget freaks from technical journals) and didn't show up.

*"Whaddya complaining about — my dog showed up."*

# Seven hundred and fifty words of fact for the keyboard player who's tired of being flannelled.

Have you ever noticed that most advertisements tend to be low on fact and high on flights of fancy.

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Pennywhistles are amongst the oldest musical instruments in the world.

They have two unusual characteristics.

They are childishly simple to make.

And they never go out of tune unless they're damaged.

Synthesisers are rather different.

They're highly sophisticated pieces of electronics.

And most of them go out of tune all too readily.

One of the reasons is that they use electricity.

Electricity produces heat. Which in turn can distort the characteristics of the electronic elements.

## At last- intune Synthesisers

Korg are one of the world's leading manufacturers of synthesisers.

Traditionally the company has been an innovator.

One of their most recent is the introduction of a complete range of synthesisers – that always stay in tune.

The methodology is complex – and the subject of a number of patents.

However, it is enough to say that almost alone, a musician playing Korg can give an intune performance from the moment the power is turned on.

KORG POLYPHONIC ENSEMBLE ORCHESTRA 2000

## The Range

Korg then have got the electronics right.

But that alone is only part of the reason for choosing them.

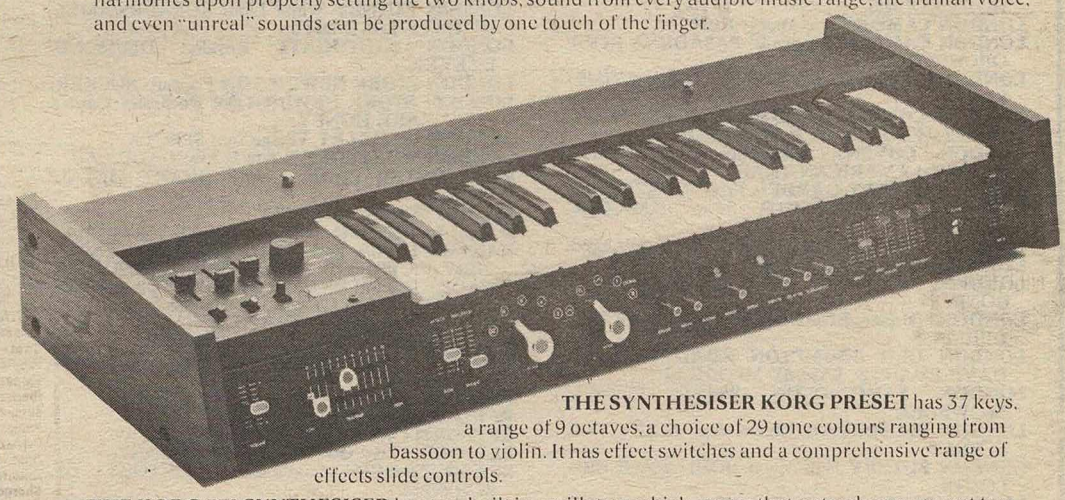
Because Korg have one of the most comprehensive ranges of synthesisers available on the market – Monophonic, Polyphonic, Manual or Preset. At prices which are surprisingly low for such reliability and versatility.

It has been created to give the professional keyboard player a choice of equipment and effects that can be used to meet the most exact requirements.

And all at a price that is spectacularly better than almost anything else available on the market.

**THE KORG 800 DV SYNTHESISER** is basically two synthesisers in one! Two synthesisers, because it has two completely independent Hi/Lo Traveller filters, twin voltage controlled oscillators, twin envelope generators, and double the versatility throughout. Each function on the "Upper" section can be operated completely independent from the "Lower" section.

**THE SYNTHESISER KORG 700S** has exceptional note stability. It's easy to operate and any instrumental sound, colours, effect and original sounds can all be produced. Because the traveller can freely control harmonics upon properly setting the two knobs, sound from every audible music range, the human voice, and even "unreal" sounds can be produced by one touch of the finger.



**THE SYNTHESISER KORG PRESET** has 37 keys, a range of 9 octaves, a choice of 29 tone colours ranging from bassoon to violin. It has effect switches and a comprehensive range of effects slide controls.

**THE KORG 770 SYNTHESISER** has two built in oscillators which means that not only can you get two different tone colours simultaneously, but two sounds with different intervals, three to five parallel tone colours, and scaled noise can also be produced. In addition by use of the ring modulator, non-integral harmonics such as vibrant gongs and chimes can also be obtained. The 770 also has an external input jack to which an electric guitar, electric piano, microphone or another synthesiser can be connected, the tone colours of these various instruments can be changed by using the VCF, Envelope Generator and Ring Modulator circuits and by combining white noise and pink noise.

**THE KORG SYNTHE-BASS** has the minimum amount of functions needed by a synthesiser. Heavy sine wave bass sounds unavailable with previous bass instruments and the intensity of a wooden bass are easily obtained by simply playing the keyboard. Compact design and moderate price.

**THE POLYPHONIC ENSEMBLE 1000** is a new breed of keyboard instrument. With individual tuning for each note, a natural and colourful expressiveness is achieved. Its intricate electronic design provides a kaleidoscope of piano qualities plus an independent synthesised section that runs the gamut of polyphonic sounds.

**THE KORG POLYPHONIC ENSEMBLE "ORCHESTRA" 2000** has a unique string instrument. It provides two chorus, two pipe organ, two brass, and two string presets. These sounds can be varied even further by bass and treble controls. Attack and sustain are controllable as well and the master phasing control adds to the dynamic nature of this instrument.

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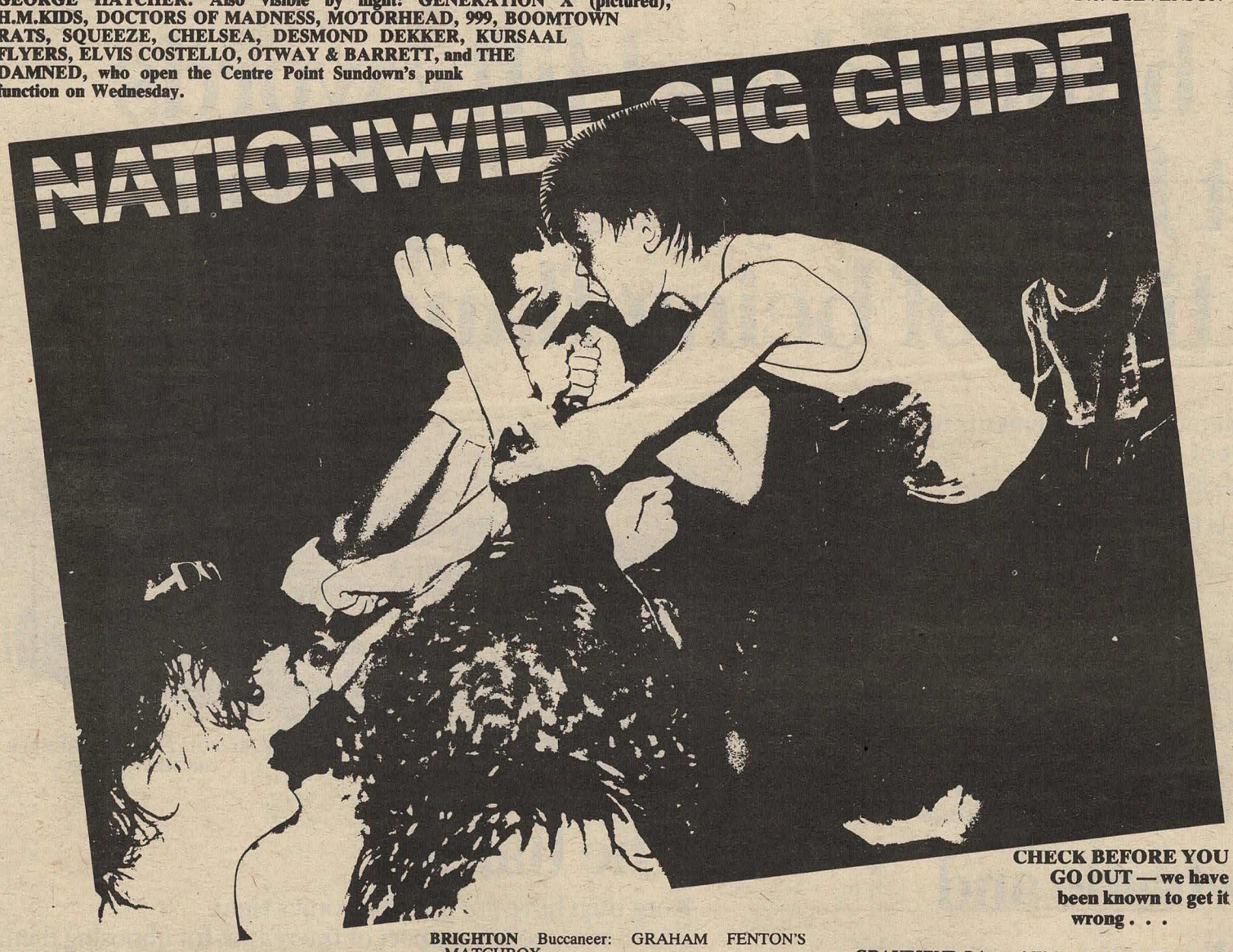
**TED NUGENT descends upon us this week with two gigs at Hammersmith Odeon supported by GEORGE HATCHER. Also visible by night: GENERATION X (pictured), H.M.KIDS, DOCTORS OF MADNESS, MOTORHEAD, 999, BOOMTOWN RATS, SQUEEZE, CHELSEA, DESMOND DEKKER, KURSAAL FLYERS, ELVIS COSTELLO, OTWAY & BARRETT, and THE DAMNED, who open the Centre Point Sundown's punk function on Wednesday.**

*Pic: STEVENSON*

# NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



**CHECK BEFORE YOU GO OUT — we have been known to get it wrong . . .**

## THURSDAY

**BARROW** Maxim's Disco: ZHAIN
**BEDFORD** Nite Spot: "O" BAND
**BIRMINGHAM** Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
**BLACKBURN** Cavendish: OZO (for 3 days)
**BLACKBURN** Lodestar: BOOMTOWN RATS
**BOURNEMOUTH** Village: DAVE LEE TRAVIS ROADSHOW
**BRADFORD** Princeville Club: SONOFABITCH
**CHELMSFORD** City Tavern: TOU PLANX
**CLEETHORPES** Winter Gardens: HEAVY METAL KIDS
**COVENTRY** Mr. George's: BETHNAL
**DERBY** Bailey's: CISSY STONE BAND (3 days)
**DONCASTER** White Hart Hotel: TOPPER
**FALKIRK** Maniqui: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PENETRATION
**GLASGOW** Burns Howff: THE MODELS
**HIGH WYCOMBE** Nags Head: GENERATION X / PINK PUNKS
**LEEDS** Fforde Green: DOWNWEAVER
**LEEDS** Polytechnic: THE CORTINAS
**LONDON BARNES** Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: BEN
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
**LONDON CAMDEN** Music Machine: THE VICTIMS / SALT
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden: IGNATZ / AMERICAN TRAIN
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Roxy: BUZZCOCKS
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**LONDON HARROW RD.** Windsor Castle: STAMPS
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**LONDON ISLINGTON** Hope & Anchor: 999 / LONDON
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**LONDON ISLINGTON** Hope & Anchor: 999 / LONDON
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**LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD** Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
**LONDON PADDINGTON** Western Counties: SLOWBONE
**LONDON PLUMSTEAD** Green Man: JERRY THE FERRET
**LONDON PUTNEY** Half Moon: JOHN SPENCER'S LOUTS
**LONDON PUTNEY** Star & Garter Downstairs: DAVE MITCHELL / CHRIS FRANCIS QUINTET
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: THE ONLY ONES
**LONDON TEDDINGTON** Clarence Hotel: AFTER THE FIRE
**LONDON TOOTING** The Castle: PAINTED LADY
**LONDON W.9** Windsor Castle: LIGHTNING RAIDERS
**MANCHESTER** Midland Hotel: CRY WOLF
**MANCHESTER** Rafters: THE TABLE
**MONMOUTH** White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
**OLDHAM** Bailey's: 5000 VOLTS (3 days)
**OXFORD** New Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
**PAISLEY** Silver Thread: ACME SALVAGE COMPANY
**POYNTON** Folk Centre: JOHNNY SILVO
**REDCAR** Coatham Bowl: KURSAAL FLYERS
**ROMFORD ESSEX** White Hart: GRAHAM FENTON'S MATCHBOX
**RYDE ISLE OF WIGHT** Carousel: MUNGO JERRY
**SOUTHEND** Railway Hotel: THE HEAT
**ST. AUSTELL CORNWALL** New Cornish Riviera Club: DAVE BERRY
**SUTTON COLDFIELD** The Swan: STAGE FRIGHT
**WESTON-SUPER-MARE** Webbington Country Club: SWEET SENSATION
**WORCESTER** The Bank House: MUSCLES

## FRIDAY

**BEDFORD** Nite Spot: THE REAL THING
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: LITTLE ACRE
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
**BOLSOVER** Blue Bell: THE NEXT BAND
**BRIDLINGTON** Spa Pavilion: KURSAAL FLYERS
**BRIGHTON** Buccaneer: GRAHAM FENTON'S MATCHBOX
**BROXBOURNE** Civic Centre: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
**CROMER** West Runton Pavilion: THE 'O' BAND
**DAVENTRY** Community Centre: SOUL DIRECTION
**DUDLEY** J. B.'s Club: 999/LONDON
**GRANTHAM** After Eight Club: JJAG
**HIGH WYCOMBE** Nags Head: TONY McPHEE & THE GROUNDHOGS
**IPSWICH** Gaumont: STEELEYE SPAN
**KEMPSTON** Rovers FC Social Club: THE CRUISERS
**KNARESBOROUGH** Folk Club: KITSYKE WILL
**LEEDS** Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
**LEIGHTON BUZZARD** Bossard Hall: THE ONLY ONES
**LIVERPOOL** Eric's Club: FLYING SAUCERS
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: SQUEEZE
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: SPITERI/TRICKSTER
**LONDON CANNING TOWN** Bridge House: SLOWBONE
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden Downstairs: SLACK ALICE
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Roxy: THE NOSEBLEEDS
**LONDON KENSINGTON** Nashville: DOWNLINERS SECT
**LONDON** Marquee: GENERATION X
**LONDON PUTNEY** White Lion: LURKERS/AMYL NITRATE/TAKE OFFS
**LONDON SOUTHGATE** Royalty: DESMOND DEKKER
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Pegasus: SUCKER
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
**LONDON WEMBLEY** Village Inn: SPECTA
**LONDON WILLESDEN** White Horse: CADILLAC
**MANCHESTER** Electric Circus: HEAVY METAL KIDS
**MARCH** Cromwells: HONKY
**MIDDLESBROUGH** Rock Garden: TRAPEZE
**NANTWICH** Folk Festival: BATTLEFIELD BAND-/NEW VICTORY BAND/DAVE BURLAND/BILL CADDICK/BOB DAVENPORT/MAGIC LANTERN/ROARING JELLY etc. (for 3 days)
**NEWCASTLE** Mayfair: TRAPEZE/GAFFA
**NORTHAMPTON** Silver Cornet: TOPPER
**PAISLEY** Silver Thread: ACME SALVAGE COMPANY
**PRESTON** Duck Inn Grapevine: TRACTOR
**REDDITCH** Tracey's: BETHNAL
**RETFORD** Cat's Cradle: MUSCLES
**SALFORD** Merry Go Round: DAVE BERRY
**SCARBOROUGH** Penthouse: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
**SHEFFIELD** Top Rank: THE WASPS/BOOM TOWN RATS
**SKEGNESS** Eastgate Leisure Centre: JIGSAW
**SLOUGH** Fulcrum Centre: ASWAD
**SWINDON** Brunel Rooms: CHELSEA/CORTINAS
**TETBURY** Dolphin Hall: CREPES 'N' DRAPES
**WALSALL** Bilston Cock Inn: JACK HUDSON
**WICK** Folk Festival: BATTLEFIELD BAND/BOB PEGG/PETE MORGAN/MIRK/JOHN WATT/JOCK MULLEN/DAVEY STEWART/CLACHAN etc.

## SATURDAY

**ABERTILLERY** Six Bells: LOUNGE LIZARD
**ABERYSTWYTH** Football Club: SOUL DIRECTION
**BADGER'S MOUNT** Black Eagle: CYAN
**BILLINGHAM** Folk Festival: WATERSONS/SILLY WIZARD/DON LAW/COUNTRY DANCE BAND/GARY & VERA ASPEY/LAMAS TYDE etc.
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: LITTLE ACRE
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
**BIRMINGHAM KING'S HEATH** Hare & Hounds: NEIL LEWIS & JOHN LUCE
**BIRMINGHAM** Meroat Cross Pub: COLD COMFORT
**BLACKPOOL** Imperial Hotel: KURSAAL FLYERS
**BRIGHTON** Alhambra: TRAPEZE/GAFFA
**BRISTOL** Granary: BETHNAL
**CRANWELL** RAF Base: JJA
**DUDLEY** J. B.'s Club: ZETH
**EDINBURGH** Triangle Folk Club: WENDY GROSSMAN
**EVESHAM** Public Hall: ROB RIOT'S ROWDIES
**FALKIRK** Maniqui Disco: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
**GRAVESEND** Prince of Wales: MARABOU
**HARROGATE** Crown Hotel: JEREMY TAYLOR
**HEATHROW** Centre Airport Hotel: SCREAMIN' LORD SUTCH
**HIGH WYCOMBE** Nags Head: TONY McPHEE & HIS GROUNDHOGS
**LIVERPOOL** Eric's: THE TABLE/XTC
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: BONE IDOL
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: RHEAD BROTHERS
**LONDON CAMDEN** Music Machine: CAROL GRIMES
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden Downstairs: MIKE BERRY & THE OUTLAWS
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden: THE VICTIMS
**LONDON FULHAM** Greyhound: SIDEKICK
**LONDON LEWISHAM** Black Bull: GRAHAM FENTON'S MATCHBOX
**LONDON MANOR PARK** Three Rabbits: SUCKER
**LONDON** Marquee: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
**LONDON N.1** Weavers Arms: ONE HAND CLAPPING
**LONDON SOUTHGATE** Nite Spot: MAJORS
**LONDON** Speakeasy: IGNATZ
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
**MANCHESTER** Electric Circus: DOZY
**MAYFIELD** Parish Hall: FLYING SAUCERS
**PAISLEY** Silver Thread: ACME SALVAGE COMPANY
**SALFORD** Merry Go Round: DAVE BERRY
**SALFORD** Willows: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
**SCUNTHORPE** Priory Hotel: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
**SHARPNESS** Sharpness Hotel: THE CRUISERS
**SKEGNESS** Eastgate Leisure Centre: FLIRTATIONS
**ST. ALBANS** City Hall: THE 'O' BAND
**ST ALBANS** City Hall: FRUIT EATING BEARS
**SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD** Golden Diamond: WHIRLWIND
**WARRINGTON** Lion Hotel: ZHAIN
**WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA** Queen's Hotel: CADILLAC
**WIGAN** Casino: MOTORHEAD/COUNT BISHOPS
**WORMINGFORD** Village Hall: HYMIE BLOWS IT
**YEOVIL** Johnson Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA

## SUNDAY

**AYLESBURY** Kings Head: STRANGER
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: CRANOCK
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: MENSCH (lunchtime)
**BIRMINGHAM** Gornal Baths: THE HOBBS
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: BULLETS
**BLACKPOOL** North Pier: JOHNNY TILLOTSON
**BRIGHTON** Top Rank: SWEET SENSATION
**CHELMSFORD** City Tavern: AFTER THE FIRE
**DOUGLAS ISLE OF MAN** Palace Lido: KURSAAL FLYERS
**DUMFRIES** Balcastle Hotel: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
**GT YARMOUTH** ABC: STEELEYE SPAN
**HARROWGATE** Lounge Hall: MARION MONTGOMERY
**HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** Great Harry: DYNAMITE
**LEEDS** Fforde Green Hotel: SONOFABITCH
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: STAN SMITH BAND
**LONDON CHALK FARM** Roundhouse: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT/SQUEEZE/FRUIT EATING BEARS/CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
**LONDON CLAPHAM** Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
**LONDON FULHAM** Greyhound: VHF
**LONDON GREENWICH** Well Hall Open Theatre: RICHARD DIGANCE/PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA
**LONDON HARROW RD.** Windsor Castle: FRACTURE
**LONDON KENSINGTON** Nashville: ELVIS COSTELLO
**LONDON LEYTON** Lion & Key: WHIRLWIND
**LONDON LEYTON** Three Blackbirds: SUCKER
**LONDON** Marquee: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
**LONDON REGENT'S PARK** Open Theatre: ASHRA/STEPS
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: LEE KOSMIN BAND
**LONDON TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD** Other Cinema: film — "JANIS"; live on stage CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
**LONDON W.C.1** Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
**MANCHESTER** Electric Circus: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/PENETRATION
**MANCHESTER** Poco Club: OSCAR
**NOTTINGHAM** Boat Club: ZHAIN
**POYNTON** Folk Centre: TANNAHILL WEAVERS
**REDHILL** Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
**SAFFRON WALDEN** Corn Exchange: TOM ROBINSON BAND
**WORTHING** Pavilion: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA

## MONDAY

**ARNOLD CROSS** Keys: CYRIL TAWNEY
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ: SHADES
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
**BIRMINGHAM** Rebecca's: PALOMINO
**BRISTOL** Folk Tradition: WENDY GROSSMAN
**CHESTERFIELD** Aquarius: TRAPEZE / TRICKSTER
**CHIGWELL ROW** Camelot Club: BLUEBERRY BUCKLE
**DAVENTRY** Bannaventa: CADILLAC
**DONCASTER** Outlook: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PENETRATION
**EDINBURGH** Tiffany's: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
**ERDINGTON** Queens Head: QUILL
**GREAT YARMOUTH** Tiffany's: BILLY OCEAN
**HULL** New Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
**ILFORD** Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
**LEEDS** Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
**LEICESTER** Bailey's: JALN BAND
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: SCARECROW
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: BRIAN KNIGHT BAND
**LONDON CAMDEN** Music Machine: TOM ROBINSON BAND
**LONDON HARROW RD.** Windsor Castle: J.J. JAMESON
**LONDON KENSINGTON** The Nashville: LONDON
**LONDON** Marquee: JENNY HAAN'S LION / CRUISER
**LONDON SOHO** Crackers: THE SLITS / THE PREFECTS / TANYA HYDE & THE TORMENTERS / NOW
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: THE PLEASERS
**LONDON WEALDSTONE** Royal Oak: MICK PEARCE
**PLYMOUTH** Top Rank: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT / FRUIT EATING BEARS
**PLYMOUTH** Top Rank: STRIFE
**SOUTHPORT** Dixieland Showbar: ZHAIN
**SWINDON** The Affair: ELVIS COSTELLO
**WESTON-SUPER-MARE** Webbington Country Club: THE FLIRTATIONS
**WHITBY** Spa Pavilion: MARMALADE

## TUESDAY

**BELFAST** Lamb's Lorry: STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: CHELSEA/CORTINAS
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
**BOURNEMOUTH** Village: DELEGATION
**CARDIFF** Top Rank: KURSAAL FLYERS
**CARLISLE** Twisted Wheel: ZHAIN
**HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** Great Harry: TEQUILA
**HULL** New Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
**KIVERTON** Lord Conyers: CYRIL TAWNEY
**LEICESTER** Bailey's: JALN BAND
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: BORDER LINE
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: GLORIA MUNDI
**LONDON CAMDEN** Music Machine: NEW CELESTE
**LONDON FULHAM** Greyhound: ALLAGUS
**LONDON HAMMERSMITH** Odeon: TED NUGENT/GEORGE HATCHER BAND
**LONDON KENSINGTON** Nashville: BOOMTOWN RATS
**LONDON LEYTON** Lion and Key: FLYING SAUCERS
**LONDON MANOR PARK** Three Rabbits: CADILLAC
**LONDON** Marquee: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/PENETRATION
**LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD.** Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
**LONDON OXFORD STREET** 100 Club: RICO & HIS BAND/ROBERT WAKELY BAND
**LONDON** Queensbury Square: KOSS
**LONDON SOHO**Crackers: THE ADVERTS/STEEL PULSE/MASTERSWITCH/THE OUTSIDERS
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: XTC
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: TRAPEZE/GAFFER
**PLYMOUTH** Woods Centre: BETHNAL

## WEDNESDAY

**BIRMINHAM** Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: FUNKTION
**BOLTON** Blighty's: BILLY OCEAN
**BRISTOL** Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
**BROMLEY** The Squire: STAGEFRIGHT
**CARLISLE** Border Terrier: ZHAIN
**FALKIRK** Maniqui: GENERATION X
**FARNWORTH** Blighty's: BILLY OCEAN (4 days)
**FOLKESTONE** La Clique: BRUCE RUFFIN
**GUILDFORD** Kings Head: STAN SMITH BAND
**HUCKNALL** Linby Club: BETHNAL
**KETTERING** Freewheeler: EXODUS
**LEICESTER** Bailey's: JALN BAND
**LIVERPOOL** Havanna Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: BAZOOMIS
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: RICO
**LONDON CAMDEN** Music Machine: THE WASPS
**LONDON CHARING CROSS** Sundown: THE DAMNED / THE ADVERTS / FRUIT EATING BEARS
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden: TYLA GANG
**LONDON FULHAM** Greyhound: BABYLON
**LONDON HAMMERSMITH** Odeon: TED NUGENT / GEORGE HATCHER BAND
**LONDON HARROW RD.** Windsor Castle: AMAZORBLADES
**LONDON** Marquee Club: CORTINAS
**LONDON PUTNEY** Half Moon: JOHN STEVENS AWAY
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: STATELINE
**MIDDLESBROUGH** Madison Club: OZO (for 4 days)
**PLYMOUTH** Woods Centre: KURSAAL FLYERS
**READING** Target: SIDEKICK
**RYDE I.o.W.** La Babalu: HIGH VIBRATIONS
**SOLIHULL** Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND

## RESIDENCIES

**ABERTILLERY:** JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT/FRUIT EATING BEARS
**SOUTH WOODFORD** Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
**SWANSEA** Brangwyn Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
**WINDSOR** Castle: AMAZORBLADES
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Civic Hall: STEELEYE SPAN
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Lafayette: JENNY DARREN
**YORK** De Gray Rooms: CHELSEA

# ON THE TOWN

## Dave Edmunds Nick Lowe Elvis Costello

**LIVERPOOL**

**HEY, IF THINGS keep on like this Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe are going to be our very own Gregg 'n' Cher. Not that all is hunky dory — it's dramas a-go-go in fact. A bleary-eyed Lowe is hunched in one corner of the pub while an equally weary looking Edmunds socialises in the opposite corner.**

**On first meeting after Nick Kent's scam on Where Things Stand the other week, conversation was evidently, uh, awkward as their eyes met. Some say this is the last Rockpile gig with Lowe in attendance, but when Edmunds hits the road in September we'll see what we see.**

**We were gathered here in the presence of Granada Television to unite these two people for the next *So It Goes* series. The venue, Eric's, is a dandy of a club with a booking policy of " anybody who's interesting". Like, practically within the space of a breath they've got Stanley Clarke, Wayne County and John Martyn. Since it opened last October with The Stranglers, the club has become renowned as a punk venue but Roger Eagle, one of the three bosses, says, "It's not punk *per se*. We operate on a fairly chaotic basis, and it's turned into a musician's gig.**

**"I wish somebody would open a punk club up here because it's becoming the property of the young and we have a strict age limit here. I don't like to see them not getting to see bands."**

**For this dynamite bill — Elvis Costello opening, then Nick Lowe centre stage followed by Dave Edmunds' Rockpile — the place was packed with highly pleased punters who were given tickets after Saturday night's gig at the club. A good move. Predisposed to like a freebie, they got a bona fide memorable night.**

**Costello I won't write into the ground since Nick and Julie have both done right by him. His short set will provide about a 10-minute taste of televised pleasure later this year, but don't wait for it to see him.**

**Lowe appeared with some cultists' idea of a supergroup — Pink Fairy Larry Wallace, The Rumour's Martin Belmont and Elvis and his drummer. *So It Goes* compere Tony Wilson leapt around at the back cheerleading — and who could blame him? With only three numbers, it was merely a tantalising taste.**

**The new songs "Shake And Pop" and "Music For Money", drip with Lowe's cynicism while he trots out the naively explosive rock like a reckless kid. Then, albeit at the TV people's urging, he had the balls to drop down to a lovely depressant in "Endless Sleep". All hot stuff.**

**Finally it was Edmunds' turn up with Lowe, drummer Terry Williams and guitarist Billy Bremner. It's going to be a crime if this really was the last blast from this band intact, and on this showing it's a mystery why the "Got It" album isn't in the top of the charts.**

**From the album we got a cooking "I Know the Bride", "Back To School" and "Ju Ju Man", with Edmunds singing sweet and dirty over Lowe's raunchy support. Edmunds did his best to be self-effacing, giving Lowe full credit for providing a hit in "I Knew the Bride" and handing him the spotlight for a rather plodding "Love So Fine", a Berry-like variant of "Shake and Pop" in "Let it Rock", and a brilliant, blasting "Heart of the City".**

**But he's just great himself. Edmunds' frantic "Promised Land" vocals put Presley to shame, and his guitar work in that number was extremely sharp. "I Hear You Knockin' " was steamy too, proving he can pull out the goods himself.**

**Where he does himself in is in sharing the spotlight just a little too much. "Mess Of The Blues", for instance, was a lot of fun but rather aptly titled, with Bremner gritty but definitely shaky on vocals, while the chaotic, everybody-back-on-for-a-jam encores should have been drawn from Rockpile originals. Instead we had Bremner back on vocals for "Rip It Up" and "Bye Bye Johnny" and a rapid descent into the boogie maelstrom.**

**Never mind, who cares. It was a bloody riot, that's all, and an exceptional night for hip-shakin' like you hardly ever see.**

**It's a crying shame Stiff and Swansong can't kiss and make up. Unfortunately, it *isn't* only rock and roll, but for those who were there that was the only thing on show.**

**Angie Errigo**

*Edmunds, Lowe and friends* *Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS*

## *Edmunds and Lowe shoot it out:* *The rock'n'roll lifeline*

# The dragging of Feat on the upward trail

## Little Feat

**RAINBOW**

IN MANY ways Little Feat are the '70s equivalent of Cream.

Like Cream ten years ago, Little Feat's individual virtuosity and collective musical sophistication have set new standards in rock music, though because the state of play is so much more diffuse these days their influence on the rest of rock is by no means as easy to detect as Cream's was.

Yet there is no doubt that in three years or so when people are talking about the '70s the way they used to do about the '60s, Little Feat will be constantly hailed, and rightly so, as one of the bands who did most for rock in the decade.

And like Cream, Little Feat seem to be tearing themselves apart simply because there is so much talent within their ranks. It's no secret that certain elements within the band want to steer away from rock'n'roll towards jazz-rock.

In the past Little Feat have been unable to accommodate their jazzier leanings while maintaining their rock'n'roll identity; in fact one of the reasons why Little Feat have been so great in the past is their ability to synthesize so many influences. Now, however, the cracks are beginning to show, and like their last album, "Time Loves A Hero", El Feat's performance at the Rainbow last Monday was not the glorious occasion it should have been.

Last time Little Feat appeared at the Rainbow was in the winter of '75 — as second on the bill to The Doobie Brothers. Not surprisingly Feat blew the Doobies off the stage and halfway to Tottenham, thereby securing themselves a devoted following large enough for Feat to play four nights at the Rainbow last week.

This time round word has already filtered through of the band's personality problems, and their erratic nature is no secret. Still, at The Who's Charlton bash last year El Feat apparently weren't up to scratch; yet later on in the tour they'd rediscovered their momentum.

And as things get underway on Monday it looks as if the band are about to do it again.

Lowell George, the group's only claim to visual presence, is upfront decked out in a boiler suit and looking ready for business. Yes, Little Feat are making me sit on the edge of my seat.

Augmented occasionally, if gratuitously, by the Tower of Power horn section, the band exercise that for which they are renowned. There's enough space in the group's style to accommodate twice as much playing, but then this is an important part of what they're all about.

Rather than go for speed, Little Feat play with all the relaxed tension of some wild cat ready to pounce. Bill Payne on keyboards is particularly outstanding.

For a good hour or so the group are able to maintain this standard, and even "Day At The Dog Races" which features the group,minus Lowell George, at their mostly overtly fusionesque does nothing to lessen their impact. Solos come and go with typical excellence, and the band walk a tight-rope. More than anything else, "Day At The Dog Races" demonstrates Little Feat's individual and collective musical virtuosity, something which presumably Lowell George wants little part of.

Then something happens; not that the crowd appear to notice. From here on in Little Feat become extremely tedious. What once appeared to be the most accomplished rock band on the planet now comes on, dare I say it, careless, indifferent. Self-indulgence abounds. Numbers seem to last forever, and tonight Little Feat appear intent on playing their entire collected works; a live album is being recorded.

How about a little pacing, I think. Some light and shade. Why not ram in a couple of those earthier acoustic-based songs?

Instead they leave them for the encore, which goes on for an age too.

Apparently the following night Little Feat are everything they should be, although they drop the ball again on Wednesday. Thursday, however, is reckoned to be pure magic too, so maybe Little Feat *haven't* blown up in our faces after all.

I hope not, because there's no-one else around to take up their torch save for the jazz-rockers, who're mostly so bloody high-falootin', or Steely Dan, who've probably forgotten what a stage looks like.

**Steve Clarke**

*Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

*BONNIE RAITT and friend (inset) — a pianist from Pinner who played on the encore Monty Smith was too bored to hang around for . . .*

## Bonnie Raitt

**HAMMERSMITH**

MAYBE ON STAGE she'd be more arresting than her somewhat flat recordings. Nick Kent reckoned she's great "live", and Angie Errigo obviously thinks the sun shines out of her elbow, so I was hoping for a pleasant surprise.

Anyhow, I thought, she's that downhome she wouldn't look out of place in the Eel and Pie bar smack dab opposite the Hammersmith Odeon.

I thought.

But Bonnie Raitt walks centre stage in a spangly, wide-cuffed blouse, the top buttons of which are coquettishly undone, and she has the crowd eating out of her pat wise-cracks immediately. I should have realised when I first saw the audience — mainly feeble-eyed dopers and enough butch-looking women to give me the willies — that the biggest thrill of my Saturday night was going to be watching Ray Milland choke on a goblet full of maggots in *The Premature Burial*.

Anyhow, again, there she is fronting her own band, looking much more attractive than any photos make her out to be (it's about all we've got in common).

Wam-bam, thankyou ma'm, straight into the first three numbers. The opener is nondescript Californian rock, the second ("Can't Make Love") of scant interest until the rhythmic fade, then "Good Enough", which wasn't, with desultory vocal back-ups from bassist Freebo. Watching his immaculately coiffeured Afro bobbing up and down has provided most of the visual stimulus so far, since guitarist Will McFarlane hardly breaks into a sweat. (Hardly surprising that throughout he seemed vaguely distance, as his wife had given birth to twins the night before.)

The other band members are Dennis Whitted on drums (who sensibly sits in the shade) and some geezer on keyboards who looks like Roy Carr's dad in a boater (who'll soon be doubling on Kudu-style sax solos — this geezer, not Carr Sr.).

The first overtly bluesy number is up to bar-room scratch, competent, all the notes in the right order, lack-lustre, uncommitted.

And then it's show-biz time as Bonnie straps on her electric slide ("I gotta lotta nerve playing this so soon after Little Feat left") and proceeds with a cute Mississippi Fred McDowell/Robert Johnson medley.

It's da blooze homogenised for the easy-to-please dopers and the hep executive set with furniture stereos.

And Freebo's huffing and puffing on the tuba wouldn't have got him a gig with Taj Mahal. But at least there's a bit of syncopation (thanks, Dennis) and this'll actually turn out to be the highspot.

What else?

A couple of Jackson Brownes ("My Opening Farewell" and "I Thought I Was A Child" — oh for David Lindley's capaciousness), Karla Bonoff's "Home", yet another "Love Has No Pride", Earl Randall's "About To Make Me Leave Home" (a bit raunchy, at least) and "Here's a song I wrote a long time ago about a person of no account . . ."

Ah, her guitarist? Freebo? No it's just "Nothing Seems To Matter", a lame love-lost song.

I could have forgiven her anything, except sending me home bored. I don't go out of a Saturday night to be bored, Bonnie.

**Monty Smith**

# LIVE PAGE

## marquee

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Mon. 15th Aug. (Adm 70p)
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Tues. 16th Aug. (Adm £1)
**DOCTORS OF MADNESS**
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**DOCTORS OF MADNESS**
*Thursday August 25th*
**O BAND**
Admission £1.00 8 p.m. — Midnight

---

**SNEAKIES ROCK CLUB**
White Bear, Kingsley Road, Hounslow
Saturday, August 13th — **CLEMEN PULL**
Sunday, August 14th — **To be Announced**

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**CLEMEN PULL**
apologise for their non-appearance at Sneakies, Hounslow on Sunday and hope to see all their friends there this Saturday, and also at the GREYHOUND, FULHAM, Monday August 15th

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Follow
**CHELSEA & 999**
to the
**WYCHBOLD NEW WAVE OPEN AIR FESTIVAL**
Saturday August 20th

---

Harvey Goldsmith by arrangement with Asgard present
**motorhead**
with Count Bishops,
Trapeze plus supports
Special Guests – Adverts D.J. – Andy Dunkley
LYCEUM BALLROOM, Wednesday, 24th August, 1977 at 8.00 p.m.
Tickets: £2.00 inc. VAT. Available from: Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, WC2. Tel: 01-836 3715. London branches of Harlequin Records. Tel: 01-439 3063 and all usual agents.
**HURRY! TICKETS ON SALE NOW.**

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**EATER**
will appear at the
**ROXY REVIEW**
at the
**WYCHBOLD FESTIVAL**
near Droitwich
Saturday August 20th

---

## THE SWAN

HAMMERSMITH BDY, W6
Tel 01-748-1043
Opp Hammersmith Undreground District Metropolitan and Piccadilly Lines
**Admission Free**

Thursday August 11th — **AMAZOR BLADES**
Sunday August 14th — **SORE THROAT**
Saturday August 13th — **GYPP**
Wednesday August 17th — **BUSTER JAMES**

---

THE RED COW
HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday August 12 Free — **JOHNNY DUCAN BAND** (Ex Atomic Rooster)
Saturday August 13 50p — **THE ONLY ONES**
Sunday August 14 Free — **HEAD OVER HEELS**
Thursday August 11 Free — **WINDOW**
Wednesday August 17 Free — **PRAIRIE OYSTER**

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

## THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday August 11 £1.00
*Tony McPhee's*
**TERRAPLANE**
Friday August 12 £1.00
**THE DOWNLINERS SECT**
Saturday August 13 £1.00
**RICO**
Sunday August 14 £1.00
*Ticket holders only admitted* Tickets by post from Stiff Records
**ELVIS COSTELLO**
Monday August 15 Free
**LONDON + X.T.C.**
Tuesday August 16 70p
**RADIO STARS**

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
*(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01 603 6071)*

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SPEAKEASY
01-580 7930

**SPEAK-EARLY**

Thursday, August 11th — To Be Announced
Friday, August 12th — **NEO**
Saturday, August 13th — **IGNATZ**
Monday, August 15th — To Be Announced
Tuesday, August 16th — **NEW HEARTS**
Wednesday, August 17th — To Be Announced
Thursday, August 18th — **THE ONLY ONES**
Friday, August 19th — **NEO**
Saturday, August 20th — **SPITERI**

**Speakeasy**
50 Margaret St., Oxford Circus, W1
*Reservations 01-580 6810*

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## West Runton Pavilion

Nr. Cromer, Norfolk
Te. West Runton 203

Friday August 12th
**THE 'O' BAND**
+ Special Guests
**QUARTZ & WILDER**

Saturday August 13th
**SOULED OUT**
+ Body Heat

*Tickets now on sale for*
**JOHN MILES**
+ Special Guests
**KRAZY KAT**
Thursday August 15th
£1.50 in advance

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## THE GARDEN

Top Rock Centre
PENZANCE

Thursday, August 11th £1.00
**LEMMY'S MOTORHEAD**
and
THE COUNT BISHOPS

Tuesday, August 16th Adm. Free
**CONTRABAND**

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BARBEQUE GRILL NOW OPEN UPSTAIRS

HOPE & ANCHOR
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Thursday August 11 50p — **SQUEEZE**
Friday August 12 50p — **PRAIRIE OYSTER**
Saturday August 13 £1.00 — **RADIATOR** (Featuring Alun Hull)
Monday August 15 50p — **ADVERTISING**
Tuesday August 16 50p — Pete Brown's **BACK TO FRONT**
Wednesday August 17 50p — **X.T.C.**

---

**BULLETS! U.K. TOUR**
August
9th Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, London.
12th Spread Eagle Hotel, Ashton-Under-Lyme.
13th Haddon Hall, Leeds.
14th Commercial Hotel, Stalybridge, Cheshire.
17th Anglesey Hotel, Hednesford.
18th Tiffany's, Halesowen, Worcs.
19th Cavalcade, Willenhall, Staffs.
20th Roxon, Wolverhampton, Staffs
24th Barbarella's, Birmingham
31st Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, London

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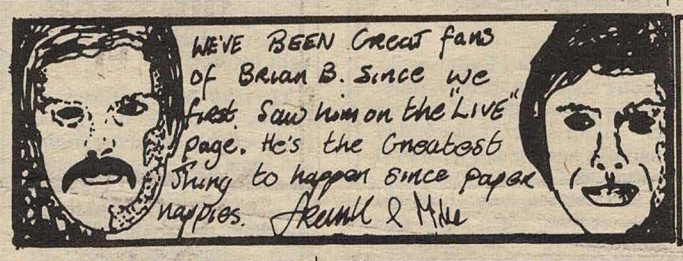


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**Actually Ring**
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THE ROXY CLUB
41/43 NEAL ST., COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Thursday August 11th — **MEAN STREET**
Friday August 12th — **ED BANGER & THE NOSEBLEEDS** + **SHAM 69 & THE VICTIMS**
Saturday August 13th — **SKREWDRIVER** + **CYANIDE**

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SPECIAL ONE NIGHT ATTRACTIONS AT
**THE WEBBINGTON HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB**
LOXTON, Nr. WESTON-SUPER-MARE
Thursday 11 August — SWEET SENSATION... (Sad Sweet Dreamer)
Sunday 21st August — THE NEW SEEKERS (I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing)
Thursday 25th August — JOHNNY TILLOTSON.....(Poetry In Motion)
Thursday 8th September — DAVID PARTON BAND (Isn't She Lovely)
Thursday 22nd September — SHEER ELEGANCE (Milky Way/It's Temptation)
Thursday 29th September — BRUCE RIFFIN & BAND (Pouring Rain/Tickle Me)
Members £1.00 Non-members £1.25
All One Night Attractions Have Full Supporting Cabaret
(Produce this advert and I will let you in at half price.)

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*If you missed Woodstock don't miss*
**WYCHBOLD**
signed
**THE ADVERTS**

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See you at
**WYCHBOLD**
signed
**SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS**
*Stop Press!! We will be there!!*
**X-RAY SPEX & SLITS**

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words words words

# LIVE PAGE


DUKE OF LANCASTER
Beside British Rail
NEW BARNET
01-449 0465
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SHOES
Friday, August 12th—
NEBULA
Saturday, August 13th—
ELKO
Sunday, August 14th—
HOTLINE
Tuesday, August 16th—
BIRCH

ROUNDHOUSE, Chalk Farm, N.W.1.
Sunday August 14th at 5.30 pm
*Vic Keary presents*
Otway / Barrett Fiasco Mk. 11
JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
Special Guests SQUEEZE
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NEW HEARTS & MODELS
wish the
WYCHBOLD OPEN AIR FESTIVAL
*every success*

THE MILL, Spiceball Park, Banbury
OPEN AIR ROCK CONCERT
Saturday August 20th, 7.30 — 11 pm.
*Bob Burrell presents*
AIRBUS + FIXER
*Admission £1.00 (Mill Members 75p)*
*Licensed Bars and Hot Food*

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142A High Street
Bromsgrove, Worcs

STAR MARX
See you at
WYCHBOLD
Saturday
August 20th

WHITE LION, PUTNEY
THE LURKERS
+ Suport + Disco 40p
FRIDAY AUGUST 12th at 8 p.m.

AUG 22 to SEPT 9 EDINBURGH ROCK FESTIVAL RADIO FORTH D.J.'s
Monday August 22nd
CHELSEA
+ CORTINAS
+ Jolt
Tuesday August 23rd
REZILLOS
Wednesday August 24th
RADIO STARS
Thursday August 25th
*Folk Night*
NEW CELESTE
Friday August 26th
*R 'n' B Night*
SWINGING BLUE JEANS
Monday August 29th
*Reggae Night*
CIMARRONS
+ *Vinglius*
Tuesday August 30th
CAFE JACQUES
Wednesday August 31st
ELVIS COSTELLO
Thursday September 1st
*Folk Night*
5 HAND REEL
Friday September 2nd
*R 'n B Night*
NASHVILLE TEENS
Monday September 5th
ROCKY RICKETTS
+ *Clayson & The Argonauts*
Tuesday September 6th
IGNATZ
+ *Sale*
Wednesday September 7th
BOOMTOWN RATS
Thursday September 8th
*Folk Night*
BERT JANSCH & BAND
Friday September 9th
*R 'n B Night*
JET HARRIS & THE DIAMONDS
Edinburgh Tiffanys. Tickets £1.00 to £1.50 from Edinburgh Festival Fringe Office and Edinburgh Record Shops

To Advertise
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Brian B.
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O.K.?

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529 HIGH ROAD, WEMBLEY
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SPECTA
Saturday August 13
MENACE
+Savage
Monday August 15
RACER
Tuesday August 16
THE LURKERS

THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
*featuring*
WAYNE COUNTY
wish
WYCHBOLD
*every success*

LODESTAR HOTEL
Ribchester Road,
Blackburn
*Tel: Ribchester 400*
Tonight: Thursday Aug 11th
BOOMTOWN RATS
+ Demolition
Thursday Aug. 18th
STRIFE
+ The Human Jukebox
Thursday August 25th
BETHNAL
+ The Human Jukebox

FILMS
He tossed his Olympic Gold Medal into the river...
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He fought the U.S. Army - and won...
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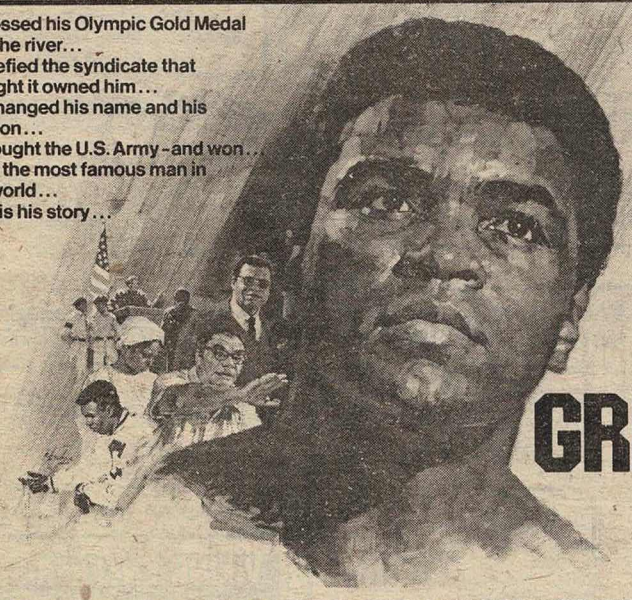
THE GREATEST A
A COLUMBIA/EMI Presentation MUHAMMAD ALI in "THE GREATEST" · A JOHN MARSHALL PRODUCTION · ERNEST BORGNINE · JOHN MARLEY LLOYD HAYNES · Special Appearances by ROBERT DUVALL · DAVID HUDDLESTON · BEN JOHNSON · JAMES EARL JONES · DINA MERRILL ROGER E. MOSLEY · PAUL WINFIELD · With ANNAZETTE CHASE · MIRA WATERS · Screenplay by RING LARDNER, Jr. Based on "The Greatest: My Own Story" by MUHAMMAD ALI · HERBERT MUHAMMAD and RICHARD DURHAM · Produced by JOHN MARSHALL · Directed by TOM GRIES
Music by MICHAEL MASSER · ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON ARISTA RECORDS · RELEASED BY COLUMBIA WARNER DISTRIBUTORS LTD
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GALA EUROPEAN PREMIERE
attended by Muhammad Ali
EMPIRE LEICESTER SQUARE
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FROM THURSDAY AUGUST 18: BOURNEMOUTH ABC · BRIGHTON ABC · CARLISLE ABC · DARLINGTON ABC · EASTBOURNE ABC · LUTON ABC · ST. IVES Royal


# SPACE BASS REVEALS PLANS FOR PLANETARY DOMINATION

## Bootsy's Rubber Band Funkadelic

**On video, from . . .**
**HOUSTON, TEXAS**

CORDELL BOOGIE MOSSON, Cholly Bassoline, Casper The Friendly Ghost, more commonly recognised as William "Bootsy" Collins, is a natural born star. He's swiped the auras from several unmistakeable predecessors, strung them around a revolutionary style of bass playing — which is already spawning imitators as fast as rabbits go forth and multiply — and hitched the whole package to the craziest vehicle in the western hemisphere, The MUTHAship.

Short of an overnosed freakout, which may or may not mean what I assume you'll take it to mean, there's no way he can lose with what he's got to use. And that's not scoop news. In The States he's already there; up among the fractured funsters of rock 'n' roll folklore. The Undisco Kid in person.

Sound on; vision cloudy. From out of the darkness several sheeted figures loom mysterious. The ridiculous Rubber Band, coming on like funky phantoms in a Hallowe'en fantasy. "Aw, let me come out my sheet here. Hit me with a one, let's have some fun."

The pulse begins, lights up, and there stands the grinding Bootsy. Sly Stone on stilts, a star-spangled space bass pumping on his groin, disturbing echoes of Jimi Hendrix in the hip cool of his rap, lights bouncing every which way off his solar shades.

Across stage: The Horny Horns. Like Bootsy, renegades from James "Games" Brown; still making it funky, now full of fresh fire for their new boss. In between: Bootsy's brother Catfish on guitar, Peanuts and Mudbone on vocals and percussion.

"Bone" is turbanised and as freaky as a fool. Midway through the set he whips off his topknot to reveal a shaved scalp gleaming in the spotlight, all the while leading those insane falsetto harmonies that counterbalance Bootsy's cool drawl. The rest of the band are lost in the outer limits of small screen reproduction.

"WEA invite you to GET FUNKED" was the irresistible call to this private viewing. Up at the back of the modest gathering seemingly disinterested bods were nattering amongst themselves and toying with the canapes but down in the front line Roy Carr and myself were giving up the funk. On reflection that may be why those behind were less delighted — perhaps they couldn't see around our combined bulk. Anyhow, be that as it may, if one can believe what's presented on TV then Bootsy and his band are as good on stage as on record, and it's high time that something positive was done to drag him over here.

Filmed about nine months ago, the show was based around Bootsy's first album, so we weren't treated to the rare pleasure of a performance of his new release, "The Pinocchio Theory". However, we did get the whole of the "Stretchin' Out" LP, shuffled and stretched out to about an hour of electric energy ("Psychoticbumpschool" etc.) — from which it appears that Rubber Band bumping is of the same spirit as pogoing — and off-the-wall sensuality ("I'd Rather Be With You," "Physical Love", "Vanish In Our Sleep").

Without his shades, naked to the waist, and with his hair exploding in the fierce heat of the arc lights, by the end of the show he'd metamorphosed from the hip trip of some post-Sly & Jimi superdude to the aggressive stature of a weird cross between James Brown and Bob Marley. He was, in short, something else.

And so if I say that the two short clips of Funkadelic that wound up the proceedings made Bootsy look relatively normal, you'll understand that it'd take far more space than I've got left to begin to describe *their* particular trip. A montage of swift peeks at a lot of bizarre individuals doing barely discernible things on an enormous, cluttered stage, over a soundtrack of two hard rock numbers off their last album — that's about all I can offer.

Fact is, I still haven't recovered. C'mon Pye, join in the fun and unleash a film of Parliament just for the hell of it. Make your funk the P-Funk.

**Cliff White**

# AROUND THE CIRCUITS

*LONDON*

**SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT (A)**
CB radio, truckers and car chase movie featuring Burt Reynolds and Jimmy Reed. Unseen by *NME*. (Selected ABCs)

**SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER (U)**
New dynarama spectacular featuring the special effects work of Charles Schneer and Ray Harryhausen. Unseen by *NME*. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

**THE SCARLET BUCCANEER (A)**
Robert Shaw pirate epic. Unseen by *NME*. (Selected ABCs)

*PROVINCES*

**FUN WITH DICK AND JANE (A) / MURDER BY DEATH (A)**
Excellent double header of crime spoofs. *Dick And Jane* is mediocre according to Brian Case in *NME* 23.7.77. *Murder by Death* is a hoot. Worth a visit. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts)

**ROLLERBALL (AA) / JUGGERNAUT (A)**
A double-helping of good-quality trash. Caan still watchable as the future sport king. (Selected Odeons/Gaumonts).

Films on the ABC subrun include *Futureworld, High Plains Drifter, Streetwalker* and *Kelley's Heroes.*

**Dick Tracy**

gong's life....

# Andy's PLATTERS STALL

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**ELVIS COSTELLO**/Alison ..... 70p
**ELVIS COSTELLO**/Red Shoes ..... 65p
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# But Timothy, boredom was last year's thing

## The Adverts

**VORTEX**

**ANCHOR RECORDS recording stars The Adverts played a most curious gig at this new haven of late night punkdom last week. With their fine sense of unhealthy neurosis acting as a constant, vocalist TV Smith, guitarist Howard Pickup, bassist Gaye Advert and drummer Laurie Driver hurled through "Gary Gilmour's Eyes" (their imminent single), "New Boys" and "One Chord Wonders", the Stiff single: exciting stuff, with that surreally sinister Velvets-esque edge that all TV's songs share.**

**It's italicized by the visual number the band has got together for itself in the twenty-five or so gigs they've played since last I saw them. Stage left the beginnings of Pickup's tonsorial recession about the temples (he's going bald) combine with the gnarled white arm sticking out of the hole in the striped shirt where a sleeve was once attached, to provide his taut features with a splendid Broadmoor kind of quality.**

**TV Smith is stage centre, just missing crushing his head on the proscenium arch every time he pogos in mid-number. Looking like the archetypal *If* schoolboy figure in his regulation grey two-button rayon jacket, grey tie, and grey pants — with no shirt, natch — he takes the open-mouthed out-of-it rock star pose to a new extreme by never letting his lips come together for the whole of the set. Grown-ups might think he had muscular dystrophy.**

**With the hail of white gob that spatters all about him one imagines this stance occasionally causes him a certain discomfort. Perhaps the reason TV looks so hurt and sensitive is because he's trying to surreptitiously tongue phlegm out of his mouth.**

**Counterpointed against this fine display of visual creativity we have, on stage right, Gaye Advert, apparently oblivious to it all. With her black leather, long black locks and white face she resembles a giant panda as she provides heavily minimalist bass notes with almost Kraftwerk-like precision.**

**Behind them all sits Laurie, battering it all out, his drumming vastly improved on the last time I saw him play.**

**Ah, the *playing*, I hear you remark. Should there not be more about this? Is music not the message?**

**Well....sort of.**

**In my opinion, and that of a considerable number of those vital young things around me, The Adverts blew it.**

**The rest of the inevitably short set contained numbers like "Bombsite Boys", "Bored Teenagers", "New Church" and "Quicksand". Most of the songs TV writes are pretty good. There is an insidious *deja ou* quality about them, which seems to lie as much in the unpredictability of the construction as in the quite passable lyrics. They register their print-out in your data banks in a manner that makes you smile at the accuracy of the observations. *(He seems to be hitting the shit right on the bull today — Ed.)***

**But The Adverts don't seem to understand what they're doing with their set at all. After the piledriving intro it was all downhill.**

**Okay, TV may look so frail, so fragile and so vulnerable that you sometimes wonder if he'll make it through the set. But is that why he totally wrecks the pace of the set with some thoroughly crass "Oh, you're so boring" sub-sub-Rotten, and thoroughly embarrassing, audience haranguing?**

**The numbers have now become *almost* very tight and, consequently, *almost* very interesting. The set needs to be, too. The statutary South-East London rock star accent is totally fake, and sounds it, too. His onstage persona just doesn't fit when it has to include relating to the audience between numbers.**

**They sussed it, too. That's why all the kids round me were muttering "wanker" at him and walking out.**

**Also Howard has some great chances to shove in some guitar prowess in his solos that would really earn the audience's respect. Instead, he chooses to pussyfoot along alternating weak-ish notes and chords at times when, as in "One Chord Wonders", a flash of brainpan frying feedback, maybe, would be most appropriate. It appears that he's holding his menacing musical potential back at the expense of the visuals.**

**Alright, there was much unpleasant amphetamine aggression in the air. The band were apparently upset by certain of the conditions under which they had to operate. But what was wrong with their set ran far deeper than that.**

**Chris Salewicz**

*ADVERT Gaye*

*Pic: RICHARD YOUNG*

## John Holt

**CLOUDS, BRIXTON**

BACKED BY Shepherds Bush babes Zabandis — the group responsible for Louisa Mark's recent "Keep It Like It Is" hit — between one and three thousand volts of Holt entertained a participative audience on the occasion of the singer's press reception at the Front Line niterie, Clouds; holding sway with poise, style, and a not inconsiderable quantity of undiluted charm.

The plush house was packed, hot and extremely sticky by the time Zabandis took the stage at 2.00 am, relieving us of a particularly lame sound-system in the process. They opened with "Spears And Arrows", a pleasant start, before settling into the much superior "Babylon", composing credits re: rhythm guitar/songwriter Joe Charles.

Insisting we *"live and let live"*, vocalists junior Bailey and Elaine Smith tackled the lyric in strident spirit, as lead guitar Lennie Smith inserted some fluid contributions.

Zabandis completed their trio of warm-ups with "Mama Woah", before John Holt was introduced, edging slowly stagewards through milling admirers, with the attitude of a man not unused to similar treatment.

Dressed in sober grey, Holt looked fit and well and happy. He acknowledged the crowd's continuous clamour with much humour, and had won over the female sector of his audience, at least, before he even sang a note.

There were no surprises in the set. John opened with "The Further You Look", from his album of the same name, and continued with Dennis Brown's "Ghetto Girl", and two oldies of his own — "Hooligan" and the old favourite "A Love I Can Feel", that aching vocal of his pitched perfectly.

During the middle of this fourth number, a fight broke out in the wedged, eager audience, and at one stage it seemed likely to spread throughout the club. Ever the pro, Holt continued as though nothing was happening, completely cool and unmoved, unless it was to plea that so appropriate chorus even more determinedly:

*"I want a love I can feel, that's the only kind of love that I think is real."*

Next up was "You'll Never Find Another Love Like Mine", the Lou Rawls song that John has left his own indelible stamp upon.

The audience sang along with him as Zabandis rocked the musical atmosphere, full and heavy, Eddie Flaery's solid bass particularly rivetting.

Junior Bailey turned to me at the song's conclusion — hugging the bass speaker — "bassie well 'ard, man," he grinned.

Next, "Help Me Make It Through The Night" — John's 1974 chart hit, and a further excuse for uplifting participation from the crowd.

Then we were introduced to the familiar riff of Carlton & The Shoes' "Love Me Forever", finishing with Holt's recent JA No.1 hit, "Up Park Camp", precipitating a dainty dance from the progressive educationalist; wild applause; and finis. Short and sweet.

Thus did John Holt begin his 1977 UK tour. Check it out!

**Penny Reel**

## The Boys

**CHELMSFORD**

MIDWAY INTO THEIR SET, The Boys' mikes broke down. For a while, neither of their singers noticed, and they went on hamming away and putting a lot into it.

The sight was both comic and a little pathetic. Like seeing a narcissist with a broken mirror.

It was a useful reminder, though, of the nature of the illusion. Pull the plugs, and even the most aggressive performer is rendered impotent.

Not that the Boys are the most aggressive performers around, anyway. They have a lot of fashionable bottle, but look a bit too pretty to be convincing.

Their leader swaggers like Steve Marriott, but looks more like Peter Frampton, making big eyes at the crowd. He tries hard with his raps betwen the songs, however, mustering a fair impersonation of a brain damaged psychotic.

"Diss one's call 'Naaaw Maaahney'," he says.

The formula is a straight lift from The Ramones. Short songs with brainless hooks, played very hard and very fast. They even shout "one-two-free-four" each time as well.

The motley punks at the City Tavern — many of them a trifle middle class — pogo estatically in response.

Needless to say, the old wave come in for the customary slagging. "Diss one's abaht Mick Jagger. Iss call 'Rock Relic'."

The title's the only bit that's audible as they tear through the song in a way ferocious enough to change Keef's blood without need of surgery.

They can't quite keep the old wave style entirely at bay, though. There's the familiar plug for the new single, and the quaint old wave custom of doing coy encores.

One of these is the oldie "Boys" that they've adopted as their theme song. Ringo sang it 15 years ago on The Beatles' first album, and you can't get more old wave than that.

But in one respect, The Boys certainly have the edge. Half the audience gets on stage with them for the last few numbers. And even at Woodstock, they never allowed that much democracy.

**Bob Edmands**

## Radio Stars

**MARQUEE**

NOT THAT MANY will remember, but Andy Ellison once sang lead on a record called "Not The Sort Of Girl You'd Like To Take To Bed".

That was in the late '60s with a group called John's Children — you would think he's learned his lesson by now, but he hasn't. Andy Ellison's Radio Stars have in their opening song a natty chorus: *"Need your lovin' like a hole in the head."* As a stab at romantic pop ephemera it's misguided to say the least.

Radio Stars are Martin Gordon (bass), Ian Macleod (guitar) and Andy Ellison (vocals), plus whatever friend or lackey they can find to play drums for them. They were together in '75 in a band called Jet (who recorded an album for CBS before quietly disbanding) and eventually had their privately recorded single, "Dirty Pictures", released by Chiswick Records.

So far their only live gigs have been as support band on the recent Rods tour, and the Marquee gig was the first on the strength of their own name. Surprisingly the place was almost packed.

After an absurd pre-recorded tape to introduce the band (and I won't spoil the surprise) they bounded onto the stage. They looked clean-cut, cute but tough, and after a few spreads in *Pink* or *Supersonic* (or whatever sets the pace these days) they should be all set to plunder adolescent hearts.

Andy Ellison has the archetypal goodboy goodlooks, and a good-natured delinquent demeanour of the sort that saw Noddy Holder alright until Slade's audience outgrew them. His voice, though it lacks a certain amount of distinction, is practised and competent enough, and his character thoroughly makes up for any shortcomings.

So far so good, but what will the teenies make of *"need your lovin' like a hole in the head"*? Or "No Russians In Russia", a very catchy three minutes worth expounding the notion that there aren't any indigenous people anywhere. Their future would probably be assured were it not for the offbeat nature of their songs.

Live — without the studio tinkering and polish evident on "Dirty Pictures" — their music is yobbish, simple (but not brainless) HM rock, complicated by a strange lyrical content and twisted pop sensibilities.

The only precursors would be Sparks (Martin Gordon played bass on Sparks' first album and he also writes most of Radio Stars' songs, which leads to certain conclusions) and maybe The Move. One song especially ("Box 29") sounded a lot like the Brum Bovver boys.

Add to that elements of The Heavy Metal Kids and Mott that crept in at various points and it becomes obvious that Radio Stars are part of a neglected British tradition — but with some not-so-obvious twists.

They encored with the admirably frank "We Love Noise", which led into a version of John's Children's psychedelic nugget "Desdemona" and Andy and the crowd had a great time showering each other with beer.

**Paul Ramball**

*RADIO STARS Ellison and Gordon*

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Andy Warhol

gong lives....

# NEW WAVE TEDS

## (History is punk?)

*DARTS (L-R): Horatio Hornblower, George Currie, Griff Fender, T J Dummer, Big Den, Rita and Bob Fish. Obscured behind Rita: Thump, and behind Mr Fish (note natty checks): Hammy Howell.*

### Darts

**MUSIC MACHINE**

FOR THEIR LAST London gig before they adjourn to a recording studio for a few weeks, Darts overcame a rough initial sound balance and the peculiar atmosphere of the cavernous Music Machine to pull off a long and enjoyable set, making up in newly developed theatrics what they lost in intimate raveability.

Aside from the encouraging fact that they've added several new numbers to their repertoire since I last saw them in May (new oldies and new newies — their own), they've tightened up, introduced a lot of linking routines and bits of stage business into their act, and started using lights to vary the presentation and increase the overall impact of the show. In fact I guess what we witnessed was a trial run of the act as it'll be when they emerge from the studio and embark on a lengthy tour of colleges, and possibly theatres, in the Autumn.

Rita, who first joined the group (or, to be precise, its forerunner, The Razors) almost on a casual basis for kicks, has developed into a commendable R&B singer — particularly apparent on "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean" and "Mainliner".

Den, who's always been a hot lead item, resounding bassman and all-round loony, has extended his ravings to the point where he's eligible for inclusion in a slim volume of notable British rock'n'roll *characters.*

Griff and Bob are excellent singers in their own right, as well as blending smartly in harmony. Horatio Hornblower is possibly the best rock saxman in Britain today. Oh hell, why single them out, they're all good. Let's also hear it for TJ, Thump, George and Hammy.

Most enjoyable numbers for me were their impeccable versions of The Coasters' "Young Blood" and The Clovers' "Your Cash Ain't Nothin' But Trash"; the two aforementioned songs led by Rita plus one which she led that I didn't recognise, possibly called "Too Hot In The Kitchen"; the infamous "Sh'Boom"; the encore, "Daddy Cool"; and Den's ludicrous freak-out "I'm Mad", which now detours into a couple of verses of "Trouble" *(If you're looking for,* etc).

Halfway through the set it was pointed out to me that a well-known gent about town who rejoices in the pseudonym of J Rotten was standing within spitting distance of the back of my head and seemed to be enjoying the show. Good for him and good for Darts. As B Furnace of Islington has been known to remark: "We're all on the same side, are we not?" Indeed, that seems to be the size of it.

**Cliff White**

### John Stevens

**SHEFFIELD**

THE BROOMHILL Festival's been an annual event for a few years now, and seems to be gaining popularity all the time. Certainly the numbers that crowded into the marquee to see John Stevens' Away and the Northern Jazz Orchestra surprised even the organisers of the event, who'd obviously envisaged a poorly-attended affair.

There could, I suppose, be an unprecedented density of modern jazz fans in middle-class Broomhill — the area of Sheffield least in need of a community festival — but I rather doubt it.

Still, no matter. The whole affair had an intimacy rarely attained in large halls or, come to that, small halls.

The NJO, a youthful unit based in Huddersfield, seem to be modelled along the lines of the better-known NYJO. Their material spans several decades of styles rather than hitting out in a unified direction, a note-perfect version of "In The Mood" (complete with false endings) resting somewhat uneasily alongside the up-tempo CTI jazz-funk of Deodato's "2001".

They give themselves plenty of room to move but appear, for the most part, to restrict themselves to ploughing a similar furrow to that covered countless times before. Easy listening music.

Indeed, when, during the closing "2001", a saxist takes a long, particularly manic tenor break, sections of the band look on in disbelief: he's obviously overstepped *their* line, and a good thing too.

John Stevens' Away, saddled though they are with the aversion-inducing albatross of the Spontaneous Music Ensemble connection, proved refreshingly concise and informative, in pointed contrast to the dumb, flash technicality of much latter-day fusion music. You know the kind of stuff I mean — convoluted riffs, eyes to the heavens, solos *in extasis* and back to the hotel for another dose of L. Ron's karmic cure-all.

Not so Away: basing their tunes around Stevens' thrifty drumming, they're accessible without being trite or hackneyed. Stevens' kit is itself a revelation, after the ten-ton truck absurdity of the Cobham/Mouzon school. He uses, for example, a mere two cymbals, where others would litter their kit with superfluities.

With such a spartan approach to the percussive side of things, it's curious that Away should boast not one, but two bassists. Unfortunately, the interaction of Ron Herman's upright acoustic with Nick Stevens' electric bass is not at its best, the unfair acoustics of the marquee preventing them from exploring satisfactorily the possibilities of the combination.

"Ah!", dedicated to Alan Holdsworth, features a pleasing unison riff by saxist Robert Calvert and guitarist Nigel Moyse.

During the next piece, an energetic old black geezer who's been emceeing the gig dons tap-shoes and jumps to the boards for a tap-dance and drums duet with Stevens. Very nice it is, too.

Which is hardly surprising: I'm told the guy is Will Gains, a man who apparently danced with such as Duke Ellington in his hey-day. Now he lives in Rotherham, surely penance enough for the most heinous of crimes rather than a past as auspicious as his. Must be a moral there.

After a short fast number and a piquant little song, "Such Is Life", sung by Stevens (at the request of the more vociferous members of the audience) in a quaint cockney dialect, Gains again gets to dance for the last number, reclining in a chair like some paraplegic Astaire and twinkling his tap-shoes to Stevens' hihat-driven rhythms.

Still crazy after all these years.

**Andy Gill**

# JAZZ DIARY

THE PIZZA EXPRESS in Dean Street is sure shakin'. **Arnett Cobb** and **Joe Newman** have just been and gone, and a whole raft of guvnor players are coming in. **Benny Waters** is booked for 1st October, and **Billy Butterfield** for the end of that month. There's a strong possibility of **Barney Kessel** in late November, and **Budd Johnson** towards the end of the year.

Jazz Centre Society are featuring the **Ray Warleigh Quintet** at the Star and Garter on 13th August, **Bobby Bradford** with **Trevor Watts** on 11th at the Seven Dials, the **Terry Smith Quintet** with **Brian Smith** on 17th at the Phoenix, and the **Stan Tracey Octet** on 14th at the ICA Theatre in the Jazz Now series.

The JCS fund-raising campaign for permanent premises continues apace, with £80,000 collected so far. Anyone interested in helping to endow a National Jazz Centre — score a personalised ear-print in the wet concrete — phone Ray Harkus, 385 0266.

**Ornette Coleman**'s first album in years — apart from one track on **Charlie Haden**'s "Closeness" — is gonna excite some controversy and no mistake. "Dancing In Your Head" on A&M's Horizon features two long tracks with guitar players, and none of the habitual cohorts in evidence. One track pits the great altoist against the **Master Musicians** of Joujouka, Morocco. It's a fascinating album, sometimes sounding like a hoe-down, sometimes like a raggedy street parade in the Balkans — unclassifiable really, though back in the '50s an album by bassist **Ahmed Abdul Malik** carried the classic instruction: File Under Middle-Eastern and Hip. That'll hold it.

Also out on A&M, "For Everybody" by a jazz-rock outfit called **Karma.**

**Brian Case**

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Teenage Letter — **Count Bishops** *December 1975)*
She's My Gal — **The Gorillas** *(August 1976)*
I'm Crying — **Little Bob Story** *(December 1976)*
Train Train — **Count Bishops** *(September 1976)*
Gorilla Got Me — **The Gorillas** *(January 1977)*

Side Two
Dirty Pictures — **Radio Stars** *(April 1977)*
Gatecrasher — **The Gorillas** *(January 1977)*
Drip Drop — **Rocky Sharpe & The Razors** *(November 1976)*
Baby Don't Cry — **Little Bob Story** *(December 1976)*
Route 66 — **Count Bishops** *(December 1975)*
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# Deeply Vale

## A Free Festival Report

*"THERE MUST BE some way outta here/Said the joker to the thief/There's too much confusion/I can't get no relief."*

"All Along The Watchtower" is getting to be something like the theme song of 1977's burgeoning Free Festival movement. Several bands and (slightly better, but still uncomprehending) several solo folk singers sang it like *now* it all made sense at this Northern (near Rochdale) fest in picturesque Deeply Vale.

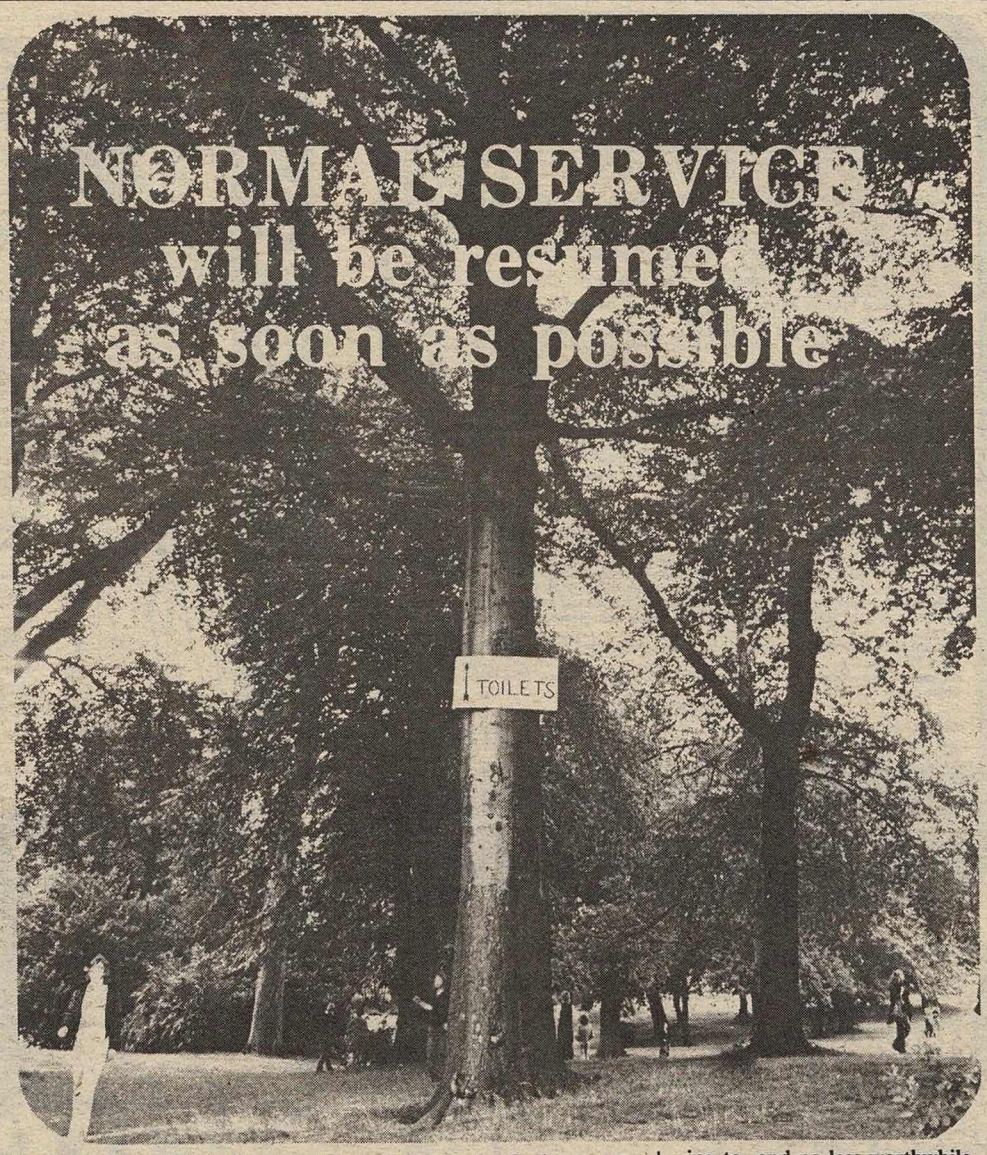
Are these anarchic Aquarian happenings the blueprint or perhaps the vanguard of a bright and golden New Age? Or are they merely degenerate drug orgies for disordered redundant hippies?

And what does it mean when the music is uniformly basic and dreary too?

Seventeen different bands played "Jumping Jack Flash", 12 played "Route 66"; the recorded sounds favoured 1972-ish post-acid downer sounds like "Aqualung", "Paranoid", "Captain Lockheed And The Starfighters". DJ "Emperor Gordino" and the stage manager maintained a constant dialogue/argument over the PA occasionally interrupted for up-to-date bulletins on ODs, epileptic fits, cars turned upside down in the river, rip-offs, and plugs for the rough cider Frog and Coathanger pub.

A Free Festival planned for Windscale, specifically to demonstrate against the nuclear power station, drew at its peak only 100 pop fans — over half of whom split for Deeply Vale on the day of a to-be-televised demo outside the plant. No bands appeared.

Some 2-3000 attended Deeply Vale — the second year the site has been used. The weather was terrible. Northern freaks are more organised and down-to-earth (as in "practical", rather than indicating a close kinship with the sod) than southern counterparts. Whereas at Glastonbury and Stonehenge things had come together just like that (and they had), Deeply Vale was set up by local dealers and record companies, complete with Administration




site (the "Magic Village").

Tractor, a local band with a single, "No More Rock And Roll", out on the Local Trago record label, were heavily advertised, and blew a typically tedious set but they will have to ease up on the "We're-only-here-for-the-beer" attitude and take a look at their calendars (it's 1977, guys, or so they tell me) to merit such a degree of prominence in the, er, Alternative Society next time round.

By comparison, The Drones, a Manchester punk rock outfit, awakened a condition resembling interest and animation. They were clean, well dressed, well behaved (you could comfortably tell the sneering and insults were just an in-joke with the plastic Rentapunks brawling in front of the stage) and adequate musicians.

In dubbing them "Brightest Hope/Deeply Vale 1977", one notes not so much the sweet breath of genuine revolution, the unfettered energy, the return to rock and roll roots, the indescribable wonderfulness of the band at "full tilt"; but rather one is reflecting the abject deficiency of the other 47 acts that appeared. Is this what is happening nationwide?

At Watchfield, two years ago, a correspondent counted 34 different versions of "Smoke On The Water". But Deeply Vale was sadly untouched by either the slumming superstars that graced now historic earlier People's fests (Steve Winwood, Gong, Hawkwind on a good night) or the germinating geniuses of today (Here and Now, Sunstroke, Tim Blake). Where were they?

Two adept space bands, Body and Quasar, promised well for the future — the former an especially thrilling three-piece. Nothing more than music to drift off dreaming to, and no less worthwhile for that. In another time, another place . . .

Hit and Run, a lewd Kokomoesque white soul group, came all the way up from London to close the festival proper. They need not have bothered . . . only a handful were left before the stage.

Personal favourite, aside from the Godsquad punk band "All Messed Up On The Lord", was a guy who introduced himself — "Hi, I'm Titwillow and I massacre folk songs" — with a flat embarrassed rendition of "Stranger In Blue Suede Shoes" and a few remarks on the sexual performances of speedfreaks. A mainstream folk free festival John Otway; almost alone among the performers he had the healthy attitude to it all.

Where do they find them, though?

Normal service will be resumed as soon as possible.

**Jonathan Barnett**

# John Martyn

**BATTERSEA**

"ONE WORLD" is a John Martyn song. New, profound, powerful, impassioned, intense.

*"Some of us live like Princes/And some of us live like Queens/But most of us live just like me/We don't know what it means/To have our way in one world/To have peace in one world."*

A great song, like "Layla" or "Astral Weeks".

"One World" is part of a group of songs hatched from Martyn's home experiments with Gibson electric guitar. Others are "Dead On Arrival" (for Kossoff) and "Black Man At Your Shoulder" (a companion to Kevin Coyne's "Coconut Island"). All three express a new direction through the imaginative introduction of electric guitar.

The "Gibson" songs are perhaps Martyn's best. They should be on record, but they aren't. Three years have expired since Martyn entered a studio intending to record new album material. Island, his record company, are squatting on a goldmine: blissfully unaware?

Those three years have seen disillusion and damage through incessant touring; an alternative attempt, with self-distribution of a live album; one unrepresentative, shoddy Island sampler, "So Far, So Good"; and lately, a rare single release, "Over The Hill". Only it's old ('73) and the lyrics are censored — "dry champagne" substituted for "sweet cocaine".

In such a context, John Martyn finally returned to the studio, then interrupted recording for tonight's benfit concert for bassist Danny Thompson, currently recovering from a heart attack.

John Martyn is four performers in one: acoustic or electric guitarist; or either, combined with inventive application of echo, wah-wah, or foot pedals. His fundamental technique is full, instinctive, and effortlessly expressive.

He opens with six acoustic songs. "One Day Without You" is fragile, vocals stretching the words like elastic. The sound quality is rough'n'ragged, robbing the vocals of clarity, the nimble guitarwork of volume. An unfound hum gnaws the air. Martyn remains unperturbed, genial, loose. He forgets his capo, and improvises with pencil and rubber band.

"May You Never" works instantly, uproariously, then slides smoothly into a frenetic, imploring "Easy Blues".

"Big Muff", the highlight, is a long, naturalistic sound sail with a sombre and mournful melody.

John Stevens resurfaces to mellow out behind his drum-kit, supplying sensitive sensual brushwork to an ascending trio of old masters — "Make No Mistake", "Bless The Weather", and "Solid Air". Martyn's smokey, subtle vocals shifting and songs' lyrical emphases in a manner reminiscent of that other natural mystic, Van Morrison.

In a grim world John Martyn's music comes easy from the heart, affirmative, optimistic, ebullient, emotional. Along with Kevin Coyne, he's this country's most original artist.

**Malcolm Heyhoe**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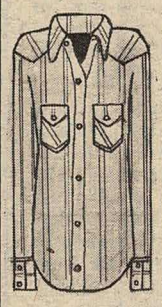

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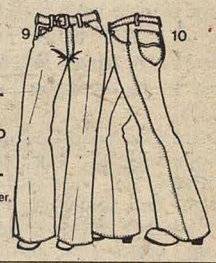

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F1. Makin Steak

F2. Pussy Hunt

P78 Loggins & Messina

F4. Beer Drinkers

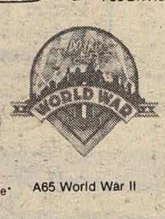
F5. I want your body

F6. The Real Me*

6401 I'm No. 1

A4. Grateful Dead

C22. Powered by Booze*



A65 World War II

NY3 Kansas

F12. Ignore

R801 Ted Nugent

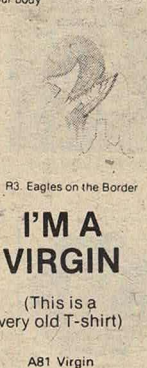


A74 Jimi Hendrix

F326 I Got This Way From Kissing Girls

R200 Dan Fogelberg

R27 Doobie Bros



R3. Eagles on the Border

R4. Eagles Desperado

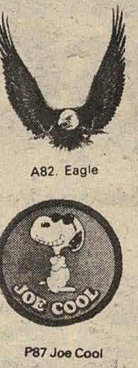
F3 Smile

A3 Santana

F511 Everybody Needs Love

P122 Jimmy Page

F9 Happy Here



A82. Eagle

A75 J. S. Spitfire



P74 Wings B.O.T. Run



A61 Led Zeppelin



A5. Pink Floyd

**I'M A VIRGIN**
(This is a very old T-shirt)
A81 Virgin



A66 Outlaws Lady in waiting



A5. KC and the Sunshine Band



A64 We knead your ass



R2. Eagles-one of these Nights



F495 Milk The Udder Cola



F496 Belly Buttons Need Love Too



P87 Joe Cool



F23267 Popeye



F948 So What If I Ain't A Genius . . . I'm Beautiful



A72 Beatles



NY2 Farrah Bathing Suit



R288 Make Mine Country



F13. Bluebird of Happiness



F69 Ya Don't Work



F11. Do Unto Others



P148 Poco



P77 Stewart



NY5 Streisand



PP1 Think Pink



NY4 New Farrah Faucet



F001 I'm With Stupid (Hand can point up, across, down, state which)



P145 Eric Clapton



P114 Peter Frampton



R416 Led Zeppelin



R5 New Eagles



A901 Sit On It!



R1001 Paul McCartney



P133 Robert Plant

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G2 Kiss



G3 Eagles



G4 Frampton



G5 Fleetwood Mac



G1 Wings



G7 Led Zeppelin



G8 Boston



G9 Bad Company



G10 Screw!!

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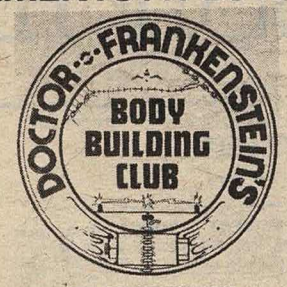
705. HUSKY & STARCH

259. EVER RANDY




260. FRANKENSTIENS CLUB

175. UNION JACK

JOIN THE AIR FORCE
FLY OVER DIFFERENT COUNTRIES
LOOK DOWN
ON FRIENDLY WAVING PEOPLE
AND DROP BOMBS ON THEM

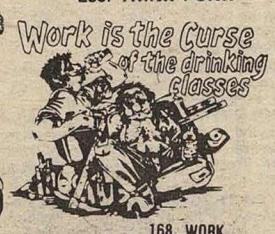
219. JOIN AIRFORCE

538. SOUTHERN COMFORT

703. STRANGLERS

167. JOIN THE ARMY

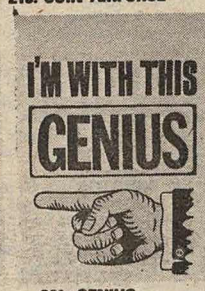
134. GENESIS




168. WORK

711. KISS OF LIFE

710. STAY COOL




261. GENIUS

699. FLEETWOOD MAC



528. APOLLO

186. STATUS QUO

700. NEW STATUS QUO

506. STATUS QUO

650 CHOKED

229. SERENE BOOZER

248. POPPET

508. LED ZEPPELIN

115. BLACK SABBATH

*ALSO AVAILABLE*

107. URIAH HEEP
118. WISHBONE ASH
121. BAD COMPANY
199. EAGLES
137. E.L.P.
173. ALEX HARVEY

159. BEETHOVEN

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

CONTENTS
untouched by human hands
CERTIFIED
all moving parts in working order

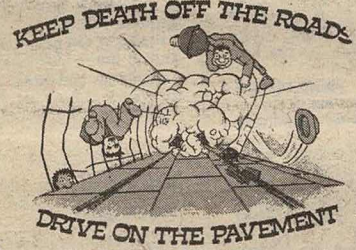
129. CONTENTS

224. WINGS

227. MILCH TRAY

JOIN THE NAVY
SAIL TO FAR OFF DISTANT PORTS
MEET PASSIONATE ORIENTAL BEAUTIES
AND CATCH
EMBARRASSING EXOTIC DISEASES

222. JOIN THE NAVY

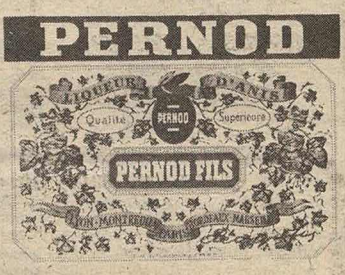



220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

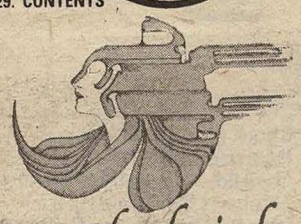
WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

704. MIGHTY MINI



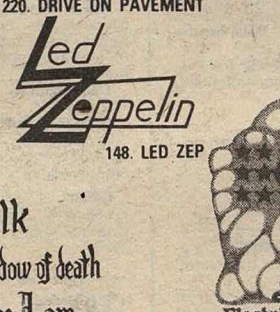

667. PERNOD




682. HAWKWIND

692. NEW FLOYD

706. REJECT




148. LED ZEP

Electric Light Orchestra
691. E.L. ORCHESTRA

693. STEVIE WONDER

232 REALITY

254. DARTMOOR OLD BOYS

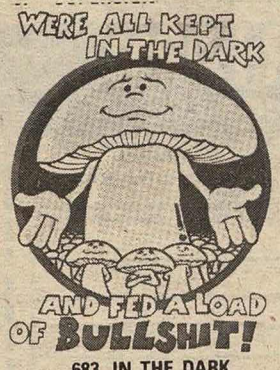
707. ENGISH CHEDDAR

No. 240 LYNYRD SKYNYRD

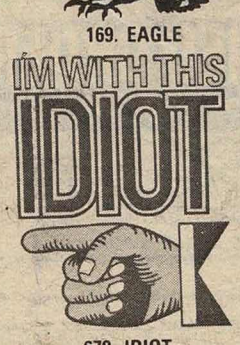
Yea, though I walk
through the valley of the shadow of death
I shall fear no evil. Cause I am
the meanest Son of a Bitch that
ever walked in
the valley.....

143. SON OF A BITCH

169. EAGLE



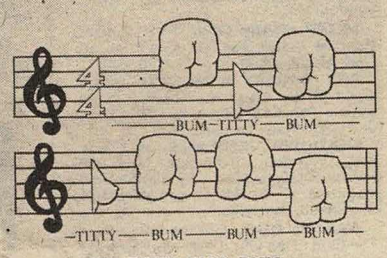

683. IN THE DARK




679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD

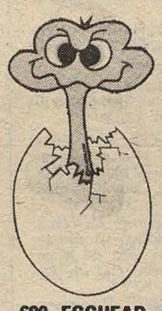
214. BIONIC COCK




253. TITTY BUM BUM

PEOPLE SAID SMILE
THINGS COULD GET WORSE,
SO I DID SMILE,
AND THINGS DID GET WORSE.

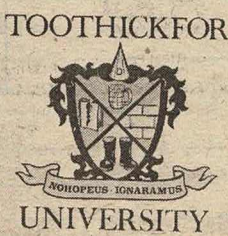
257. SMILE



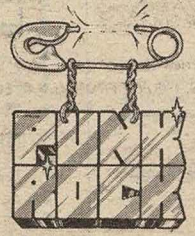
690. EGGHEAD

687. CHARLIE'S ANGELS

250. PUNK PANTHER




251. TOO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY



708. PUNK ROCK

111. NEWCASTLE BROWN

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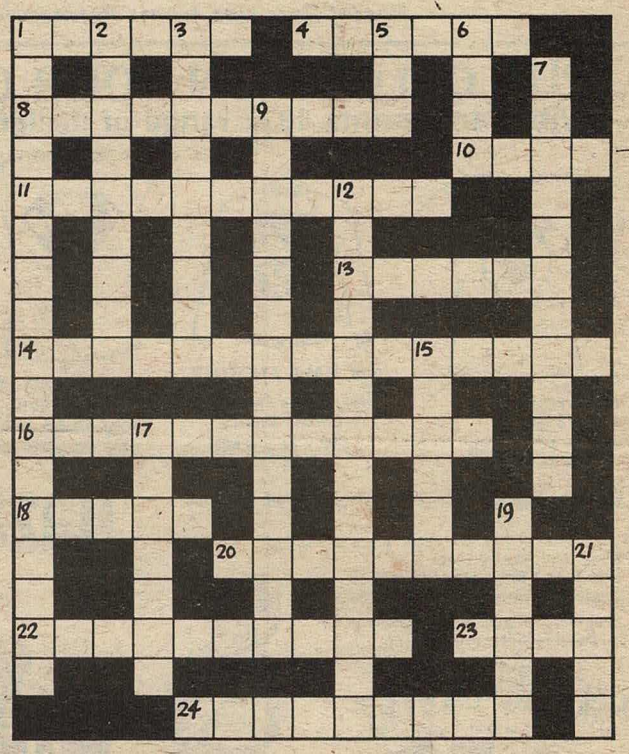

### ACROSS
1 US swoon fodder — they sing like Hall & Oates and look like a cross between David Cassidy and The Fonze
4 & 10 V. successful '60s pop songwriter turned v. successful '70s singer-songwriter — is she making her second comeback?
8 As bootlegged on the best-selling (sic) "Electric Lycanthropy" (6,4)
10 See 4
11 His last album, three years ago, was based on the autobiography of southern redneck Huey Long (5,6)
13 The hit from "Rumours"
14 Currently charting with "That's What Friends Are For" (7,8)
16 In, out, in, out-again guitarist with Canned Heat (5,7)
18 As in birds, cars, castles, turkeys and across America?
20 Wrote "Part Of The Union" for the Strawbs then left to go it alone as a duo (6,4)
22 Zimmerman as Casanova?! (3,4,3)
23 Of Quiet Sun and Roxy Music
24 Public school folkie, "Bedsitter Images" was his debut album, "Year Of The Cat" his last (2,7)

### DOWN
1 Direction, Reaction, Creation = Top 30 (3,6,3,5)
2 His first album, in 1969, was "Empty Sky" (5,4)
3 10cc meet 18 across (5,4)
5 Aka Chris Miller, Chris Miller, Chris Miller (sic)
6 As performed on ice cream and guitar?
7 Feels love — as in the BBC Radiophonic Workshop meets Black Emmanuelle! (5,6)
9 Dr Eric Freud, Y.M.E. (anag 7,7)
12 Stones'-choice compilation elpee (4,2,3,5)
15 Come in John Winston, your time is up!
17 Four Seasons' golden oldie (3,4)
19 UK-originated blues boogie band; they make the best-sellers in the States but are unknown here
21 Hi fi inventor — his name is synonymous with hi class hi fi systems

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS —

**ACROSS:** 5 Little Bob Story; 9 Alvin Lee; 10 Chris (Spedding); 11 Boney M; 12 Syreeta; 13 Brian (Wilson); 14 Miles Davis; 16 (Denny) Laine; 18 "Rumours"; 20 Ramones; 24 "(Midnight At The) Oasis"; 25 Clifford; 26 Elkie Brooks; 27 Chuck (Berry); 28 Van (Morrison). **DOWN:** Elvis Costello; 2 "Strawberry Fields"; 3 Robert Calvert; 4 Byrds; 6 Levon Helm; 7 Bunny Wailer; 8 (Phil) Spector; 15 Simon Nichol; 17 Earl Slick; 19 Spedding; 21 Mick Box; 22 "Low"; 23 (Eddie) Jobson.

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SEX PISTOLS

# *YOU CAN'T JUDGE A MOOK BY THE COVER*

D'YOU know what? *NME* has been conning us, along with the rest of the press.

The way you go on about punk-rock (except now it has become another thing for many people to pose to, and hence destroy) because I've dug it since I saw the Sex Pistols at the lesser Free Trade Hall June '76.

What I am criticizing is the naivete of the press who carry on like they did in '67 as if love 'n' peace were gonna change the world. Only now it's hate n' war, God. you know what you've done don't you? It's like the summer of love where the world wasn't changed, just a few hippy stars got very rich. Well, the summer of Hate is exactly the same. I can't really see the world changing to the tune of punk-rock (much as I'd like to see it changed) can you, honestly? All the press has done is gone and made a few punks very rich, or they will if they aren't now (rich that is).

The music is getting left behind ("Pretty Vacant" is quite simply crap — being destroyed: — the Clash are soon going to have a Boring Old Fart image and the Pistols should already be passe because they have become a part of what they set out to destroy i.e. the *TOTP* debacle. Was anyone really bothered? My mum didn't even raise an eyebrow at Johnny Rotten's posing. I never thought I'd see the day when I'd write to *Gasbag* and say punk-rock — as the mediim it could have been — is no more.

Punk-rock was good. Now it smells too much of a quick buck for someone somewhere. Thanks to the sensationalism of you lot, they are now stars and are beginning to behave as such.

*DAVE, Manchester.*

**Hey, c'mon — if you're simply sulking in a corner because Rotten, Strummer and Co. haven't toppled this society yet, then you're being more naive yourself than you're accusing us of being. Social change of the kind you're talking about takes time, and it ain't accomplished by rock stars posturing. It's accomplished by new ideas filtering through the society** *as a whole,* **and that's no overnight process. If you expect straight society to fall down and go boom just because Johnny Rotten breathes heavy on it then no wonder you're disappointed. Don't give up so easy, bruvver — SOME OLD HIPPIE SLUMPED OVER IN THE CORNER**

DEAR NME — or should it really be called NWE (New Wave Express) or PRW (Punk Rock Weekly) due to your insistent coverage of absolutely any cretinous little nonsense your punk heroes, especially the Sex Pistols, get up to each minute of the day.

Every week for the past umpteen issues, the Sex Pistols have got coverage even for farting in the bath and it's really gettin' on my tits. Not everybody wants to know about the Pistols' exploits every day of every week of every month and this certainly does include me. There are planty of other good bands besides the Sex Pistols and the rest of the new 'old' wave bands who are *still* trying to break through.

The NME or NWE etc. has gradually deteriorated into a Punk Rock weekly and any album by a decent band such as Sabbath or Nugent is instantly ripped off as shit in your crummy reviews, and said to be a rehash of old material, which ain't even their own. The 'New Wave' ain't even 'new' and what they're attempting to do has been attempted before so, it certainly is not nuthin' new.

The music is supposed to be a message against society and accepted standards etc. etc. but you can't even 'ear the bloody words so how the fuck can you get the supposed message? The Punks are doin' absolutely nothin' new, that's what.

And surprise, surprise what was the centre pages of this week's "use it as a bogroll or don't buy it" *NME* dedicated to? Yes you've guessed it — New Wave. And don't tell me you haven't guessed the group — the Sex Pistols, that's who. Rotten, Vicious etc. can pee against a lamp-post and get praised for it in *NME*. For God's sake, pull your fingers out up there.

Because the Ed. or Max "I'm not really a campanologist" Bell will obviously not like this letter and will obviously not print it, I would like to add that it's about time *NME* started doin' some decent reviews, articles or anythin' on some original groups — and that doesn't include New Wave.

*AN ARDENT OLD WAVE SUPPORTER.* (no address given).

P.S. If ya do print this, there's no need to slag my letter off with yer poxy little comments 'cos it just about pees me off. LONG LIVE BLACK SABBATH.

**Well, we certainly wouldn't want to offend a big bad Sabbaffreak like you, would we? Let's just say that right now the punk bands are a damn sight more interesting and relevant than all the Mandrax-rock turkeys who seem to get your vote. Or doesn't that matter? — CSM.**

AS FAR as I'm concerned, Julie Burchill writes by far the most interesting features for your rather grubby periodical. She is closely followed by Tony Parsons who has got his eye on her and whose major claim to fame is that he has Jonny Rotten's nose or at least a copy of it.

Logically enough, Johnny Rotten's nose brings us on to the rest of his anatomy. His anatomy thus brings us onto Iggy Pop for obvious reasons. (Q.E.D.) Iggy appeared on *Granada Reports* while on his tour some months ago. First TV interview. No spin (a Liverpool expression);

Tony Wilson: why have you called your latest album "The Idiot"?

IG: "Cause I feel like an idiot."

Is this where Charlie Watts gets his cut one-liners from? Who cares, apart from Barbara Charone?

The mere fact that I am able to recount this TV incident is blantantly stunning as this means that I am the only example of intelligent life in Liverpool, particularly a suburban dung-heap known as Crosby. If London's burning (Guisseppe Strummero) and Torquay is a pile of ashes, then inhabitants of said towns are lucky — dey get heat and cinders. Crosby is as interesting as a chessboard without the black squares. out here, rubber fans, the trendies rile . . . so you see, I am the last surviving daisy in the urban sprawl.

I'm gonna get stoned and run around.

All abooaard for funtime.

Fart on the Eagles for me sometime.

*CROSBY AND WATERLOO'S ONE AND ONLY LAZY SOD.*

P.S. I don't inspire *every* Pistols song y'know, but I'm willing to join their group if they ask me.

**Sid Vicious used to say that and look what happened to him. — CSM**

I WOULD like to congratulate Paul Morley for his excellent review on the Manchester New Wave *NME 30/7/77).* I saw the fall and the worst at the squat in Manchester a couple of weeks ago, and they were fucking great. Can you tell me if the fall have a single out, if not why isn't someone signing them up? Oh yeah, and how about some pics of the fall and the worst?

*T. WAIN, Manchester.*

**On the other hand . . . — CSM**

I DEEPLY resent the sort of crap that Paul Morley spouts whenever he gets a chance to foist his immature notions on us via your pages. If you wanted to do a Manchester report, why the hell didn't you get in touch with somebody REAL instead of the nearest available media hack? To repeat the sort of thing I always say when that particular individual gets in your pages, he knows sweet F.A. about rock and roll.

*THE BLOKE WITH THE CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER WHO ALWAYS WRITES TO SLAG OFF PAUL MORLEY, Manchester.*

**Izzat you, Ray? — CSM**

I HAVE just finished watching BBC 2's *Brass Tacks* and apart from the 'tube' from the Buzzcocks with that two-minute slagging of Glasgow (by the way, if he comes to Glasgow and sees what it's like and doesn't just comment on it — like people do with punk concerts) I was disgusted with John Peel.

John is just one of the many DJ's and music writers who pretends to like punk rock! Come off it, John, you hate them. Oh yes, I know you'll say "Good luck to them, they're doing the same thing as I did when I was a Ted."

Piss off, John. You heard someone saying that, that's all. The only reason you and a lot of other musak critics say you like 'em is coz you're frightened of them. So don't say anything you don't mean. You English Bastard . . . Sorry, got a bit carried away!

*THOMAS JOHNSTON, Glasgow*

P.S. There's nothing wrong with being a boring old fart, John. Just admit it.

**There's nothing (much) wrong with being a bigot, Thomas. Just admit it. Peel has always had to his credit — extremely open ears, and if he genuinely disliked punk records, I doubt that he'd bother playing them. S'matter — you trying to keep it all nicely small and elitist or something? — CSM**

RE. the Elvis Costello hype, the man stinks. The reason why is that Tuesday last July 24, I went along to Dingwalls to see him and arrived at half nine, only to be told it was sold out. And it was — to people in the music business who were down on a list and who walked in without paying, while all the commoners were left outside.

No doubt this is part of the primadonna's carefully enginneered progress towards stardom, but this is the sort of practice which should have gone out with the old farts of the '60's. Why don't Costello and his Mike Appell inspired manager piss off to the Riviera where they can wallow in their own shit?

*JACKO D'AZUR, no address given.*

**Elvis and Jake Riviera of Shiff have remarkably similar feelings to yours about the Dingbats fiasco, Jacko, which is why Elvis won't be playing there again. Okay? CSM**

FANCY? FANCY? (See last week's letters page.) Who said anything about fancy? Madly lusting after him would be more like it . . .

*THE ENAMELED J.J. BURNEL FAN, N. Wales.*

**Enameled? Sounds v. painful. Oh bondage — up yours! — CSM**

CAN I second the young Welsh lady's nomination of Jean Jacques Burnel as "Hot Young Stud Around Town" (even though I'll probably never get the chance to find out either . . .!)? And can I also propose as contenders to the title Rick Buckler, Mick Jones, Paul Simenon, Sid Vicious, Gene October, Johnny Rotten (even though he doesn't believe in that kind of stuff) and my own personal Mr. Yummy, Hugh Cornwall. And seeing as *NME* is beginning to cater for Lonely Hearts, thanks to the young punk in white sunglasses at the Jam concert in Middlesbrough. Still thinking of you!

*MAUREEN, no address given.*

**God, first Billy Idol over** *Pink* **and now this. Roll over, Donny Osmond . . . on second thoughts, roll back. There's people watching. — CSM**

I LOVE punk music and I love real rock 'n' roll. I think Teds look great and the one's that I know are really nice people. Why don't rock 'n rollers and new wavers get some gigs together — we're all into music. LET'S GET TOGETHER, KIDS.

*JAN, London.*

**The Heartbreakers and Shakin' Stevens are trying to get something of the sort together. Me, I hope it works out, 'cuz there's too many people who may be bozos all their lives unless someone puts 'em right soon . . . — CSM.**

***Edited by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY***

# teazers

***NO, WE DON'T believe it either, but here's Miles' caption for the above JOE STEVENS pic: The youngest all-girl punk band yet, CARDIAC ARREST, seen here rolling in the gutter on the Bowery outside CBGBs. Sisters Elizabeth and Ruth Seidman both play guitar, Anne Edsall plays bass, and they all play truant a lot. . .***

INSIDE THE crowd thrills to "Watching The Detectives"; outside the detectives thrill to watching the crowd. Or something like that.

Anyway, at *Elvis Costello's* Sunday night Nashville gig (yes, it's that man again), the number of subjects amassed to pay homage to the king (it sez 'ere) was so great that the local constabulary, possibly suspecting a threat to the monarchy, decided to intervene. The doors were closed forthwith and the 800 people gathered outside (according to Stiff estimates) were told to disperse immediately.

Some, however, were not quick enough to comply and as a result eight people were arrested on charges of Highway Obstruction. Amongst those arrested was *Thompson Prentice,* journalist with the *Daily Mail,* and amongst those ordered elsewhere was *Bonnie Raitt* . . . proving that sometimes it *doesn't* matter who you are *or* who you know.

So as not to risk the (presumably) clean records of others wanting to see Costello, Stiff have made the rest of the Nashville dates tickets-only. This Sunday is already sold out, but applications for the remaining gigs should be made by post only to Stiff. Tickets are limited to two per person . . .

On the eve of release of the **Stones'** live album "Love You Live" *T-Zers* learns that **Michael Philip** is resigned to Keef going down this time and is already thinking of drastically changing his and the Stones' image should they have to operate sans **Keef. Jagger** has recently been working on erstwhile colleague **Mick Taylor's** long overdue solo album as has **Honest Ron Wood** and **Lowell George** . . .

***ABOVE: poh-leece loiter outside Nashville (see lead T-Zer). Actually DENIS O'REGAN snapped these guys at a recent 999 gig — they must be regulars . . .***

Along with a number of other rock charity concerts, **Dylan's** "Night Of The Hurricane" benefit concert at Madison Square Garden is being investigated for fraud . . .

Don't get too ecstatic. *Rock Follies,* nixed earlier in the year by an industrial dispute, returns to our screens come November. Not only are Thames TV going to televise the shows we unfortunately missed, they're *also* going to televise the shows we unfortunately missed, they're *also* going to (aargh) re-screen the first three episodes. Is it too early to say we hate the repeats as well as those we haven't seen?

Once again. **Tom Robinson Band** has signed with EMI. And expect A&M to jump on the punk bandwagon with **Squeeze** . . .

Also signing, or rumoured to be: **Slaughter and the Dogs** to Decca, **XTC** to Virgin, **The Jolt** to Polydor, **New Hearts** and **The Cortinas** to CBS. Well, some of 'em have got to be right . . .

Likely release date for **Nick Lowe** produced **Feelgoods'** album is September. It's described as sounding like early **J. Geils** and all concerned are extremely happy with the results . . .

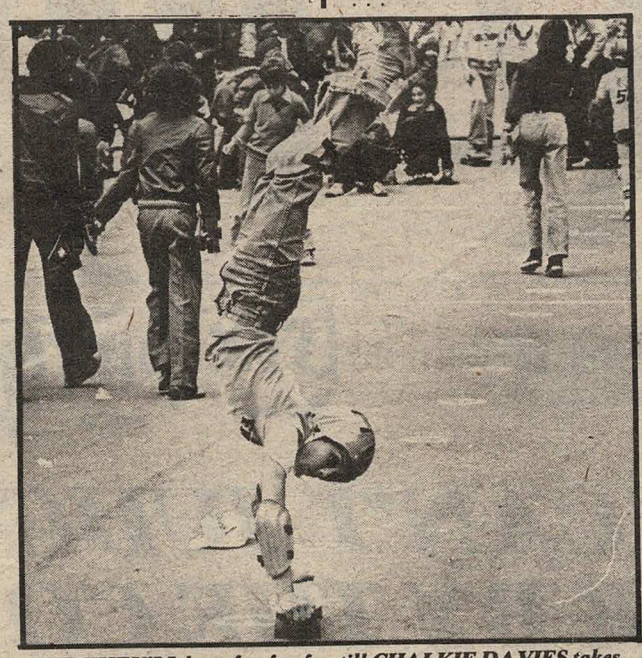
Even **The Beach Boys** themselves are having difficulty in maintaining their facade that All's Well With **Brian.** At their appearance at the CBS Convention an exasperated **Mike Love** had words with BW two thirds of the way through the set, and as their show closed, Love, even more peeved at his leader's contribution, attempted to heave Brian's piano off the podium . . .

After his work with **Leonard Cohen** there is talk of **Phil Sector** producing **Bob Dylan** (who appears on the Cohen album). Talk's cheap . . .

Latest addition to Arista's roster of old forgotten rock stars is **Helen Shapiro,** who becomes stablemates with **Lou Reed** and **The Grateful Dead.** Say hello, **Jerry** . . .

Easy Does It , Ole Son. Get well soon to publicist **Keith** Altham, currently recovering after a heart attack . . .

And it's hello and welcome to **Monty Smith,** chairman of the **Snivelling Shits** fan club, who this week joins *NME* full-time . . .



***AND THEY'LL have fun fun fun till CHALKIE DAVIES takes their skateboards away. . .***

After 5½ years, **Orleans** mastermind **John Hall** quitting to go solo . . .

**Elvis Costello** to support **Jonathan Richman** on upcoming tour? . . .

**Sonny Bono** is planning to wed his sweetheart **Susie Goelho** on the telly, and — get this — **Cher** is going to sing "I Got You Babe". **Farrah Fawcett Majors** will be maid of honour, with her hubby **Lee Majors** acting as best man. To top off the festivities, **Chastity Bono** will be a flower girl. The expected nuptials will be aired live this fall on NBC-TV's *The Big Event.* Who said romance was dead? . . .

The last Konk act bites the dust: **Cafe Society,** the band which gave you **Tom Robinson,** have split . . .

**Shirts** lead singer **Annie Golden** to play lead in screen version of *Hair.* How punky . . .

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***ABOVE: brother JOEY RAMONE and uncle PHIL SPECTOR, caught in flagrante dilecto by JOE STEVENS. The brat actually recently denied rumours that he's going solo with Spector producing. Just good friends, huh? . . .***

**McGlynnis'** tepid rework of **The Turtles'** "She'd Rather Be With Me" had initial orders of 135,000 copies . . .

**Pistols** for Earl's Court? Must be a malicious rumour. Incidentally, promoter **Michael Alfandary** claims to have offered the Pistols gig at Crystal Palace but they turned it down . . .

**Led Zeppelin,** have now cancelled their four outstanding American tour dates following the death of Robert Plant's son . . .

Get your Kleenex ready. **Sid Vicious** has split from **Nancy.** More news on the Vicious clan is that **Sid's mum** rides a 750 cc motor bike and not a 250 as previously reported in *T-Zers.* She phoned to correct us herself, of course . . .

**Pistol Paul** and Pistol **Steve** jammed with **The Only Ones** at London's Speakeasy last week

"Young Hard And Snotty" the title of **The Dead Boys** — produced by Genya "Goldie" Raven and Hilly "CBGBs" Kristal — album which Sire are releasing in September.

Fired Pistol **Glen Matlock, Slik** vocalist **Midge Ure** and "Live At The Roxy" producer **Mike Thorne** seen conspiring at a **Rezillos** gig at Edinburgh's Carlops. Midge is 10 to 1 in the **Rich Kids** stakes . . .

**Gorillas** fans can now sleep sound in their beds — or get out of them as the case maybe — with the news that **Jesse Hector** has reformed the band with new drummer **Gary Anderson** plus the original bassist **Alan Butler.**

**Johnny Thunders** returns to these shores the first week in September, and a gig has been slotted in at London's Global Village — with **Shakin' Stevens** . . .

Do Stiff have a **Wayne Kramer** single in the works? (Answer: probably) . . .

**Genesis' Phil Collins,** now sporting a short back and sides, ambled onstage with **Brand X** at Hammersmith Odeon last week as a floor sweeper. Collins has now severed his link with the band and his role as second percussionist was on a one-off basis . . .

**Generation X** heart-throb **Billy Idol** seen dining at trendy London health food restuarant Cranks. Was he waiting for **Jon Anderson?** . . .

Fear and loathing in Camden. At recent Dingwalls **Elvis Costello** gig an alteration between Stiff boss **Jake Riviera** and Island's marketing man **John "Knocker" Knowles** left Riviera on the deck. Could it be that Island head **Chris Blackwell** was pleased with his man's performance? . . .

That same night at the North London watering hole Berserkely Records UK chief **Matthew Kauffman** escorted from the premises after allegedly peeing against the bar . . .

Meanwhile Island's newish press officer **Rob Partridge** denies that when he later took **Riviera** to lunch, the latter turned up with the entire Stiff staff, all arrayed in their new "If It Ain't Stiff It Ain't Worth A Fuck" T-shirts, and ran up a bill of £350 . . .

Those who watched BBC-2's repeat of 1954 production of **George Orwell** classic *1984* would have noticed the uncanny resemblance between the uniform of the Outer Party and the attire worn by **The Clash** . . .

**Procol Harum** drummer **B. J. Wilson** looking for a new gig . . .

Meanwhile somewhere in New York City **John & Yoko** are into Lutheranism (whaat?). That's what the John Lennon Fan Club sez, anyway. They also persist with the rumours that Dr Winston has signed with CBS, though CBS deny all knowledge.

Also according to the JL Fan Club (35 Carrwood Avenue, Bramhall, Stockport, Cheshire, okay?) he and Yoko are currently in Japan visiting relatives with their offspring Sean. Less charitable sources mention tax problems, however. Apparently the Lennons are coming to England in August to visit John's **Aunt Mimi** . . .

More **Beatle** scam: the Lennons, the **McCartneys** and the **Ringos** recently supped together in the States. Perhaps they'd heard that the late **Brian Epstein's** brother **Clive** is trying to persuade the Fabs to play a memorial concert to commemorate the 10th anniversary of their former mentor's death . . .

And finally: aren't **The Sex Pistols** overdue for another single release? . . .


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**motörhead**

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**Friday 12 Cardiff Top Rank**
**Wednesday 17 Wolverhampton Civic Hall**
**Thursday 18 West Runton Pavilion**
**Friday 19 Southend Queens**
**Saturday 20 Wigan Casino**

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